

Umm hi everyone,

I thought I owe you an introduction to what I'm going to write – it's about Hermione and I suggest those who like the 'sweet little know-it-all' don't read because in my story she is an umm well wild dark girl. I'm going to place a series of 'twists and turns' with long chapters hopefully?

Hope you enjoy it...

Krishi

The once start pupil of Hogwards Tom Marvolo Riddle now a raising dark lord whose face was nothing but cruel and devilish stood in the balcony of a large manor. He wore deep green robes as his eyes healed a strange glow in them as his arms were folded across his back, the moon was raising still red as he watched the sea reflect it in its shaking waves...completely peaceful unlike the wizard world that was now in fear and war. A fear and war he him self had created as Lord Voldemort more respectfully known as the Dark Lord, for others who feared him it was you-know-who or more classically he-who-must-not-be-named a title he alone possessed. His heart was normally of stone except for a chosen few who knew his real identity and the man within those iron grip and hatred. A real family of followers with him as the father figure, a man who would punish anyone except one person...his high-school sweet heart, a pure-blood...a woman by the name of: Windy Sofeymore back in school. A year his junior and first in class...now she was no more Windy Sofeymore but Windy Riddle or more widely known as amongst the Death Eaters: The Dark Lady

The Dark Lady his right hand, his beloved and most importantly his queen in the dark side. What she says' goes, a woman as wild as a horse, uncontrollable and unbind able but brilliant. He never stopped her from researching ancient dark arts, she never stopped him from torturing or 'gifting' his death eaters with muggle women. He always looked up to her for new solutions of power and she always looked up to him for getting things her way: keeping her protected. No one knew of her (so he thought) or her value to him both emotionally and strategically. She was like him in so many ways yet unlike him, his thoughts breezed across such ideas as the wind ran through his black hair. His thoughts came to a sudden halt when a gentle hand was placed on his shoulder it was she. She had come back to haunt him again tonight like everything with pleasurable pain. "My love?" she called in a sweet chilling voice that was music to his ears, he shut his eyes to enjoy the felling of her hissing into his shoulder, "Tiered?"

"Hmm...a bit darling." He responded in the language of the serpents a gift they shared, "Shall I ease it for you?" she asked taking his hand and gently leading him to the couch and pushing him down and walking behind him. She gently places her palms on his back and starts working through the mussels feeling them, enjoying them.

Passionate yet gentle he mourns before whispering into the night, "You are wonderful my dearest lady...I'm glad you are mine."

"Marvolo try loosen up a bit will you darling?" she asked he slowly pulled her in front and opened his still closed eyes, studying her gentile body clad with a see through white night dress she wore for him. Her neck healed the serpent king's necklace, something she clung to for dear life and not a loved piece of jewellery. It healed a part of his soul, one of his four 'safety measures' taken on immortality. He always urged her to do so too but she told him she would wait till he reached ultimate power...there was more she needed to take care of before that. Getting up he ran his hands through her chocolate brown hair and rubbed his hands through them, her skin is soft and wonderful against those light brown eyes and a wonderful body that many men would die for, if exposed. All day she wears long robes with a hood covering her identity only known as the dark lady except to the inner circle during their 'dinner parties' or such. His eyes travelled up and down her body but unable to find the obvious difference in the very body he nourished his senses upon. "Marvolo what happened? Do you find anything different?"

"Yes but strangely I can't...it's difficult." He spoke carefully but her smile widened a bit as she took his hand in hers and placed it on her stomach. "I'm carrying out hair Marvolo...I'm with our child."

"Y-you're pregnant?" he whispered as a smile spread across his face...tears form in his eyes, a complete family at last. She sits down on his lap making her self-comfortable against his neck, "I have more news about her dear."

"H-her? A daughter? I'm so happy love...what else could there be?" he asked confused, he always wanted a baby girl like her. "She is very powerful...I – I did the squib test but i...it was strange. It turned golden, something that happens only if the baby is very powerful darling. Fifteen days alone and I could feel the girl practically wrench the wand away from my body when I tested her for being a squib. It was like she sensed that I may destroy her if nessisary."

"Really? Even if I loose out or go away she would be there to take over and go about as my legacy love, I shall be the only dark lord

who has left a hair to take up things after me.” He spoke into her ear happily as she kissed his tears away...netter noticed a raven fly away from the very place. The raven flew till a distance and landed before turning into a human with dark black hair and stunningly wonderful features. He apparated (sp?) away to a similar place and again turned into a raven and flew into a castle’s window into the head master’s office. Dumbledore stood in dark blue robes with stars on them looking at his table as the raven landed on the ground and transformed again, “Aah Jaquas Potter what do you have the pleasure of your company at this unearthly hour my boy?”

The man Jaquas Potter smiled at the headmaster, “Head master I have news, she is having a girl soon...a powerful one. He dream’s a lot around her...” Albus smiled too as the younger Potter sat down offering him a lemon drop, “Wonderful. Did you know your brother James and Lilly too are expecting...four months up.”

“Really Albus? That is wonderful indeed, the child would be expected in June?” the older man nodded pouring out two mugs of hot chocolate handing the man one. “Drink to the young Potter your elder brother’s son.”

“To James and Lilly’s darling little angle.” He raised his hand and made a toast before draining it, “Now I must leave and have my rest...I shall meet my family latter.”

“Good night Jaquas.” Albus wished him and went back to work.

Ten Month’s Latter:

A woman’s scream was heard and then the crying of a baby girl as the light of the full moon hit her small body. The dark lord walked in to the sight of his wife holding a beautiful active baby in her arms laughing and moving her arms about. “Is she? My god she’s beautiful like you darling!” he whispered fearfully taking her in his arms her eyes searched his face with brown eyes and reached out to play with his face gently. “Y-yes it’s your pa-pa.” He told her cuddling her as his heart flooded with an emotion he could not recognize. “She is beautiful my darling – our daughter.” He looked shocked at the birthmark on her left shoulder, a dark red serpent and a black serpent

intertwined on a stick. A mark Slytherin him self is said to have had on his body. Tears shed down the proud parents eyes...with so much love for the little one.

That very night a raven was killed by one of the followers Luscious Malfoy a valued spy was lost for the light. Dumbledore did only one thing that was possible: called James Potter and Lilly Potter.

James banged his hands on the table as Lilly looked at the head master with determination. Five-month-old Harry was in the arms of his mother, "Albus I want to do this. Jaquas left us the whole information and all about how beautiful the baby is, she cannot be left to rot there. Come on Albus you your' self told us never to judge a person by their family...surely we can knock out the dark arts loving side of her with our love and care. She could be Harry's friend...Sirius' daughter even. I'm not letting that child my brother loved at first sight grow in that hell." The old head master looked at him over his half moon glasses then responded, "All right you can go but no way you can raise her James even in hiding. She needs to be isolated from this world with just a few contacts as possible hand picked by me. Please trust me James – you can save her one week from now same time." He said dismissing them with a handful of lemon drops each. The next week the dark lord entered his wife's room to find her body sliced at the neck and the child gone. He let out a great scream of agony...even in death she did not part with his soul.

Krishi

In the Graveyard

“HOW COULD YOU LET HIM GO?” Voldemort demanded at the death eaters who stood there, “NOW THAT OLD MUGGLE LOVING FOOL WILL KNOW I’VE RETURNED. THE PERSON I DID NOT WANT TO FIND OUT...” A new swish of a cloak was heard and the man rushed forward and knelt down in front of the dark lord, “Forgive me my lord, I was unable to come as soon as you called me...Dumbledore held me back. Only now were we able to get away.” The man told him, the dark lord whose wand was now out to unleash his anger on the spy was surprised and stopped mid air at the stressing of the word, “We? You have brought company? Really Severus you want me to believe that do you have got me a nice little gift? Look up! You betrayed me and turned your self into Dumbledore’s protection and now you come back to me. Tell me what is this...” He stopped suddenly as a new voice called out the disarming spell and his wand left his hands into the shadows. “I can assure you that his betrayal was only due to devotion towards you Lord Voldemort.”

“Who’s there?” he demanded a figure in a thick black cloak came forward but the face was hidden underneath, “I would love to play guessing games with you but you don’t seam in the mood...” the figure retorted before he could say a word she exposed her face, Peter gasped and said, “Hermione? Potter’s mud-blood...” but his words were cut short by a wave of her wand and with confidence she walked up to the dark lord now taking partly, her cloak exposing her tight black jeans and white halter neck top over a wavy hair set into a pony tail. There it was on her left shoulder a dark red serpent and a black serpent intertwined on a stick. “Y-you?”

“It’s me father, your daughter.” She hissed and he gasped as she understood the language of the snakes. His eyes travelled all over her face and then he looked at Snape. “It’s her my lord, princess insisted on coming tonight it self...it was her who stopped me from coming when my scar burned, it was her idea to be asked to wait for the headmaster to ‘tell me’ to come and help me keep my cover.”

“Is that true?” he asked looking at the spy who nodded, “Then you shall be rewarded. My sweet – I’ was in so much pain when you were separated from me. N-now no more, you have united with your father

and you shall rule with him. You shall be my queen the place that rightfully belonged to your mother. S-she's not hear with us..."

"She is hear father, she died protecting you and loving us. She had the dreams for the two of us and I think I knew her in many ways than as a mother alone." She produced a diary out of nowhere and flashed it in front of him, "Her diary." He moved his hands forward but she healed it closer for the first time her cold brown eyes flashed with emotion, "It's the only thing I have of her please." She whispered his hands did not stop but moved past her diary to her shoulder where he (surprisingly) pulled her into a hug, "Your right princess...you mum will always be there for us. My little Hermione has grown so much but – but you are in Griffindoor. There must have been some mista-"

"No mistake father I did not know till second year my self...till after I was sorted. After that I have been trying to grow to your standards as much as I can...I know I'm not up to the mark with all the cover ups and dealing with Potter and all..." she rattled of but the dark lord silenced her, "Let me show you around my – our true family princess. Come for you are second in command, what you say goes."

"Thank you father." She smiled sweetly giving him a bow gently he only patted her cheek. Voldemort looked at his daughter for a moment speaking back (human) with a strange look in his eyes, "It's daddy...dad anything informal please princess."

"Sure daddy." She said smiling at him he hugged her then asked, "So do I get to meet your people or return now?"

"You are my daughter – the dark lady my princess. Come let me introduce you to everyone. This child is Luscious Malfoy." He stepped up in front of the circle then knelt down and kissed her hand before saying, "It's wonderful to have you princess."

"Thank you, so you are second in command hear right?" she asked but Voldemort cut her of, "No dear...that is you from now on, this is your rightful place as my princess. Right Luscious?" he asked the man now stood up and continued to look at her with a strange expression in his eyes unable to find the voice he simply nodded. Hermione did something strange then, "Do I really look like my

mother?" her voice too seemed to have been cracking with emotion too. The man simply nodded before he turned to his master with a, "Yes My lord."

"Hermione!" she turned to look at him, "You can...you are a Lacalst?"

"I can read emotions, thoughts and memories." She countered as he looked at her with an emotion of pride blazing in his red eyes. "Now if you are done analysing my mind reading abilities I think even the other members are to be met." After she met every person and he promised her more in a grander party sent his followers away except for Snape. "I wanted to speak to you in private come in...let me show you our temporary home. The Riddle manor...come inside and sit down." She obeyed by sitting on a large bed right next to her father, "Father there is a lot I wish to ask but first I wanted to make it clear that I don't want to be another common death eater..."

"Your position is unique and you shall be crowned so as per your wish dear. You shall get the attention and respect you deserve...the respect you don't get with Harry Potter and his little group." He told her rubbing her cheeks gently, "Thank you father."

"Stop calling me father it sounds formal...I don't call you daughter do I?" he asked she smiled naughtily and asked, "Dad? Daddy...Marvolo?" she half closed her eyes smiling but it faded at the sad expression on his face. "Mum used to call you that right? I – I won't call you that daddy if it hurts you."

"No call me that some times child I can see your mum in you...maybe." He looked down quietly she placed a hand on his without a word he pulled her into a close hug. She placed her arm around his shoulder and pulled her self on to his lap once he let her go in a low voice asked, "Do you want me to stay here for the night daddy? I don't think you should be alone..."

"No Hermione go back to school but promise me one thing before you leave." He requested holding her hand tightly, "I want you to come back to me for the summer please dear."

"I-I will daddy." She promised as they got up and he walked her out back to the teachers care. "Take care of her, she is all I have." He said as the two started to move away she turned around and let go of her teachers hand walked up to her father kissed his cheek before turning and leaving. The dark lord stood there touching the spot she kissed him on.

Once in school he stopped in front of a solitary painting of a small girl dressed in a plain white dress holding red roses in her hands. 'Roman' she whispered and the portrait swung open giving them access to a well-lit room with a wonderful decoration. The room was painted in a deep ivory giving a beautiful feel around the place. The marbles were black and shone where the fluffy white carpet did not cover, that was just in the sitting area. In one corner was a large copper candleholder that held large scented candles that were now unlit. On another corner was a large mattress sat covered with a earth brown covers and having yellow and light brown cushions on it and now a few books on blocking one's mind. Between the two stood a cupboard that had several books on her subjects and other rare collections such as wandless magic, mind games and other rare works of Merlin, even the founders. The opposite wall held in the centre a similar cupboard with objects that would help her in dark-detector's, medicines and a goblet on top, the lower shelf had parchment, quill and other such things. The right hand corner had a music system with a surround sound setting with many c.d's, right next to them was a dark blue wide cushion used for yoga. The seating area though was much more different, on the fluffy carpet stood a copper base set or two double setters decorated in her favourite maroon with yellow cushions and two matching single chairs as well, a glass table with a glass vase with rainbow colour roses. Against the other wall was a small white refrigerator door embedded into the wall above it was a mirror. The corner held a small staircase on it was a small handle. She sat down on the couch slightly tiered and drained as he poured out two tall glasses of wine for her. "Drink you'll feel better."

"Thanks." She took it and leaned back closing her eyes, he sat on the couch opposite looking at her quietly continuing his drink. She opened her eyes suddenly and he felt himself fall back slightly, "Sorry but you know I hate being stared at don't you?"

"I'm worried about you princess, think your going to be all right? I know meeting your father and all..." he was cut of by her, "He is not as good as you in blocking his mind. I broke in easily...they had a beautiful relationship. He and mum professor."

"Princess please call me Severus in private, I am now your follower in a way and I want us to have a more personal relationship." He requested getting up and joining her on her couch she shifted her position like him with one leg folded and another down but her arm with the drink on the back of the chair. A quit pop caught her attention the phoenix blinked its eyes at her she top up and simply spoke, "I've told you once and I've told you at least hundred times Albus Dumbledore that you can place a serpent within the lions but you can't get the scales out of the snake its part of them. O one more point...Flawks does not have blue eyes."

"Wonderful observation Ms. Riddle. Lemon drop." Said the headmaster as he turned back to his old form; the younger girl simply took back her seat. He popped the sweet into his own mouth and sat at the seat next to the positions master. "Brandy would do you good will it not Severus though I suggest you leave Ms. Riddle's private rooms before things get out of hand...."

"Listen headmaster." Hermione got up fuming now, "I've told you all ready I will use this room because this school is founded by my ancestor and this place was once his daughters. You gave it to me so that the other students won't get hurt by my magic 'going out of control' and I will be able to gain some more of my ability. Thanks a lot but I don't need your help please leave sir." Dumbledore looked at her sadly then turned away but stopped and said, "Please feel free to use the whole school dear...I have a lot to make up to you and I'm working towards it."

"Leave headmaster." She demanded looking down tears flowing down her eyes, "I shall never forgive you for causing my mother's brutal death ever." The head master did not wait a minute but walked out followed by Snape who waited till the end of the corridor, "I'm sorry about the way she acted, she just got back with her family and all give her the time."

"I will...if you excuse me I need to go check on her. Makes sure she sleeps." He said moving away suddenly the headmaster called out, "Severus I suggest you keep a distance from her, don't let your feelings come between you and your duty." Without a reply and blowing his robes he went back to the girl.

The minute Albus left Hermione let out a scream of agony and stress, a strange flame submitted itself from her body and enveloped everything in the room. Slowly she let out a deep breath and opened her eyes, slowly hearing the portrait snap close. "Reparo." Was the only word she heard before her whole place was set out right again...good as new. "Care to explain your self princess?"

"Nothing sir I was just letting out some of my suppressed emotions...the room sets itself back." She replied without turning but smiled when he sighed, "Time to sleep come on..." he led her up the stairs into a cosy room that had a huge bed against the window set in her favourite cream covers with a study table, bath room and closet. She walked into the closet then coming out dressed in a white tank top and black tights that healed on to her body clearly showed a developing body. Snape did not even glance at it but watched her as she climbed into bed and tucked herself in slowly closing her eyes. That was when he sat on the bed beside her and shifted her a bit so that her head was on his lap and he was leaning against the window. Slowly using his finger he drew strange symbols on her forehead giving her a thorough massage as she slowly started breathing steadily falling asleep. He continued to do this for half an hour later till she started sucking his finger and turning a bit finally letting him know it was all right to leave.

The next day morning she looked at her self in the mirror (ready) by placing a spell on her hair to make it look bushy. 'Just few more days sweets – when you come back you can look normal again.' She told her self as she picked up her trunk and walked down to the great hall where it was time to give a few exams and start 'acting' again. It's going to be a long day – thankfully the last one of all. "Morning Ron." She wished sitting down automatically scanning the table for Harry and wondering why was everyone looking like they were going to be sick. Her newspaper answered her question:

HE WHO MUST NOT BE NAMED RETURNED. A glance told her that the whole community was practically shacking in fear as every page told of the man's deeds and that of his 'followers' her face registered shock but her thoughts were not that of others. "What the hell was he thinking by exposing him self?"

London: Station

Hermione now dressed in light sandals and a black fairly short skirt with a white tank top that had black markings on it with her trunk. A hand was placed on her shoulder making her turn around, "Princess it's a pleasure meeting you again. Your father told me to come and pick you up...I am.."

"Nasica Malfoy I know." she said smiling at the woman who took her bags and lead her to a BMW standing nearby. Once inside she noticed the difference for example the supply of wine and the seating arrangements were very conversational. Nasica who was dressed in a ivory formal white trousers jacket and blue shirt looked at the girl carefully, "Could I offer you a drink?"

"Please – can I have something cold the journey was quiet tiring." Hermione responded immediately Draco who was quiet so far immediately opened the refrigerator and took out three glasses, "Butter bear for you ladies?"

"Please do pour them out Draco after all the Dark Lord's daughter is our special guest." Nasica told him smiling at Hermione sweetly giving her a glass, "Thank you Mrs. Malfoy."

"Please do call me Nasica. I hope my son did not trouble you too much in the past, I'm afraid nether of us were aware of your true identity Ms. Riddle." She said indicating Draco too should apologise but Hermione healed her hand up and with a grace belonging to the queen answered, "Hermione – and Draco did what he did out of ignorance and that is not a crime. He shall continue to harass me out of order for this shall be a necessary pain to hold my cover intact. I'm sure you will do me the favour Draco?"

"Yes - I mean Hermione." He spoke her name with reverence and caution both did not go unnoticed by her. The journey continued in silence as she looked out of the window sipping her drink quietly finally she decided to speak up, "I trust father is fine?"

"He is in better health than you last saw him." Nasica replied and Hermione nodded, this time she asked the question, "I hope your year has been wonderful so far?"

"It's had its up's and downs Nasica but I have been entertaining my self. Umm where are we going?" she asked finally noticing they were riding through some forest. "Malfoy manner for now my dear princess." Draco replied, "I trust you will find it comfortable to your needs, mother told me the lord him self is there now to improve his health a bit. After all the clumsy care of worm tail has had its negative..."

"Your right Draco I noticed he was not very heath that day but I'm hopping your family has better to offer." She indicated a bit sharper than necessary Draco chose to ignore it. "We are Hermione and I'm sure you too shall find the place wonderful and comfortable dunning your stay there."

"I'll be glad to stay with you how long more is the ride exactly?" she asked Nasica pointed to the window, "We are nearing the mannor...I think we shall be there in around five minutes ma'am. I hope you don't mind out house elv..."

"The whole idea was a crazy cover up attempt don't trouble your self. I have told father this and he accepted by idea, I'd rather not speak about it for some time now." She snapped her temper getting the better of her slightly but subsided at the amusement in Draco's eyes. "Potter was fool enough to fall for my ideas and I'm sure I can hold my self up longer for the time being."

Nothing more could be exchanged as they pulled up in front of a large manor Nasica stepped out first then Draco who offered his hand to Hermione who accepted it. Once she stepped out she looked around the garden lightly, the garden was beautiful with a lawn, fountain

surrounded with flowers and all she smiled at Nasica, "Beautiful you have done a wonderful job my mother was right about you."

"Thank you princess shall we step in?" she asked as Draco offered her his arm and the younger girl slipped hers through looking at the outside of the manor. It reminded her of the very home in Sound of Music that she once saw and appreciated. The doors opened and the inside was painted in bright white with many portraits and rich Elizabeth period furniture, she let go of his hand and spun around the place looking for some one, "Where is daddy?"

"The room on the second floor princess..." Nasica replied with out a word she walked away after waving her wand and removing the 'bushy' spell out of her hair. Stopping in front of the door where some voices was heard she knocked the door, "Come in..." hissed her father from inside. She opened the door with confidence and an air of slight irritation. "Princess!" the dark lord shot up from his chair with a smile that faded at the registration of the face in front of him. Quietly walking in she looked around, there was a desk and chair behind which he was standing two other men Lucius Malfoy and Peter stood there she simply spoke, "Step out I need to speak to my father in private." When he nodded they too walked out closing the door, with a wave of her hand she placed the silencing spell around the place and threw a paper on the table. Her expression was cold and unreadable striking a strange force around him creating a light fear, "I'm not planning to expose my self soon now?"

Krishi

----- On with the Story -----

She opened the door with confidence and an air of slight irritation. "Princess!" the dark lord shot up from his chair with a smile that faded at the registration of the face in front of him. Quietly walking in she looked around, there was a desk and chair behind which he was standing two other men Lucius Malfoy and Peter stood there she simply spoke, "Step out I need to speak to my father in private." When he nodded they too walked out closing the door, with a wave of her hand she placed the silencing spell around the place and threw a paper on the table. Her expression was cold and unreadable striking a strange force around him creating a light fear; "I'm not planning to expose my self soon now?"

"Princess...it's just that Crouch's confession under the truth potions and all...not to mention the fact that...well Potter did return to Dumbledore. The ministry was forced to accept the whole explanation due to the disappearance of..." she cut him off by holding up his hand, "Do you know what this would have meant Marvolo? This means your power over people would grow twice fold, it's a blessing in disguise for now not many people feel you are mortal and Potter is a saviour. They don't look at him as the saviour and continue to fear you a lot...you're death eaters shall be even more powerful under such circumstances but also very vulnerable Marvolo. Do be careful on what ever you try." She said suddenly getting up and started walking out before he could say anything, "Mia?"

"Yes daddy?" she turned around, "'I wanted to talk to you about a few things later."

"All right daddy you go ahead with your work I will come and see you later." She offered before leaving, he kissed her on the cheek before letting her go. Draco patiently waited for her to come, "Please come with me Hermione I will show you to your room. Your stuff is all ready there and I thought you may want to know under aged magic goes undetected in the manor like many other places." She nodded acknowledging his words as she followed him past many portraits and statues with an attitude. They went up a few stairs and he

showed her a corridor, "Three doors from the left, you are right opposite to me right?"

"H-how did you know that?" he asked surprised she smiled and answered, "I know the whole house of yours from your mother's mind. I found out you were opposite because your father wanted us close as possible don't worry I won't bother you."

"Please don't take my past words princess. I..." he started but she only laughed it off and opened the door, "Hmm nice place! Just the way I like it." she answered...The room was painted in a light shade of gold with dark brown curtains and a walk in closet with dark wood door. The bed was nice and cosy looking with dark gold sheets on a rosewood in one corner the along with a window. The opposite corner had a sitting area and balcony that looked very present; a small sized cupboard held a good variety of liquor and other drinks. Around was a green mat for yoga a few candles the last free corner had a music system set up where most of her c.d's were racked up and ready to play. A smaller door led to the bathroom where she decided to check out latter. "I hope the place pleases your taste or it shall be taken care of immediately."

"No Draco I see your mother's taken steps to please me. I'll let her know her pains have paid off, now I respect my privacy a lot." She stated he gestured to the door, "Feel free to set a password that way only chosen ones and you can open it, if anyone wants to come apart from the house elves then it shall be only when you let them enter."

"Thank you Draco – the place is indeed wonderful. What time do the doors open in the morning I may want to go for an early morning jog." She asked crossing her hands across her chest firmly, his smile grew wide, "Five Mi-princess."

"Mia is fine dragon feel free to call me that. Princess is my nick name not my title." She said looking at him strait in the eye for a second getting lost in the beautiful silver blue sea but recovering fast. "U-um t-there is nothing more I need, if you excuse me I need to get ready."

"Yes – um Mia please get ready soon. He hates waiting." He suggested practically running out. She sat down catching his breath,

“Mia get a hold on your self and focus for god’s sake. There is no way he’ll do anything with the dark lord as your father. Too bad she’s the dark lords’ daughter she’s hot? How could he even think like...” suddenly she smiled naughtily, “So Mr. Malfoy do you want me to show you what I can really be? Wait and watch my boy wait and watch.”

Malfoy Manor Study: Inner-circle Death Eaters Meeting

Voldemort was seated behind a table on an armchair, Malfoy sr sat on another in the right side his rightful place. Nagini sat curled up near his arm on the table looking at the plans of a building spread out, Theodore Not was showing him some points and comparing it with another similar paper. His chair was ignored and he was leaning on the table explaining the points in a light tone. Severus Snape leaned against the wall looking slightly grumpy, Crabby sr stood behind Malfoy looking mildly interested the plans. He jumped up when Voldemort asked a question, “Where is the nearest muggle cemetery?”

“My lord the...” he was interrupted by a knock on the door, ‘Come in.’ the dark lord called out having his back turned to the door at the moment, “cemn...” this time Theodore stopped mid sentence his jaw dropped. “Sorry daddy I didn’t realise you was in a company.” He turned around to see is daughter at the doorway, dressed in a black dress that had a spaghetti halter neck combination. Some simple earrings, chain and bracelet and matching chain, her hair was partly pinned up but ringlets falling down lightly on her face. The make up she wore made her look even more beautiful, but her face looked even more cold and impassive. Not a trace of emotion but stone cold, “It’s fine – come in you are entitled to the whole information child.” With out responding she walked up to him and stretched a hand out over the snake but stopped looking at her. She gave what seemed a clear nod the girl placed her hand on it and stroked her toughly, he gently moved his arm a bit as she lightly sat down on the arm rest. Finally turning her attention to the prints on the table, “So again what are these thing?”

“Blue prints of our previous head-quartos.” She looked at them carefully before opening her mouth, “My old assert are set in the bank.”

He cuts her off, "No financially I have lot but there is something I need for you. Can you work on these with me?"

She looked at them thoughtfully, "Hmm can I have these with a complete report of the damage, maybe I know what to do." She answered with out a word Voldemort waved his hand placing rolled parchments on her hand. "Thanks I'll get them – o no! I completely forgot."

"What's wrong would there be any problem?" Theodore asked hurriedly, "I need to get some things from Diagon Ally and around. Daddy I promise I'll come back and do the work but first I have to go get some things."

"Go ahead sweet heart – you have your key or do you want some money?" the dark lord asked idly. She shook her head and walked out leaving him to plan some other things.

Around two houses latter:

Kunout Ally a man Boggins (or what ever his name was) stood wiping the dangerous dark art products. The door opened brining in a fresh gust of wind, he looks up to find a hooded figure in a black cloak stand there. The longish top brought out her wonderful body that she wore, a black one that would have been a short dress. This was ripped in the side underneath was a light white long skirt and black heals making her look stunning, the black cloak unlike the top was plain and had no grandeur to it at all. Her hood was pulled down and her cloak right over her shoulders firmly. "Yes can I help you?" In response she pulls out a old yellowish long envelope sealed long before, the person simply dumps the envelope on the table. He gives an audible gasp at the seal – red against it is pressed the dark mark. With shivering hands he opens it and carefully reads the single piece of parchment that looks as old as the envelope. He quietly goes inside and comes with a black velvet box, "T-" not a syllable is said as the cloak goes back against her shoulders and he steps in front stretching his hands rightly running his fingers first on her shoulders then down towards her breasts as discreetly as possible. The girl brings her other hand forward gripping him tightly showing a strange

strength and speed. Suddenly he falls down on his knees breathing hard sweating, "Don't ever try that again." She said in a low whisper before grabbing the box and leaving. "Your father does need to fear you little one – he will fear you."

Malfoy Mannor

Hermione dumped her shopping items, quills, parchment, ink, cigarettes, special candy that makes your mouth smell nice, few more hard drinks, ice – cream in a container that has a spell on it keeping the inside cool. A tin of instant caper chino (sp?) and another bottle of position that would keep the alcohol, drug etc side effects away...a long knife with holder. She was putting away her things in appropriate places when small memo-parchment slipped it self down the door into her hands.

Mia – the parchments I gave you are not fire proof. Take care of them, Severus told me. Go ahead I won't say anything to you.

Daddy

She smiled tearing the paper took a fresh one and scribbled the words, Daddy I will. Thanks for understanding.

Pm

Tapping it she lets it go out the door then changes into something more comfortable from her trip out. The main reason she dressed up, now she wears a yellow tank top that have the words Light Me in black knee length trousers and sandals. Her hair fixed up in a pony tail again ringlets falling down her face with simple sneakers and socks. Placing the report and parchment up starts reading making some notes looking through her book – four hours strait. Stretching she gets up, "I really need some fresh air." Opening the door only to find Luscious standing there, "Mia your father asked you to join the others for lunch if you are willing.. It shall be served in ten minutes time."

"I'll be there." She informed him and turned around to get a packet, "And princess – he asked you to step out if you want to smoke after lunch." She made no sign of hearing him but placed a pack and some

candy in her trousers, throwing over a black full-slaved jacket before moving out of the room and locking it.

Krishi

----- On With The Story -----

Severus Snape stands in his home holding a mug of coffee in the study. His eyes are wandering outside the glass wall's towards the garden, the door of the study gently opens and closes with a light tud. The place in general is beautiful in steal furniture that has a modern blend to it with the dizziness. A pair of feet can be heard walking up behind him, arms gently make their way around him from the back and a light whisper is blown into his ear's seductively. "Won't you turn around and look at me darling?" He closes his eyes to gently enjoy the sensation before replying a whole minute latter. "Love I don't need to turn around to know who you are...my senses get ignited just by your presence." She smiles and lightly presses her lips to his shoulder lovingly before he pulls her to his front and enveloping her in his arms gently whispering into her dark black hair, "Narcissa....god you are so intoxicating." Gently she moves away only to look into his eyes and smile at him. "Really? Even my husband has not told me that..." his hands wind around her waist a bit tighter but holding her a bit afar. She is wearing no clock but a full-length, tight, sleeveless, red dress that is quiet low necked. Her hair is pulled up in a light bun all pinned up revealing small ruby earrings and chain. All together a simple dress not very grand or special, her light bracelet and wedding ring shine on her hand. She slowly watches him as he pulls her back closer again against his body pressing his lips against hers – a kiss that his demanding and to an extent adamant. A wave of his wand and the doors' can be heard locking before he sets it down to explore her back. Her hands reach the way through his hair holding it lightly with one hand the other playing against his neck. Slowly the part for air breathing heavily against each other lightly smiling...he gives her eye shadow: mostly red with black on the tips no glitter, light eyeliner is applied. His finger touches her red-lip gloss coated lips when the rest explore her face. "Your husband does not know what he is missing love. That is something he has long forgotten and I have been enjoying."

"Severus." She murmured into his neck as his hands found their way down her back to... "Yes?"

“Just don’t mess my hair – I have to keep an image you know.” she whispered, he chuckled into her shoulder before pinching her arse lightly. “Ouch honey that hurt.”

“Well then why are you standing around come on...lets go before...” he could say anything his lips found her and started another section of making out as they walked towards a hidden bed room. On the way his hands find the zip and pulls it down exploring her back, she starts pulling of his loose robes to reveal trousers and under shirt that seam like a second skin. His lips leave her but trail kisses down her neck both falling down on the bed and he starts pulling of the sleeves kissing her shoulders and parts of her chest before letting his hands explore them completely. First with the lace red material of the bra she wore...his hands rub their way through her as he knelt over her body as she closes her eyes. Suddenly the dark mark goes of – their magic is broken and he gets of her pulling over their robes. He groans and pulls over the black dress, “Uhh what is it this time?” Both appirate to different spots: she home, him wherever the dark-lord is.

Latter that evening:

Harry is in the home of newly re-appointed author Sirius Black: pad foot, as he is known. Sirius and Dumbledore stood facing him in the newly furnished modern apartment as he sat down with shock. Suddenly he was unable to decide what was worse the prophecy or the news he just heard. “I’m sorry Harry but Molly and Author Weasly are dead – a death eater attack ordered suddenly. Severus tipped us of but it was still too late. Ron’s seriously injured and is getting help now but Ginny is fine. Harry we wanted to ask you a favour – all her family is in the order so would it be all right if she stayed hear for some time?”

“Yes Professor – I’-I’ll take care of her please tell me if you find anything more.” He told him wishing for them to go away giving him time to pull him self-together, they did after a simple good by. Half an hour he sat there tears running down his eyes grief spreading through his slowly lightening heart. Suddenly he heard the door open and Sirius came in with a shaken and tear filled Ginny. He looked at the girl who was now unconscious in Sirius’s arms dressed in a skirt and

t-shirt. Scarred Harry ran up the few stairs and took Ginny into his own arms, "Ginny? Sirius what's wrong with her?"

"Cool down Harry she's just tiered put her down in the room next to yours will you?" Sirius requested giving the younger girl a worried look, "She was crying the whole way..." Harry did not wait to listen but took her to the room and placed her on the bed. She looked disturbed and if possible devastated; tear strains still on her face and most importantly her body felt feeble and to an extent worn out. He shifts a hair from her eyes gently then asks her softly, "What have they done to you Ginny?" His own eyes water again remembering the motherly hugs given by Molly and the word of caution given by the Author. The second serving of the meals, the endless questions and the love was now gone from the family. Their home was completely destroyed except for what they now wore – a part of Harry was glad that Fred and George had moved out and developed their business so lay unaffected physically. Everyone was slowly being destroyed because of Voldemort and it was this anger that made him want to destroy the snake even more.

Ginny moved a bit in her sleep, "Mum...Dad...no." she whispered, Harry placed a gentle hand on her head lightly stroking her. Immediately the deep sleep came back to her, he pulled the blanket over her before leaving the room to think. Even though through the fourth year after the ball she did come closer as a friend and spoke to him many things began changing after the return of Voldemort. The very things he could not speak to with Hermione and Ron he could somehow speak to her because she had seen the man like none other. A convincing, sweet talking, leader who was also a psycho maniac set upon murder and sadism. Both of them had faced him and managed to not shake with fear and come out. Their bond was strange, when she wanted to tell someone about the Chamber of Secrets she came to him, when he needed someone to help out on the Krum-Hermione-Harry media issue she came to him again. The only time he went to her was...

Flash-back Harry is alone in a compartment – no one was disturbing him now, suddenly there is a knock on the door, "Harry please open the door it's Ginny. We – Professors Dumbledore sent me hear. Hi." She stopped when he opened the door going inside and waited for

him to close the door, "Umm Dumbledore gave me this." She mumbled handing him a package and added something about to give him company quietly sitting down. Harry ripped it open and read the letter;

Dear Harry,

I've requested Ginny to take the rest of the trip with you because I know she could help you. She is another who has faced Lord Voldemort like you and I hoped it would help you in her company. Another thing I need to warn you about is that you could be vulnerable to be possessed by him, she has faced it and fought it, chances are there that she can help you out. Please speak to her if you wish to do so, no one else will disturb you except Ms. Weasley.

Another point is that the scar has connected the two of you some how, once your summer is over I wish you to take Occlumency lessons for your own safety. Please take care.

Have a nice summer.

You're friend,

Albus Dumbledore

Both of them sat in silence for a few minutes finally he asked her a question that had been bothering him for some time, "Ginny?"

"Hmm..." she jerked looking at him as he sat opposite, "When you started suspecting about the diary why did you want to come to me and not any teacher?"

"I don't know Harry – ever since I met you there was something about you...I always felt that you were the person who I could connect to beyond everything. First I never said anything but latter some how I started getting closer and wanted to be your friend – now Dumbledore sent me to you." She finished unsure, suddenly Harry spilled everything to her starting from his life in his aunt's house. "It was worse than what you seemed to be insecure about Ginny. My family tormented me..." she listened as he walked around and

covered his life from child-hood to how Hagrid was the one who gave him his first birthday cake and gift. When he started crying she immediately hugged him tightly and pulled him down to rest his head on her lap. He pressed his face into her stomach and wept for some time and she stroked his hair hushing him, finally he lay back but did not get up from her lap. "Ginny I'm scared now to face him again...I-I don't want anyone to get hurt because of me..."

"Harry he will never hurt some one because they are related to you. He would simply hurt anyone – even I have sensed what you spoke of many times. Remember that muggle who was killed? I saw him too and immediately wrote to Dumbledore since then every once in a while we are writing through Flaxes Harry – he's a wonderful and patient bird." He smiled at her from her lap gently playing with her hair, "Dumbledore told me never to tell any one except you when the time is right. He is a great man Harry helped me deal with the connection like he did for you but at the same time never pushed me." She looked away from him and slowly his hands left her hair and reached her hands lightly touching them, "He helped me out in those hard times I'm ever grateful..."

"I know how you feel – it's terrible being connected to him but there is one thing that is good Ginny. I think I have found a wonderful friend in you." He whispered kissing her hand forcefully." End of Flash-back Since then the two had been talking all night through the two-way mirror safely and freely. He spoke of how the Dursly's were starving him, she spoke of Fred and George irradiating her...he spoke of the creepy feeling every time some one 'popped' up from some place. She consoled him of his fears and told him she would be by his side in the fight no matter who said what. Harry slowly moved a hair away from her face as she shuddered again. "Harry could you come with me a bit? Albus wants to talk to you."

"Professor Dumbledore?" Harry asked politely sitting down next to him, the older man looked some what scared and tiered, "Harry I don't know how to tell you this but I'm afraid Ginny has faced the worst...it's not my role to tell you this but so much I can tell you please take care of her. She needs you the most now. Sirius I have contacted Hermione and informed her about the issue in hand. She may arrive at Hogwards any moment then I will bring her hear – and

Harry please take care of the young girl she has lost everything her home, her belongings and her parents.”

“Don’t worry Albus I will take care of them I promised Molly and Arthur when they joined. Besides I owe a lot to Ron for clearing my name, how are the other boys?” Sirius asked rushed slightly. Dumbledore nodded then spoke, “Fred and George are now financially sound due to their business and now shifted into a flat above their shop. They will continue their education through postal...they even offered to take care of their younger siblings educational and other funds as well. I have accepted their offer in behalf of the two...Charlie will be staying in the Leaky Cauldron for some time with Bill, Sirius you may want to visit them. Flur has offered to help out with getting Ron and Ginny some clothes...they said they will hand over the purchase to the twins, please collect them later.”

“Yes I will do that...what about anything else she may need I will take care of it for her. How is Ron?” He asked desperately seeing his godson’s frustration. “Ron is improving greatly, he may be up in a few days don’t worry Harry now if you excuse me I need to leave. Good day Harry, Sirius.”

Hermione’s Room: Malfoy Manor

A school owl flew in holding a school envelope addressed to her, “Who would send me a letter at this time? Dumbledore now what does he want?”

Ms. Riddle,

I thought you may want to know, the burrow was attacked today by death eaters. Molly and Arthur Weasley are dead, Roland Weasley is hospitalised and his condition though improving is not out of danger. Only Ginny Weasley has escaped unscratched physically. The other members of the family were not at the Burrow at the moment so remain unharmed but the home was burnt down by the attackers.

Ms. Riddle I request you to meet them if it would be possible. Please meet me back at the school if you want to – Hogwarts always welcomes students and their magic.

Yours truly,

Albus Dumbledore

Head master...

She stopped reading and marched up to where her father was, "Was the Burrow attacked some time ago?"

"Yes Mia – they will be coming and giving me the report any minute. Do you want to stay and listen?" Voldemort asked casually eyeing the letter in her hand. The damage must have been good had Dumbledore alerted her this soon, she simply folded the letter and placed it in her pocket. "Daddy I'm going to meet them and most probably won't be back for some time. See you latter then?"

"Princess are you sure you want to..." he hesitated, she was firm and there was nothing he said that would change her mind. The way she looked at him told him that, "You want me to keep my hold over Potter or not Marvolo because if I don't go now I could loose that?"

"Go ahead but please come and meet me the minute you return." He old her as she simply walked out of the room, picking up the paper she tapped her wand and said the word, 'school' only to feel a familiar tug, her old room and the face of Albus Dumbledore. He smiled at her but she did not smile back but placed her hands across her chest, "Head master I want to meet Harry and Ginny please."

"Right this way Ms. Riddle." He spoke turning a book into a port-key giving her the tug again this time outside Sirius door. The man she faced was not happy or smiling but pale and a bit angry about something. He looked relieved to see her, pulling her into a warm hug, "Hermione – thank god you are hear. Please come in...Harry is trying to console Ginny!"

"I'm on it Sirius please get me some hot coco please." She requested returning his hug and went to Ginny. The girl was on the bed weeping in Harry's arms around her his shirt completely wet with her tears. Hermione sat down beside her and gently rubbed her hair like she

always did before Ginny recognized her touch and looked up. Tears in her eyes reflected her Hermione's they looked at each other quietly till she placed a hand on the younger girl and rubbed her shoulder before wiping her cheeks. Suddenly getting up did something very much unlike her, "Take care of her Harry – Ginny if you need me any time just send an owl I will come as soon as I can." With one last parting hug to both of them went out slamming the door.

The door slammed open in when the death eaters who attacked were giving the report lead by Crabbe (sr) when the dark lords daughter walked in. Her hair was flaming behind her as she walked up and looked around the death eaters, she simple three quarter brown trousers, full length jacket and white and brown vertically stripped t-shirt made her look much more powerful suddenly. Going up to one of the death eaters grabbed his hand twisting it– suddenly he was gasping for air, sweating going down on his knees as the girl placed the spell on him. Suddenly letting go of his hands pulled his neck up and whispered dangerously in his ears but audible enough for the room (that was now in pin drop silence) to hear each and every word. "When a woman says no begging or not it means no and you better remember that." With those words she marched out slamming the door of her room closed. Anger took over her and at the moment and that was something she could not afford slowly she poured out a strong brandy drinking the whole thing in one shot before pouring out another. The second glass stood there as she fumbled her pockets for a cigarette and lit it gently savouring the smell that slowly calmed her. A knock on the door got her attention, "Come in." She called taking another puff and tapping the ash on the crystal ashtray that stood there. "Hermione." She turned lightly looking at her father their eyes locked for a moment before she stretched the box out and offered him one. "No thanks – can I have a drink instead?"

"What can I get you daddy?" she asked quietly, there was no emotion in her voice. No guilt of being caught with a strong drink and smoke. No fear of being in front of the worst dark lord of all times. No anger of his previous action. No anticipation of what she just presented in front of his death eaters. He replied in the same tone, "Butter beer nothing strong." Walking up to the counter she picked up a glass filled it with the drink, took her own drink and handed it to him as they sat

down. He watched sipping the drink thoughtfully as she took a gulp of the drink and puffed up again. "What was it that you did to him?"

"I made him remember everything he despised – quiet an entertainment I got out of him." She replied coolly he nodded, "That was quiet powerful how did..."

"I don't know how I did it all right don't ask me...I wanted to and I did it. Is that what you wanted to know?" she snapped, he gently smiled his daughter even if she threw him out was one he could never be angry with, "No I wanted to know what happened?"

"He rapped the woman in front of the girl...she was shaking when I met her. I – I was quiet mad that's it nothing more nothing less." She replied quietly looking down at her drink gently massaging it with one hand taking another puff closing her eyes. He kept looking at his daughter suddenly she said, "I hate being started at Tom Marvolo Riddle you better remember that."

"Hmm...don't take in too much of that you will lose your appetite." He said getting up with out even opening her eyes she replied, "One look of your so called followers would make me loose my appetite father. I don't need drinks or smokes to do that job for me." Again she took another gulp draining the glass with one last puff of the cigarette turned it out taking up another, he brought his hand out and lit it. "Sure you don't want one?" He shook his head twice, no. "Tell them to send over some green salad, sandwiches and fruit mix...I'm not very hungry tonight. Can I be excused from dinner daddy?"

"Sure darling. Princess how are the plans coming up?" he asked her getting up she followed suet, "Good I'll give them to you tomorrow morning they are finished with a list of where to get what. When are mum's family coming over?"

"Lunch tomorrow please be dressed up for them." He requested, she only nodded taking a long draw before nodding. He left her to her self, there was nothing more he could do to reach out towards his daughter at least there was some one his empire would take over if he fell. A satisfied smile played on his lips her methods was better than his own.

Krishi

----- On With The Story -----

For nearly two hours she did nothing but smoke and sip two more glasses of brandy. Slowly the drink starts getting into her head when a knock is heard on the door is opened some one whispered the password. That could be only one person, "Severus what are you doing hear? You know I'm half drunk and all I want to do is be alone?"

"Mia I thought I might give you this...think you will be all right?" he asked sitting down next to her quietly placing a hand on her shoulder. "Something you needed me for?"

"No I came to ask if you would like your dinner now?" he asked hesitantly, she nodded looking far away. "I will call for it to be sent up hear...you don't want company do you?" She shook her head, he quietly go up placing a large bag next to her after magically enlarging it, "All your mother's journals your father sent them to you."

"Thank you I will read them." She promised, "If you excuse me I need..."

"I'm leaving princess please don't stress your self too much. Shall I come back at eleven and put you to sleep?" she nodded. He whispered lightly before kissing her forehead lightly before going out.
Next Day Morning

Hermione woke up to her mental alarm and looked around the room. Getting up she thought for a moment before looking around. "Well might as well get jogging." Brushed her teeth, pulled on full-length white track pants with a dark red tank top and jacket over it. Pulling over her arms walking out, wand safely tucked away in a 'magical' pocket. She started running down the stairs pulling her brown waves into a high ponytail bouncing down the stairs gently like a light warm up. Her feet were light on the ground till the stairs getting her into shape soon she opened the door's magically trotting down the large white stairs of the manor and started running to the back of the house through the gardens towards a forested area with a lake. With the ease and silence of a cat she let her feet press to the ground and

take of again skipping a bit on uncertain ground like they were completely flat land. Once she reached the trees sweating and wet stopped panting bent down to cup her hands and take some water to splash on her face. It was still ice cold from the night as the early morning sun kissed her face – the run was a hard one for her again. She breathed counted till fifty before taking drinking some of the water, giving time for her sweat to cool down. A gentile smile washed across her face listening to the birds pulling her self up conjured a small black box of what looked like a music player only for her to hear. Taking in deep breaths began working on her acrobatic steps lightly flowing her body in shape with spring like actions and relaxed movements. Suddenly she heard some one call out, “Hay who ever you are this is private property.” Turning around she found a boy around her age with sandy blond hair and sharp deep blue eyes like sapphires. His body was trim and well built a little taller than her, he was dressed in olive green baggy shorts and a light t-shirt giving out a light with sports shoes. His eyes dwell around her body lightly before he walks towards her she looked at him amused... “Blaise Zabani.”

Before she could respond Luscious appeared there, “He wants you to meet him now Hermione please come. Would you like to come with me or take a run back up?” It hit him like a ton of bricks, Hermione Hermione Granger, the bookworm?

“Morning Mr. Malfoy.” Blaise wished hesitantly did the man just switch sides? Luscious smiled then placed a hand on the young girl proudly, “Aah Blaise Zabani morning – I see you have met Hermione Sofymore.” His brows knit trying to find where he knew that name, “Looks familiar does she not? Part of the noble house of Sofymore but grew up as Hermione Granger, now I am to re-unite with my family.” The younger man gasped: hear she was the girl who the purest and powerful wizard family had once lost during the war and grieved. The fathers identity was unknown but rumours went around that it was due to a death-eater rape others that of an affair with some muggle born found too late in the pregnancy not letting her terminate the child. The only thing that was known was that she was murdered with a slit against her throat the killer unknown. He smiled and took her hand lightly kissing it, “Wonderful to meet you Ms. Sofymore.”

"Pleasures mine Mr. Zabani. Now if you excuse me I need to complete my run back for today. Luscious." Giving him a light bow moved away from his grasp calmly for a second Blaise could have sworn the man was afraid of her and the arm-around-shoulder was nothing but a show to cover it. The emotion flicked in his eyes before disappearing. Leaving him alone to watch the girl running out of his side. Letting out a deep breath he spoke to the air, "Wow who ever her father is must be good to drop a bomb like her to the world."

She jogged up the stairs opening the door (windless) walked up and took the glass of milk offered to her by the house elf. "You're here?"

"Daddy – anything important?" she asked sipping the milk and tasting it lightly. She declared it was perfect before taking a cream bisect and dipping it in the milk. He watched thinking back of how much like him self she was and so much like her mother as well, with out a word he opened the door indicating she was to walk in, she obliged. "So what is it you wanted?"

"Talk to you about something important. One: you will be meeting your uncle Vincent today with his wife Laila. They shall pretend to be your guardians understood." She nodded that she did, "Two: latter you are to meet the Daily Prophet Reporter Kate for an interview give a good one and speak of how you don't support me or my ideas. Most importantly mention you do want to know who your father is...it will be for you own cover." Again she nodded indicating she understood drinking more of her half finished milk. "Three: they will be placing a re-sorting petition due to the resent finding it's happened before and Dumbledore knows this so won't object. I have spoken to Luscious about persuading the school governors. Any questions?" she shook her head, "Good – I would leave the choice of spending time with them as family or not with you. Might want to know that they are one of those who supported my ideas but did not join me. You'll be safe with them princess." Again she only nodded, "Now to your ideas on the re-building." She looked up a little scared, "Wonderful we will get started on it immediately." She smiled before jumping and hugging her father. "All right darling go have a bath and come down for breakfast soon."

“By daddy be back soon.” She yelled running of up the stairs only to bump right into Narcissa who was coming down, “Sorry princess you are not hurt are you?”

“No!” she shook her head as the older lady placed a hand on her gently like a mother before letting her running away again. Once she reached her room Hermione shed a light tear before walking into the bathroom where her bath was pulled out for her. Fifteen minutes latter she walked out a white towel wrapped around her body another over her hair. The birth mark shone against her shoulder in front of the mirror where she let her hair loose wiping it dry gently humming the music that played in the barground. Once she found the effect satisfactory ran the brush through it doing both setting it the way she wanted and drying it completely. Finally she placed a part of it in a high clip leaving the rest down. Her dress that she had chosen for the day was casual, short, white off shoulder that had golden-yellow and green flowers printed all over it. The jewellery were perfectly matching as the make up giving her a wonderful presentation of her body but not in any way vulgar. Her heels were white and well cut making practically no noise at all during her walk.

Latter that evening she lightly knocked the door of the dungeon used by positions master temporarily. “Come in.” he called out she opened the door he looked up from the smoking position that was emitting green smoke giving out a sweet smell. His robes over were taken of due to the heat but he was about to pull them back on – seeing her simply discarded them. “It’s only you?”

“What’s that suppose to mean sir?” she asked quietly walking in feeling the heat poured herself some cold water. “Am I some one you are comfortable with or some one insignificant?” Chuckling he patted her cheek before stunning the potion he was making. “The first? You’re comfortable with me...” instead of responding he smiled at her putting the ladled down and took out some herb’s to chop and add. She quietly popped her self on the free area on his work area and pulled the rest of her hair into a ponytail. “Is this for the walls sir?” He make a sound of agreeing with out looking up from his chopping, she did not shut up, “Can I help in some way please I know they are in an advanced level still I think I can manage it...that is if you don’t mind the help.”

"I don't doubt your abilities princess I don't want you to be handling them with unprotected hands." He informed her she quietly kicked off her shoes and watched as he worked quietly observing his acts. Her eyes grew when he did something very complicated step or when the dramatic change took place. All through the rest of the steps she quietly watched as the green smoke turned purple when the liquid was white making her gasp audibly. When he added vampire blood carefully her mouth parted slightly with innocent curiosity then biting her lip. He observed this knowing she wanted to know its properties making a mental note to tell her later. Once he put out the flame under the large cauldron sealed it took the checklist and ticked the completed work. "Do you want to learn some more things about vampire blood and its properties?" She smiled and nodded, "Come I have some books you may like to read in my manor. Now let me just clear the place up all right...good girl. How did your interview go?"

"Good professor Severus," she replied, "but I didn't like the way the photographer gave me these sizing up looks. The lady who took my interview was nice and very polite to me...Vincent watched her like a hawk though. I had to stop him after a point but Lilia was very nice making sure that the whole thing went well. She said that the interview will be coming in tomorrow – special attention because of the case history." Instead of letting her hand go he took the two of them to his study back home. She looked around surprised at his collection and the fact that the place was bright, without a word he handed her four thick books: all on the dark arts. Three were that of Slytherin that she handed back, "I've read them." He looked surprised but without a word looked for some other books she could read instead of them. When he handed her some other books on the dark arts and rituals that she may need to know she took them quietly clearly familiar with the older ones already.

"We better get back home before your father starts looking for you." He held out his hand and she took it, in a flash they were back outside the manor. Marching in she stopped right in front of the dark lord talking to Theodore, she was about to walk past him but he grabbed her hand. Suddenly miles away Harry woke up his scar burning...throbbing making him scream. This scream caught Ginny's attention and she ran up to him, without thinking she placed a hand

on him and suddenly as it came the pain disappeared but the vision cleared. Voldemort seemed to be passing around the room worried, Crabbe sr walked in and gives him a report, "My Lord the construction sight has been looked at and the repairs have begun. The world will take a month to complete." The door is heard being closed and he sees two people walking inside the girl with her head bent tries to pass through him but he grabs her hand. When the girl looks up Harry feels he being pushed out of Voldemort's head. Ginny was frantically asking him, "What's wrong Harry you all right now? You feel all clumpy..."

"Ginny – Virginia listen will you?" he yelled she quietened, "I'm fine now but we need to talk to an adult now." Sirius walked in looking worried, "Nice timing padfoot...I had another vision..." he summarises what happened till the girl who's identity is unknown. Again to Dumbledore who first sat shocked and awed before taking a deep breath and telling Harry few simple words.

"Harry I'm afraid Ginny is your soul-mate, her touch helps you block or stop Voldemort's connection even when he is feeling a strong emotion." Sirius gasped Ginny could practically hear her mother says, "O Ginny that's wonderful you-" suddenly it struck her: her mother was dead. Tears flowed down her eyes but she could not understand why it was not like she was even attracted or going out with any one else. Still the tears flowed knowing that nothing will ever be the same again she felt a hand on hers Harry's, softly he whispered, "Don't worry Ginny I won't let him hurt you I promise."

"I won't let you get hurt either Harry it's just that I miss mum." She wept on his shoulder pulling her into a hug Sirius jointed them quietly and Ginny slipped on his lap like she did with her father. Dumbledore cleared his throat gently getting up the others followed his example. "Harry Ginny could you please stay inside when I discuss this with Bill and Sirius I think the two you would have a lot to do yourselves."

"Yes Albus let's go." Sirius said and they disappeared right away to meet Bill.

Back In The Manor: he grips her hand making her look at him, "Where were you?"

"Professor Snape's place father he was nice enough to give me some books. Any problem?" her cold tone matched his anger her eyes blazing with strange power within her, he did not let her go but started into her mind and found what she said true she added with a bite of anger, "Another thing – there is nothing between usss sssso sssstop sssussssspecting will you it drivesss me up the wall."

"Sssweet heart please." He begged her as she moved his hands away from her elbow and marched up the stairs not bothering to hide the tears or the sobs Luscious who passed her lay his eyes on her a moment before returning to the dark lord. "Is she crying Luscious?"

"I'm afraid she is my lord would you like me to go talk to her?" Luscious asked licking his lips definitely, Voldemort did not note this and simply nodded running a hand through his face walking in to the room. Severus Snape followed him quietly wanting to apologise. "My lord please accept my humble apologies I..."

"Save them Severus I should have been more gentle on her – family has softened me up. Leaving her exposed to that muggle-loving fool is a great dread for me." He spoke into the space around him as his servant stood back silently. "I will call you latter – there is something that needs to be taken care of with the two of you."

"Yes my lord." He bent down kissed the man's robes before backing out, "Yes Severus you are my perfect choice for my daughter."

What he did not know was at the very moment his daughter was pouring out strong vodka in a glass before opening the door. "Luscious?"

"Hermione please let me explain what happened – the dark lord was so worried about you in your absence." He started watching her gulp down the drink in one swig and pouring out another after offering him some, "No thank you – after your delicate position as his daughter you would attract the respect of many but the wrath of more. She glared at him very much like her father indicating his words were irritating her with cautious steps he moved forward. "Hermione I – the drink is strong."

"I know..." she whispered tears flowing from her eyes she turned around to hide them. Quietly he went up to her and touched her shoulders, she could not read anything because they were not having eye contact. Gently he brushed her hair aside and wrapped one arm around her waist close to her she quietly stood still. His other hand rubbed her shoulders and hand gently until a firm knock on the door makes him brake away from him. "My lord." He exclaimed in his usual calm and calculated voice clearly the man did not seam to have a problem with him. His daughter was holding her self erect putting her weight on one foot crossing her arms across her chest showing him her back. With a signal he indicated that he should go out, he obliged.

"Mia pleassse kid don't do this to daddy." He requested locking the door, she huffed but did not do anything else. Slowly he said the words that made her turn around, "Daddy is sorry darling – he really is but I was so worried about you and I lost control."

"All right I'll let you go this once daddy but not again all right." She turned around he opened his arms and she ran into them giving him a hug.

Krishi

----- On With The Story -----

Mid after noon and a young brown haired girl was fast asleep in a swing- come-bed in the Snape Manor. The one that was un-potable, safe and known only to a handful of order members. Potter not included but unfortunately Black and Lupin were in the list, they 'dropped in' time-to-time. He was on the ground near the low hanging bed gently rocking her as she slept in the balcony. The wind blew softly and her breath was rhythmic and steady as the sun gently shone down on them, he felt as though his wish had come true but partly. She moved a bit searching for comfort and human heat he raised him to the bed and put her head on his lap. Some hair fell of her face he gently removed it as she snuggles closer wavering her hand conjured a fluffy bunny rabbit purely by will. A soft hint of a smile he started moving his leg away watching her suck the rabbits nose, pushing the pillow as she spoke something in her sleep. Gibberish nothing he had to worry about moving him self away from the large cradle letting her sleep. A great responsibility was lay in his hands, Flash back It was five in the morning when Hermione sat down sleepily in front of her father and her professor. Her teacher gently reached out and touched her arm and she leaned into him on the couch pulling her body up to him. The dark lord from behind his desk saw the whole exchange between the two, yes he was the perfect choice. "Severus I want you to take Hermione away with you and hide her for some time. Any work I have for either of you shall be owed to you, I want you to train her in private in one of your homes and keep her safe."

"Daddy I don't want to go I'll be fine and he can train me hear too." She argued but he glared at her silencing her again she read his thoughts but he voiced it any way, "Ssshut up Mia I've ssseen the way my death eatersss look at you. Give me sssome more time to get their ressspect back then you ssshall be able to come more often and take more control jussst till then."

"But daddy I can take care of my ssself." She argued back but he shook his head firmly but slowly spoke the one temptation she was most drawn to, "He can persssonally teach you the dark arts and he iss already your teacher. Go with him Mia."

“Uuh all right daddy I will go with Professor Snape till you gain more control over your men.” She agreed shocking her teacher who was not following the conversation till then he smiled at his daughter and looked at his ‘follower’ sternly.

“Severus you need not have an iron grip on her nor be financially responsible that is her business. Do teach her all the dark arts you can and keep her safe or you shall pay with your own life.” He spoke in a tone that sent chill down the man’s veins. The girl nodded quietly getting up to pack but her father seated her again saying he was not done, “Another point – you shall be her guardian and act as a father figure till I’m able to claim her my own both in school and outside. I’ve spoken to your uncle and aunt they have agreed with my persuasion now you better come up with some thing to address him as and not Severus. Make sure it’s personal and affectionate – you can go now.” In their haste she had packed all her stuff with wandless magic tiring the poor girl immensely before they came to this place. End of Flashback Wrapping her arms tighter around the bunny made a satisfied sound, unable to resist himself he went back to her placing a chaste kiss on her hair before leaving. A man with thick dark hair and an ancient face. He was wearing very ancient robes in a dark blue colour. Dark eyes shone with mastiff and love standing right before the two. Obviously invisible to Severus Snape leaned against the pillar with his hands. Gently he raised an eye brow, ‘Really my boy one would think she is your daughter...’ chuckling he dissolved in the thin air. She moved again saying something about ice cream.

Odder of Phoenix: HQ

Everyone was assembled in for a meeting including Harry and Ginny who were the exception cases. They still waited for Dumbledore to show up but there was an extra seat in the room as though expecting another person apart from everyone around. Finally he walked in dressed in dull red robes and a twinkle in his eyes, “Excuse my lateness everyone. I can assure you the reason that caused my delay was great and had to be attended to...” Harry gave him a confused look but when the door opened again – after the head master sat down. Everyone gasped at the sight in front of the group except for Dumbledore who smiled calmly. There in front of them stood a girl dressed in dragon hide boots with what were clearly dark green muggle jeans with a tight full-length white shirt left loose. A silver belt

outside her dress revealing a wonderful figure of the girl, the tops was something unlike anything seen before – it had full length sleeves with the top cut slightly low but the length was a good number of inches towards her knees but not there yet. Over the white top she seemed to be wearing a denim sleeveless quarter top that was laced together and healed by some string again. Her cloak was wrapped around her shoulders thickly pinned in with two dragons her hood practically covered her face but exposed a lower part of her white neck. Near her was a black pull along muggle cabin bag. What was most striking about her was the way she stood, one hand leaned against the door another firmly in her pockets of her side slit top. A thick layer of fur seemed to have quoted over the transparent part of her top below her waist and sleeves. She made no movement indicating that she's going to remove her hood. Again Dumbledore spoke, "Wind rider please step inside and take your rightful seat so that I may introduce you to the members." The girl got of the wall and bowed down low with a swish of her arm to the back and her leg too going back a bit bent swishing her cloak. The head master did bow back but not so extravagantly just a simple one. She started walking swiftly and noiselessly towards her seat her movement known only because of her entrance. She flopped down her seat on the left of Dumbledore gently with out any noise again giving everyone a graceful wave. Stretching her legs out and her hands were knit before her quietly like this was a group of people she met everyday. The others softly started murmuring who this girl would be but Alastor Moody started focusing his magical eye on her but unable to go through the hood, she waved her hand in front of her face suddenly sending the man back.

She spoke in a soft tone with gentile firmness, "Moody sir with due respect I would appreciate you giving my privacy that I demand." Dumbledore chuckled again breaking the pin drop silence. Finally he spoke up, "She is Amilia and a new member of our team. Her identity for several reasons shall be kept a secret but I'm sorry. I can trust this girl with my own life and I request you to do the same...I've already tested her under the truth position and she has passed the test. The main reason she is hear is because she could be a huge assert to the order with a great connection for information and knowledge she has on many areas with a different view. Her main role is to aid us in not only stopping Voldemort but also helping us stop his death eaters

using her methods. I think a she should speak for her self for my words won't be able to summarise her ideas better than in her own. Wind rider the spotlight is yours..."

"Why thank you Dumbledore sir my regards to each and every hero who places the others above your self. My self as addressed by many is Amelia...my identity is connected with this name and more I shall request you not to ask. My talents are existent to an extent in wand less magic where as my knowledge gives me access to information on ancient rituals with their meanings or importance. This is both dark and pure magic...first of all let me clear your mind Frederick Weasley no I do not support the so called dark lord of this time and never will. Magic though is not purely good and bad my dear friend and honourable sir. You use magic for pranks if your reputation serves right?" The boy merely nodded the girl gave a musical laugh, "See? I'll get strait to the point I shall use what ever power within my bounds to aid the light side and safe families. Do any one have more questions in their minds?"

Sirius who watched the girl quietly spoke up, "Yes Wind rider how do I know you are trust worthy?" She stood hands in pockets looking at him (he could feel her eyes on him) before he continued, "How do I know you are not wanting to do Harry in?" His question was answered when she placed her hand behind her shoulder pulling out a sword looking very similar to Griffindoor's that Harry once pulled out. Except this was a bit smaller handle with pure diamond stones. She slid it smoothly to the man who questioned her looking at it he gasped, "H-how did you get it? No one have been able to..."

"Trust me enough now?" she asked as he placed the crystal sword back on the table. It went back to her and she waited to place it in before speaking, "No wizard with the intentions to destroy the innocent will be able take this sword. I never part with it for it has many ways of staying in my arm, I'm sure you are familiar with the legend of the sword?" Sirius nodded quietly but Dumbledore took the string up now slightly surprised. This girl was full of surprises. Finally everyone agreed she was trust worthy and began discussing what Voldemort was planning and how he could be stopped. When they reached a point about making the centaurs come to his side Wind rider spoke up, "I've met them and they clearly don't want to take his

side, their favour of unicorns are great and his efforts of murdering them have angered them you don't have to worry about them."

Harry looked at her sharply, "What makes you say that Ms. Wind rider I know centaurs don't trust human..."

"Harry Potter they don't do so but due to pure luck I gained their trust. A wonderful story but not the time for it...You can rest your hearts about the centaurs in joining him." She declared in a voice of no argument Dumbledore made the next point about the goblins and again the girl laughed earning a few glares but nothing more from the members. "Excuse me but the goblins are – er – how do I say this decently? They are not exactly in favour of Voldemort and I would seriously request you to understand fear of the name is going to increase fear in the man. Stop flinching at the sound of his name...his very actions to increase his position has weakened him there is much less for you to fear." Again Dumbledore gave her a strange look but healed his silence letting her go on, "Now as far as your counted fears are there you can hold out only three. From what the leader tells me..." she got up and started walking around counting the points of her finger, "Giants: he has too much to offer them, wear-wolves: again he accepts them and knows how to manipulate them, the third is his power over weaker creatures. A way around must be found for those three and that is what I suggest you do at the moment. Now please let me not hold on to your precocious time..." Again she sat down two people felt their respect in her increase: Dumbledore and Mad-Eye-Moody. Harry watched her take notes make points through the meeting till suddenly a small piece of paper found its way sharply from under her fingers Moody who was a few chairs away he looked at her strangely. Nodded and started looking around with his magical eye, suddenly looking directly at her nodded earning thumbs up. Another small piece of paper spread its way to Sirius's hands: a similar reaction was reserved. Harry kept looking at her, who was she and where did she get so much power from to command two grown men? The meeting was nearing an end when Dumbledore stretched his hand across for something while talking to Bill about a few curse's around old parchments. She gave what looked like muggle file with muggle paper in it, finally Dumbledore called the meeting to an end. Everyone started getting up except for Amelia, "Potter stay back."

“Wind rider...” Harry began when the room cleared.

“Amelia that’s my name.” Harry nodded and continued, “Amelia what do you want from me?”

“Nothing brother nothing actually I was hoping to offer you something. Now I would like help you in your mission do you think you could sacrifice a few hours of your time to train with me? I think I can help clear you mind enough and strengthen you to face him that is if you are willing please think. Good night.”

“Good night.” Harry said a minute latter into the empty space the girl simply disappeared from there. Shaking his head he walked towards the bedroom he shared with Ginny: something about the bond he entirely enjoyed.

Quietly he opened the door and walked in to find Ginny changed her dress, standing against the window looking at the moon. His lips light into a smile the confusion clearing her hair was blowing in the wind as her eyes seamed to be far away. His heart was caught in his throat when he realised what she was wearing...he took a step closer but stopped hearing voices above him.

In the room right above Sirius and Moody were in conversation with Amilia, “Why did you want this checked wind rider?” It was Moody Ginny gave a light gasp...she too had heard. Her eyes met with Harry’s quietly – this was big. A new voice was heard – the wind riders?

“Mr. Moody could you see what is inside this...what egg is this thing?” she asked urgently the two waited holding their breaths the scratching of a quill could be heard Sirius simply said something like, “Yeah take it.” Then a swish of a cloak followed by silence.

“Mr. Moody could you see what is inside this...what egg is this thing?” she asked urgently the two waited holding their breaths the scratching of a quill could be heard Sirius simply said something like, “Yeah take it.” Then a swish of a cloak followed by silence. Ginny and Harry kept looking at each other surprised, she spoke the question both had in their minds.

“What was that all about?” Harry shrugged quietly and walked up to her standing in a white tank top with white pyjama shorts that had some small prints on it exposing to his view a large part of her body. Harry’s eyes travelled them lightly unable to control his ‘emotions’ as such that day with this girl. Her eyes quietly felt his as he advanced towards her and handed him his towel and pyjama’s. “I think you need a shower Harry.”

“Be right back Ginny.” He whispered against her ear kissing her under her ear lightly before going inside. He did not see Ginny turn red covering her neck with her hand a bit self-conscious with another hand running through her chest a bit disappointed with her self. Especially her body. Harry on the other hand was busy washing away the sweat thinking of what he just did with Ginny...the whisper his light instinctive kiss. That one kiss that made him feel the want to drag her into the shower with him but taking a deep sigh he pulled in his pyjama’s trousers and walked back in shirt less. As soon as he walked in he found Ginny all ready asleep quietly he rubbed the hair out of her face and joined her on the other side of bed quietly pulling her towards himself locking his arms around her body. The dim light gave him a beautiful sight to watch and that is what he did popping him self up on an elbow leaned in just watching the girl sleep letting his hands run through her gentle face and cheeks. Slowly he took his hand off only to bury his head in the pillow and sleep.

Snape Manor:

He walked in to find her quietly reading a book about on duelling dressed in her full-length white pyjamas with a sandal colour top to go with it. She was sitting on the ground keeping the book on the low table with parchment spread out next to her taking notes. Walking up to her he gently ran a hand through her hair making her look up, “Severus...care for some caper chino?”

"No thanks. Not asleep yet kid?" he asked gently taking his over robes off and sitting next to her. Leaning against the sofa and stretching his legs out on the floor. She shook her head indicating she was not able to; he patted his lap indicating she should lie down for some time. Smiling she closed the stuff and quietly lay down on his lap quietly watching him as he ran absent symbols on her head.

Finally she broke the silence, "What did you daughter call you? The one who died very young?"

"Papa...she called me papa. Why are you asking me?" he asked looking at her.

"C-can I call you that too? Can I call you papa?" she asked with a bit of nervousness gently running a hand across her face he slowly smiled.

"Of course sweet heart." He whispered as she buried her self in his stomach happily mumbling, "I'd like that...I like calling you papa."

"I like you calling me that darling now sleep...we need to go and change your guardianship tomorrow." He told her slightly patting her eyes as she slowly closed them and went into a heavy slumber sucking his finger again till he was sure carrying her became an option. Laying her in the swing bed that she liked so much woke her up slightly, "Go back to sleep...."

"No...you stay with me hear please." She begged holding his hand. He quietly got into the bed with his half sleepy charge that wound her arms around his waist immediately. "Papa..."

"Hmm..." he responded she propped her self up on his shoulder a taking the hand of then asked, "Can you teach me about the stars?"

"Do you want to know how the stars connect to reincarnations? " a light gasp told him she was interested, gently rubbing her shoulders he started telling her, "It's true sweet heart.... there are many such cases where powerful witches or wizards who die with out completing the purpose of their birth are born again as muggles. Usually in the

same time as their death, they can be identified by their similarities between the two but the strongest is in the star sign. When such die the stars behind them usually make a mark on the reincarnation's skin...at times these reincarnations take years or centuries so there is no one who can lead them towards the path till the right time. The greatest reincarnation known is that of Griffindoor's son him self. Griffindoor's son is said to be a reincarnation of his own Grandfather." He felt her shift completely onto his shoulder to find a comfortable position, "The purpose of his birth was never known to any one but he's said to have had a Venus along with the moon near it on his left thigh, the very same was in the sky when the older man died. Many more examples are there but you need some sleep..."

"Papa please tell me some more?" she begged but yawned he chuckled and kissed her lightly pulling her closer in the process, "Sleep and I will get you some books on this tomorrow." She closed her eyes and again fell into a deep sleep but he lay awake long after she fell asleep that night watching the stars brought back to reality feeling her leg against his waist where she put it in her sleep. 'All that you would have to face Hermione is nothing compared to what I faced. Take care of your self my sweet heart it's in your own hands that lies a great power on those bare shoulders!' The thought before letting her sleep completely, he too drifted off to a quiet sleep flowing through his own dreams.

When Hermione woke up her papa was still asleep so she left his side for a run through. Having the comfort of being protected from unwanted eyes gave her enough freedom to go out in grey cotton tight shorts with a yellow and grey mixed tank tops. The mark was exposed well and this was something she was not very worried about...as she ran through the woods with an expertise and ease. She ran past the 'invisible man' who had watched her the other day during her siesta but he waved to her never the less letting his smile grow wider. 'Good to see you are not spelled in darling...your doing a good job.' He spoke in the air before disappearing from the place.

Back home Severus got up stretched and looked for his daughter, "Must have gone for her run...might as well have a bath." Half an hour latter he raised his head from the newspaper that arrived to see

her walk in holding her own subscription and smiling at him. Getting up he asked, "Had a nice run?"

"Good – you have a nice wood around and they are quiet relaxing. All right then I'll go have a bath." Dropping her paper she went to her own room letting him sit back confused. The girl was acting like a lost child last night and not letting him go, now she was practically away from him like nothing happened. But her yelling out for him, "Papa," he would have to get back to playing the 'infants father' again, breaking his meditations...he found her standing there looking at two sets of clothes confused on what to wear pointing the one out he walked out for her to get ready.

Head Quarts

The order meeting was going thick when Severus was reporting the dark lord's speed at rebuilding the head-quartos. Dumbledore nodded and quietly thought about what to do dismissing the meeting. Harry asked quietly why was Amelia missing, Ginny who was right next to him became a bit stiff but he did not notice this. "She will come only when she can other times I will fill her in on the details that girl is busy Harry and not very interested in a blow by blow activity of the order I'm afraid."

"Of course sir it's just that she offered me some lessons." He told Dumbledore smiled a bit and raised an eyebrow as if to say 'really' prompting Harry to continue. "I was hopping to tell her I would like to take them some time when she is free."

"Excellent decision Harry – now your time won't be available much again this time for I would be calling you for some lessons of my own as well. Yes it's for helping you and Ginny shall join in them. Let's hope you can manage the whole thing along with playing." He said patting the young boy on his shoulder and assuring him, "The message shall be passed on Harry for she too would come to a few of our lessons when school starts. Lemon drop Ms. Wesley? You look peaky." He stretched out the sweet that she took gratefully and mumbled a thank you.

A new voice caught their attention, "Papa." Most of the heads turned to find - Hermione was dressed in a very tight thigh length black skirt with a set of light sandals and a white quarter top and a light jacket on.

Her hair was pulled up again up in a high ponytail a few hairs popping out in front of her face and her body language showed clear ease and comfort. Walking up to Severus Snape hugged him to the shock of most of the order – even more when he hugged her back. Pulling away she looked at him innocently, “Papa did you lock the study by any chance? You told me I could go in there but the doors are not opening.” The older man hit his head realizing he had not set her as part of the household, she realised this and smiled at him.

“Really Silvinilus how could you do that? Depriving your charge of her favourite time pass? You are her guardian now and you should me more careful.” Sirius teased him smiling a bit Hermione rolled her eyes and sternly told him.

“It’s not like that Sirius so would you stop? Besides my life is the way I choose to be not some one else’s.” she declared. He quietly shifted his hand letting her know sitting on his lap was all right and she did that putting her bag down. Sirius smiled lightly and handed her a bottle of butter bear that she took gratefully. “Any way the real reason I’m hear is for asking you a favour...I need to use the black personal library would it be all right?”

“Go ahead...take anything out if you want to as well you know the address right?” she nodded, “Great then I’ll give you a key just don’t forget to take brakes all right?”

“Thanks Sirius I wanted to look up some ‘dark arts’ he may pull on Harry. I’m the one who would do all these for him any way...same thing in the tri-wizard tournament.” Taking a deep breath she looked around for Harry and Ginny, “Where are they I have not seen them since I came to see the two of them after...”

“Up starts Herms think you may want to go meet them. Ginny is getting better now that the healers said that he is improving and they can get him back in no time.” She chocked in the drink her was having but managed to smile at the man. Sirius paused for a moment before sitting down, “Herms there is something I was hoping you would throw some light on. I had been reading my brother journal...you know the one who was a death eater? He kept talking about some Dark Lady and how she was close to Voldemort...he

went up to mention that she was pregnant with his child but could not reveal her identity. Now brace your self...her identity was known only to his inner circle and she started to appear pregnant more in the same time your mother disappeared.” He stopped when Hermione healed up her hand to stop him her face clearly sober and a slightly agitated.

“Sirius please – if I was his daughter and after the public declaration and all don’t you think he would have sought me all ready?” she asked Sirius nodded firmly, “And he wanted my power that is why Professor Dumbledore felt slightly scared for me. There is no way...well...I’m going and meeting Ginny. See you around, papa don’t expect me for lunch.” When Hermione walked up she found Harry sat there doing some home work but one of his hands were busy. Smiling she mocked the two of them, “Hay Ginny and Harry Potter I was under the impression you are a gentleman before I saw your hand always trying to reach out to Ginny’s bottom? I’m hurt Potter.”

“Not you too Herms? I can hardly get enough of this before Ron comes about...after that I better keep my hands to my self.” Harry declared hugging his best friend jovially. When they got together the first thing they did was owl Hermione and she was exited about it as them. She looked much better than last time with better sleep and good care, Ginny smiled and hugged the girl too before they sat down. Harry pulling Ginny onto his lap, “So how’s it like living with your new aunt and uncle Herms? Do they treat you nicely...don’t bug you about not knowing who your dad is...are they? If they are then I’ll put a good word on them through som...”

“Harry relax, in case you have not been listening today I’m with Professor Snape. My aunt and uncle were too busy for me and I wanted to learn some new things...since he’s a good friend of Professor Snape they changed my guardianship to him.” She explained but seeing her friend scowl laughed it out, “He’s really nice and makes sure I get the time and attention I need but respects my privacy. It’s nice to have some one like that around me letting me help him brew some positions or do small research work for him hear and there. It’s better than with my uncle who’s always by the fire on an international conversation or my aunt who’s out there giving

judgement after another. Papa has been taking care of me like his own daughter...making sure I eat right, sleep comfortably at times takes time out of his work only to chat with me. Really he's totally different outside the school...I'm sure Professor Dumbledore could tell you that."

"No I could not Ms. Sofeymore you are the first one I have seen him be so intimate with," it was Dumbledore who walked out of the shadows with a strange expression in his eyes. Ginny looked at him for a moment when his eyes lay on the other girl, there was respect, affection and gratitude? "Thank you for bringing out that part in the man I consider my son." He said genuinely holding Hermione's hand as she smiled at him and shook her head.

"No sir – I did nothing." She started but Severus who walked in completed it for her, "But showed me affection." Their eyes locked for a moment but the burning of his mark distracted them. "Mia stay hear and I will come back and collect you." He ordered and left the place immediately, Hermione simply walked up to the black library and started her work.

Once Harry closed the door of their room flopped down on the bed with his hands under his head. Ginny stood in front of him quietly observing not knowing what to do, till he finally broke the silence. "I'm worried about her Ginny..." with out a word she laid next to him on the bed gently placing a hand on him. "She's all alone now and I don't want her to feel alone...I don't know what to do for her. You know she's my best friend I owe her so much...my own life, yours, Sirius', the times in the tri-wizard tournament. She faced so much for me and did not complain once even once, wish there was..." his voice trailed off as Ginny rubbed his hands gently. One arm went from under his head to around her pulling her closer. Quietly marvelling the young woman in his arms and how she fit into his arms so easily like she was made for him and him alone. Gently he ran his hands around her shoulders returning the favour till she pressed her head on his chest making him smile. The sensation of warmth flowed through him but left as she suddenly got up, "What's wrong Ginny d-did I touch you any place...I'm sorry if I did..." he stammered but she smiled at him reassuringly, brightly.

“Harry I got it...I’ve got the answer to the issue.” She jumped up and down on the bed excitedly making him stand up as well. “Harry we could invite her to stay with the order like us. She would be protected and you-know-who won’t be able to get to her with Dumbledore and other authors coming in and out. After all he does want to get her so we can convince Snape easily...well at least Dumbledore can do that for us.” Happily he scooped her up and twirled her around completely before putting her down but did not release her. Instead they locked their arms around each other strongly passion suddenly running through their bodies as he pressed her even more into him...

Instead they locked their arms around each other strongly passion suddenly running through their bodies as he pressed her even more into him...but she moved away. Harry looked at her concerned jumping of the bed they were standing on walked behind her to the mirror. "What's wrong Ginny?"

"What o nothing Harry..." she mumbled trying to move away. He haled her in place. His hands firm on her shoulder slowly he asked her, "Your ashamed of your body are you not?" Her eyes shot up looking at him in the mirror how did he know? Unshed tears made him take a deep breath, slowly massaging her back. "Just look at me Harry there is nothing good about it...nothing that would satisfy you there. Nothing to attract you towards me, we are bound because we are soul mates according to Dumbledore...that is why your with me now."

"Ginny there is nothing wrong...you know what let me show you what I see in you're body shall I?" he asked gently. She did not reply and looked at him quietly, "Well then I'll tell you...let's start with..." he ran a hand through her hair whispering huskily, "Your hair, its so soft and gentile wavy. I can burry my face in them. Then your forehead," he whispered placing a palm on it gently, "where else can I place my good night kisses once you're asleep?" his smile grew wide as she gasped at the information he just gave her, slowly he ran a finger around her eye brows whispering in her ear again, "Those eyes...gentile blew eyes is something I can get lost looking at. It's like looking at the sky just up close. They hold hundreds of secrets within you, hundreds of memories..." slowly he let his fingers pinch her nose, "...such a cute nose you got there so pinch able...and your lips..." he started tracing them lightly but his eyes looked dark with an unreadable expression, "you know I could simply keep mine pressed on them..." slowly he ran his hands down to her neck, to the place he kissed her yesterday, "and your neck it's so soft..." unable to control himself started sucking her neck as she moaned, "...where else will I leave my marks darling?" his hands lay on her shoulder gently turning around giving her a direct focus on his eyes as he slammed her against the mirror. "There is no one who can make me like this the way you do Ginny...there is no one who makes me feel so bold. There is no one who would understand me like you do...who comes to me when I need some one to talk to, there are so many things I

can't share with Ron or Hermione I can share with you and what I share with them too. When I heard what happened to the Burrow Ron was not the first thing I had in mind you were...that's when I realized there was something between us. How else would you know Ginny that you could come to me about the chamber of secrets, how else would I know there was something troubling you? It was not any of your brothers but me you chose to come to..." he stammered but his whole speech was stopped by a knock in the door. Giving an angry look he moved away from her and opened the door to find, "Sirius what's wrong?"

"Harry – Ginny I need to talk to the two of you." He declared entering the room. She gave him a worried look and walked up to him as he sat on the three-setter sofa. Harry knelt down next to him when Ginny came and took the seat near him placing a hand on his shoulder. "It's about Hermione, guys is it just me or do you think she suddenly changed?"

"Even I've noticed it Sirius but she's with a new family and all give her some time will you?" Harry asked gently placing a hand on his shoulder. Sirius nodded quietly thinking, "Actually I was wondering if we could get her to stay with us..."

"I asked Albus but he refused said she has to stay with Snape till the end of summer." Sirius told them slightly upset with what he had to tell them. "I was really hoping she would come hear you know. I don't want her to stay with him but he's adamant. Thank god it's only for a few days more and he will have some gusts...then she won't be alone."

"Sirius its not a bunch of death eaters are they I don't want her to face them." Harry asked hurriedly but he shook his head reassuringly.

"Said it was some family who wanted to meet his new charge and all, strictly no death eaters allowed ten feet near her if he can help it by the looks of things." Sirius declared and explained about the whole case starting from the father-daughter relationship they struck to her intimacy with him. Harry listened carefully before he spoke.

“Padfoot you know how she is don’t you? She always supported Snape and saw a father figure in him. Maybe it’s something like that...” before he could say anything Hermione comes in.

“All right guys I’m leaving papa just fire called and told me to come home immediately.” She told them with a huge smile on her face Sirius immediately got up.

“Herms how are you going home?” he asked cautiously. Giving him a strange look she answered.

“Bus.” She told him but he walked up to her shaking his head.

“I’ll drop you on my bike come on.” But she objected.

“No thanks Sirius actually the place is kept up as a secret and well...” her voice trailed off nodding his head he let her go saying he understood. He let her go with a ‘call as soon as you get home’. She ran off without a reply...

Running in back home she dropped her bag on the couch yelling, “Papa...papa!”

“Princess inside hear.” He called and she ran to the room, she skid to a stop looking at the strange room. It had pure white except for a large blue stone ball suspended in mid air. A slow evil smile spread across her face as she closed the room her eyes asked him an amused question raising her eyebrow, ‘Is it?’ he nodded. She laughed and whooped jumping around the room till a knock was heard on the door. He snapped at being disturbed “Yes?”

“Master there is a black-letter for you.” Said the house elf they looked at each other practically scarred as the house elf entered and gave him the letter and left. He ripped open the letter:

Severus,

Your services are wanted come for a private dinner meeting tomorrow night. Bring my beloved – I expect the two of you to be

properly dressed. We are having gusts, summarize this to her. She has to attend: you shall stay later I want a private report.

Her arrival should be like that of my daughter.

Dark Lord Voldemort

After reading it he gave it to her she read it and stepped out to the fire in the next room. He quietly followed her as she stepped in front of the mirror trying to decide a perfect outfit. Just as she stood the mirror reflected the outfit, the jewellery available and hair do...three trials latter she decided on the outfit. "That would do. Have it ready by six-thirty, papa how are we going?"

"Chariots – they were always a show of power." He answered; she nodded remembering the winged arrival last year. Quietly she nodded and ran a hand through her head suddenly calling out for the house elf.

"Get me two coffees." She demanded, when the house elf returned she raised her own mug to him and drank it. "What's your plan tonight?"

"Have some brewing to do you?" he asked watching as she put the coffee down and lit a cigarette between her lips. She shrugged getting up and again going to her wardrobe, "Out again should I come and put you to sleep?"

"Naa I'll take care of my self. Thanks any way. Tell her I'll be there at breakfast tomorrow." He nodded as she flipped open her mother journal again to read quietly he stepped out but she stopped him with a quiet, "Papa...I think I'll need you near me tomorrow though." He nodded and walked out thinking about the state of his daughter.

Order Of Phoenix: HQ

In a room quiet close to the attic Harry sat quietly reading some books finishing his last essay on positions and putting it away. Suddenly he heard a voice say, "Good focus brother." He turned around to find Amelia this time in dragon hide boots again with a blue

muggle jeans a slightly longish sea green top with a metal belt on the outside. A sleeveless blue denim quarter top in blue on top of it with a dark blue cloak like her green one fastened around her hood again down. She was standing there against the wall one foot on it her arms crossed like some one comfortably standing there for a long time.

“Amelia? Have you been standing there for a log time?” he asked curiously getting up she laughed a bit.

“First of all brother dearest it’s Mia for friends and family. I consider my self-having the good will of being like a sister so we are family.” Harry felt hot tears prick his eyes she swiftly detached her self from the wall and walked up towards him. Quietly reaching out she wiped his tears with soft fingers holding his face with her thumb, “I won’t let my brother ever get hurt Harry not if I can help it!” Gently he pulled her into a warm embrace placing his arm around her shoulders. “Guess I needed that too.” She laughed moving away but not too far, quietly sat down on the table where he joined her. “Um Harry did you tell Ginny about this? She must know considering she is your soul mate...”

“How do you know that Mia?” he demanded and she shrugged.

“Magical mark.” He looked blank, taking a deep breath she said, “Each person has a different kind of magic in them on his or her own combination regardless or their family, brought up etc. Most of the ones of soul mates tend of fill in each other I felt yours and Ginny’s do and I saw the way you could not keep your hands of her. It’s completely fine they are called hormones Potter. Besides she would have to work with me on a latter point too and I need her to agree. Much more importantly she would have to stop standing behind doors and listening to our conversation.” Just as she said that the door flew open with an embarrassed and shocked Ginny. Clearly the girl did not expect the door to open tumbled over. Amelia gave out a good laugh at Ginny’s embarrassment but not meanly. “Sorry but I had to teach you a lesson in trust Wesley now get up step in would you sister-in-law we need a chat?”

“It’s Ginny and what do you want with me?” she asked stepping in confused.

“One – make sure Harry learns all that I ask him to do. Two – when it comes to certain sections both of you are to be with me. Three – even you will have some private sections with me and no you don’t have a choice on that. Four – I need your measurements. Do you have any questions?” she demanded and the younger girl shook her head. “Good now mind leaving. I’m afraid you’re a year younger so I can’t teach you the complicated ones...well meet latter.” Ginny nodded and walked out feeling more secure with this girl, Harry simply watched as the door shut it’s self with the wave of her hand.

“Now will you tell me what I will be taught Mia please?” he asked she took a deep breath they sat on the table she conjured her box and put her feet on it.

“Harry what do you think magic is?” she asked and quietly listened as he answered, “That’s it for you? Is that all it is for you a mere waving of wands chanting of incantations? Measuring and following instructions like you do in potions nothing beyond it? Tell me Harry why are some wizards more powerful than others?”

“They apply their magic more than others.” He replied with out thinking she suddenly jumped of the table and he followed suet.

“Exactly my boy – exactly. They apply something to their magic more than others do.” As she spoke a silver ball suspended its self in the air growing in size. “Now look do you recall this see?” It was the dinning table where Aunt Marge was criticising his mother and he started to blow her up, “Tell me Harry you did not know any incantation, spell or anything yet you managed such a fleet. You did not even have a wand by still you did it how?”

“I was angry and I was upset big time.” He replied.

“Exactly. Now do you remember Moody’s class on the unforgivable’s in your class? What was it that he wanted to do with the killing curse? A whole bunch of people can scream that thing but give nothing more than a nosebleed. Why Harry?”

“We did not have enough power?” he asked timidly. Clearly it aroused her with anger that made her snap.

“Don’t be a dim-wit boy you know its not that.” Harry gave a sheepish smile and thought again. Suddenly it clicked him like a ton of bricks.

“I – emotion that was the reason Voldemort could not kill me because my mother’s love was protecting me.” He answered; he could feel her smile at him.

“Right you are – magic is more than just doing something. It’s about wanting Harry with all your heart to do something. Emotions play a great role in them and this is something the dark lord shall I say is forgetting. Now I must take your leave...think of what I said brother and try read these works before two days will you?” she asked with a wave of her hand nearly ten books on emotions appeared there. He looked at her with horror gaining another laugh, “Gotcha! No...I just want you to read this book. Again she clapped her hand and handed him a very thick book with old pages maybe a hundred years or so old. First five chapters before three days – with Weasley on every single page mind you. At the end of each chapter there is a ritual I have marked to do...do it. I will know so don’t try and lie. See you in three days.” She said bowing down like she did with Dumbledore and suddenly disappeared with her bag. Leaving a poor Harry in a daze.

Malfoy Manor:

Hermione walked in the manor. This time dressed in white trousers with slightly long yellow top that came just below her waistline. Her hair was now different with light golden-blond streaks giving her natural beauty a lift with the mature make up. Light transparent glasses over her eyes giving her a light look and a blue carry bag in her hand. She smiled at Narcissa who walked down the stairs and hugged her gently. "It's wonderful to have you back princess."

"It's good to be back." She replied pulling away and looked around, "Where's daddy Narcissa?"

"Princess in the study. Would you like him to go meet him now?" she asked with out an answer Hermione went towards the study leaving her bag with a house elf. She stopped before the partially open door and listened to her father speak.

"I want the whole building to be protected with charms powerful ones. Only a marked death eater or my blood should be able to enter the place others shall not – come inside..." He snapped at the knock, she quietly opened the door and walked in, his back was turned to her and he snapped, "It's time you came in and gave me your report Samanthara- princess it's you? Wonderful to see you come – come you are early darling."

"Morning daddy – so what are we looking at today and who is Samanthara?" she demanded walking in and sitting down on the table.

"Samanthara is a curse breaker who has placed her loyalty to me. I am initiating her in the inner circle..." she nodded as though saying she did not need more information. Her attention was focused upon the works on the table, the dark lord gave her his seat and sat in another listening to reports of his death eaters. She simply interrupted them knowing her power.

"Daddy what is this map?" she asked pointing to a very similar one.

“Places around...” he replied and watched as she made it transparent with a spell and merged both the papers and began marking the points on a third fresh sheet. Fifteen minutes latter she merged the three together in and handed them to her father, “Worm tail make you self useful and get me a glass of water will you?” she snapped at the poor man who ran to do his chore. In the mean time her father looked at the points she had marked and started discussing them with her. “This place may need a strong man power someone with sharp ears would be by suggestion. These woods have a lot it could camouflage. Hear in the main entrance there could be a person for the sake of it if you know what I mean daddy. Just check the people’s identity before they walk in. No one can aperate (sp?) or disaperate in there. I’ll place the wards for you don’t worry.” She stopped to drink the water and he asked her about another spot, “There will have to be extra careful – no the dungeons won’t be used for prisoners they will escape easily besides I’ve thought about keeping all the documents there, positions, records and other details. That way it would be easy to seal if anyone tries to get to them and prisoners won’t have much chances of giving the slip up near the tower either. Now for us to communicate let’s place a Slytherin portrait in your study – when I’m in school I’ll use one of them to contact you. That way we won’t be traced...now there is the more important question. Details regarding the gold you have pushed against for this?” Her frankness was blunt but her father did not even flinch but leaned against the chair calmly giving her a we-will-cover-it-latter look, “Hmm I think you Samara will be hear soon now if you excuse me I want to relax a bit. See you in fifteen minutes?”

“Sweet heart – make your self free at lunch.” He ordered with out even responding she slammed the door shut and walked out. She walked out to the garden and took out her and flopped down on the fountain hands under her head. Gently relaxing with the sound of the water when she heard a screech, “Darki what is that mudblood doing hear?” followed by someone desperately trying to suppress her.

“Parkinson first of all read the god dam paper will you?” she snapped not opening her eyes, “I’m pure blood and dragon tell you darling girl friend to shut up for she’s giving me a head ach. Surely daddy won’t mind if I place the same spell I placed on ol’ Crabbe senior.” Her mouth opened to retort but stopped seeing the mark on her shoulder,

“See you’ve recognized the original mark of Slytherin but keep this information to your self all right?”

“Yes of course Hermione...er...my lady.” She stammered Hermione opened her eyes and laughed out loud after exchanging a high five with Draco like she always did.

“Let’s start again shall we? Hay I’m Hermione Sofymore to the world but Hermione Riddle in reality the dark lords daughter. Most of my er family address me as Mia or princess.” She stretched her hand out Pansy smiled and placed her hand in hers and shook it, “Pansy – can I call you princess to Ms. Riddle.”

“Sure.” Hermione took out the cigarette and offered it to her but the girl shook her head shocked. Draco simply took one and lit hers when it reached her lips strait from the box. “Pansy can you keep this stuff quiet and act a bit cold towards me out in public till I tell you? I need to hold my position.”

“O-of course princess anything for you.” She said watched confused as the girl smoked coolly. She smokes, the Griffindoor know-it-all brain, perfect angle of McGonagall smokes? Wait Griffindoor how could that be if she’s, “Umm Mia you are in Griffindoor but you are...”

“The hat put me there thinking I was a mud blood darling. I my self did not know that you know.” She said offhandedly Draco smiled at some one across her shoulder as they put the finished cigarettes down and stamping it with their feet. “Papa is there anything you need?” she asked out even turning around, he came and placed a hand on her shoulder.

“Princess could you please come with me?” he demanded gripping her hand and pulling her away. Once inside he shoved her in front fear gripping his usually calm features. “Mia go back home now, then from there go to your uncles don’t return from there for a week. Tonight’s get-together is cancelled: they may come any time.” She only nodded as he handed her a small quill as a port-key. Suddenly she felt her feet landing on the floor of her uncles home, Vincent turned around. He was a hansom man with dark brown hair and wonderful skin that was well maintained. At the moment he was

dressed in silver green dress robes that highlighted his dark brown eyes. His face lit in an instant smile at the sight of his niece, rising up he stretched his arms, "My Princess..."

"Uncle Vincent." She said and gave him a warm hug, behind her she heard a voice say.

"Your aunt has been awaiting you darling." She turned around to see Leila a woman with shining golden hair and gentile features with light blue eyes. She wore a knee length black dress usually worn at home. Hermione hugged her too and sat down as the house elf placed the tea. "Is everything fine darling? Is your father fine or is he in trouble again?"

"Don't ask aunt Leila – they feared a raid and sent me hear." She rolled her eyes and her aunt patted her back.

Just then a mirror started shining Vincent got up and walked to it. Hermione heard a few parts of the conversation, when her aunt rattled on, "Seriously May your father has to learn to be more careful." She heard her uncle say, "Riddle – yes she's hear in one piece." But went back to her aunt when the voice drowned a bit, "Dear did you get to meet Pansy by any chance?" she nodded, "Wonderful girl her father big in the business with you uncle. Nice chap..." again she heard her uncle say, "Go I'll tell her the rest." This time even her aunt stopped slightly scared, they looked as he came and sat down looking pale.

"It was your father. You can go back home only after dusk not a moment before. Take you own car – now you can go to your room for the supplies and spend the rest of the day inside Hermione. Have a good day." He finished and walked out of the room. Her aunt gave her a smile and a flying kiss before going of on her own. Hermione gave a 'smile' before laying back and groaning.

"TRICKY." She yelled the minute latter a scared house elf appeared before her, "GET ME A BLODY RED WINE AND A TALL GLASS." The elf immediately went away to get them from her private collection, something her relatives did not really find interesting. She too left to the private library but for once did not read. Instead she sat and drank

each glass looking outside the gardens going through her mother's journals. A gentile hand took the fallen glass and placed it down then took the book from the sleeping girls hand, it was him again.

"Gentile my love...she must have her sleep." He stood up to look at a woman who had beautiful dark green eyes with thick strawberry blond hair. She too looked slightly ancient but shining with youth. "Hermione would need her sleep Avalon."

Avalon smiled at her gently, "I know Maria I know don't worry I will be careful. Besides she should not feel us that is very important for now." Maria nodded and knelt on the ground next to Hermione. "It's good to see her sleeping...even after she's drunk. Severus would be able to handle her won't he?"

"Handle her would be more like handling Vincent and Lila I've seen that man's eyes when he looks at her. He loves her like anything." Avalon told her she gave him a worried look. "Get your mind out of that will you my sweet – he loves her as a father. Those two won't get away if she opens her mouth."

"If she opens her mouth Avalon if she opens her mouth. You know the pain she faced as a child." Maria's eyes were wet, "All we can do is pray to god."

--- When Hermione was drunk what was her papa doing?

Beyond the care of the world he slowly wrapped his arms around her waist and started undoing the dress. When it fell down she turned around and unbuttoned his shirt and pulled down his trousers exposing their bodies to each other. His arms explored her back when her finger ran through his chest making him want more. "Your beautiful you know that?"

"And you are wonderful." She whispered back slightly kissing his ears and placing both hands on his cheeks and capturing his lips in hers. He kissed her back feverishly loosening her hair and playing with it as it lay on her back. Gently they knelt down still kissing deeply finally her tongue entered his mouth and a small dual set there. Out of breath they moved away and he began trailing kisses down her jaw

line and neck finally pulling her down to the bed. He started kissing her breast when her arms moved around his back...groaning as his tongue played and worshiped her body down to her stomach gently playing with the scars of pregnancy. Finally her legs and inner legs till she pulled him back to her lips. This time her own lips dwelled on his chest till he turned her on her back and kissed her back gently...ecstasy soon took over and his hands started squeezing her breasts or playing with her insides as his legs danced around her. Slowly she pushed him away and he groaned at the loss of contact, "Darling you like chocolate don't you?" she asked in a seductive whisper taking some and rubbing it over her nipple he smiled.

"How nice of you to remember." He commended lowering himself but again she stopped him.

"Work your way through it..." her fingers applied more chocolate like a path through her neck till her lower lips. His eyes darkened with hunger and lust. "Pleasure..." was all he could whisper as his lips gently kissed and sucked hers and started doing the same on her neck. Drunk with desire he started kissing teasing her making her slowly reach impatience gently he placed a finger inside her to test her. The warmth and the wetness were inviting him within he looked in to her closed eyes...she was ready. Slowly he pushed himself inside her and she screamed in ecstasy...the fifth time. Finally the two of them got up and dressed each other making their ways towards the kitchen. "Would she be surprised to see me hear?"

"No – she won't be that surprised actually...she knows. The other day she accidentally broke into your mind and the first this she saw was we were up to. She bumped into you on the stairs..." Narcissa gave a small 'o' but let him continue his explanation. "...kept us quiet. She approves for some reason!"

"Strange one she is..." he told her quietly shaking his head when there was a knock on the door. "Her dear uncle is hear...it's almost dusk. Aaah Sofymore what can I do for you?"

"Get that brat of a girl out of my house I'm having gussets tonight and I can't have that drunk kid in my house. Do you know how bad it would be on my reputation?" he said furiously but calmly Severus

dismissed him saying he'll come and collect her. Narcissa who was standing outside the door placed a hand on her lips in shock, taking a deep breath walked in. "Aaah Severus you did not tell me you were having such charming company. Mrs. Malfoy how nice to see you?"

"Very good Mr. Sofymore I trust Hermione is fine?" she asked he smiled.

"Aah the precious darling is very fine. It's unfortunate that I have to hand her to Snape hear or I won't go to work with her wonderful company." His words struck her partly amusing and a huge urge to hex him, "I must run now and send her or I won't focus on my very important dinner tonight have a nice day."

"You too." She called as the men disappirated. "The nerve of that man..." a pop in the fire told her they were hear. Smiling she walked up to calling, "Mia darling –" she stopped and her smile faded seeing the girls state. Dead drunk holding one of her mother's journals only one word was exchanged between the lovers, "Again."

"Again." He repeated laying her down on the Indian diwan looking for some blanket to wrap around her. Poor child was shivering with cold and light fever. Narcissi took some positions and gently rubbed them over her forehead and neck when Draco walked in looking slightly worried, "Mother father has...Mia what happened to her?"

"She's got a fever Draco please keep your voice down. Now what happened to your father?" Narcissa asked looking at him, just as fate would have it Severus who had not heard Draco waked in looking at a book saying, "Narcissa love you think we...Draco?" he looked up to find the teenager who was his god son.

“She’s got a fever Draco please keep your voice down. Now what happened to your father?” Narcissa asked looking at him, just as fate would have it Severus who had not heard Draco waked in looking at a book saying, “Narcissa love you think we...Draco?” he looked up to find the teenager who was his god son. Draco looked at one from the other quietly as they looked down guiltily.

“How long?” he asked simply, they looked at each other guiltily he repeated the question, “How long have you been with Severus behind Luscious’s back mom?”

“Draco...son please hear me out.” Narcissa started but right then Hermione gave a low groan of pain. Draco gave the sight a look but then turned back to his mother who finally decided to explain, “I’m sorry but since after you were a year old. We never had a good relationship...he was married to me because I was a pure blood and I married him because he was rich. A mere marriage of comfort to keep our families out of the way, I conceived you after the first night and well. That was the only time we ever shared a bed three weeks after the ceremony and freedom from physical bondage your father cheated on me with a local whore. Our relationship-ended right they’re with me never saying a word and him continuing his little expeditions with women. Enjoying them any time he wanted but for the world we put up a show of the happily married couple. We stayed together for you son and only for you...he sneaked away at nights and I went to the secret bedroom for my self in the beginning. After you were nearing a year I started researching and working on various potions ingredients.” He nodded indicating he knew of his mother’s research, “Your father was busy working around with the ministry and his friends when I started getting closer to Severus. First we worked together in various projects together slowly one thing led to another and we ended up like we are now. Draco please don’t mistake me but I love you a lot so does your father it was just we were not made for each other. You are the best and only thing that happened to both of us – the reason we are keeping this marriage intact even if it’s only by name. My love for Severus would never come in the way between the two of us.”

“Does he know? Does father know about this mother?” he demanded, quietly he looked at the two of them as they guiltily watched the floor,

“So this has been quiet an arrangement he lives his own life. You live your own life but for the outside world and me you are together and happily married? Is this it or are there any more details I should know? Are there...”

Severus decided it's time to shut him up so snapped, “Draco I think its enough. I am the only one your mother is seeing and that is due to love she is not a whore.”

“I was wondering if you really love me or do you love me because I'm your son. I will see you latter.” He said and walked out towards the garden, his favourite place to think. The thoughts ran through him like water from a spring, I was nothing but a mistake. Some one to carry the line and follow the dark lord one's he comes back. Just a child for the sake of it...no one wants me...I'm not loved nor will I ever know how it feels to be loved. Flashes swept across his mind...the dark lord who was the reincarnation of hatred holding his daughter's hand and demanding why she was late. The way Hermione served her father more food in the breakfast table and refusing to take no for an answer. The smile on Severus face when he talks to her or plays with her, no one ever smiled at him like that. Not even his mother, tears fell freely – he was a mistake. A mistake no one wanted.

Odder of the Phoenix (H.Q) - Harry and Ginny's Room

Harry was tucking in his blue polo shirt into his light blue jeans looked up to find Ginny step out of the bath in a knee length bath robe and a white towel around her head. She smiled at Harry and walked up to the mirror taking of her towel and gently drying her hair, in the process splashed a few drops on Harry. He smiled and wiped them of his face as she calmly ran a comb over her hair setting it neatly and partly drying it at the same time. Then she sat down and applied light make up as Harry watched the whole act...it was never much. Getting up she walked over to the closet and opened to decide what to wear today, Harry walked up behind her and placed his hands around her waist. She leaned into him looking carefully as Harry's nose explored the smell of her hair. Strawberry....she never used magical ones, deodorant was also muggle, Sport Light. Again something that triggered of wonderful thoughts in him, he watched as she selected a white short skirt with a white zip on top. Pushing Harry

away she closed the closet door to change much to his disappointment but only for a few minutes. She came out wearing light white heels with it and some silver jewellery. "Wow Ginny you look gorgeous..."

"Thanks Harry." She rewarded him with a light peck on his lips when the door was knocked on sharply. "Who could that be? Any order member simply barges in..." she mused as Harry went to open the door that he had unlocked when Ginny was changing. His eyes grew wide with surprise and a smile spread across his lips.

"Mia? Good morning...I thought my classes would be in the evenings?" he moved letting her in but she stopped to hug him.

"Morning brother..." she walked up to Ginny and hugged her wishing her too, "...morning sister-in-law." Calmly sitting down on the bed spoke again, "Sorry to disappoint you Harry but nope you'll have class a lot...now the three of us have a breakfast meeting. Harry please don't mention this to Dumbledore till I talk to him, he does not approve me teaching you this but still I want you to know this art. Now come on." She pulled out a small blue rubble ball and as soon as the others touched it the tug was felt. Harry fell down much to his teaches amusement when they landed back on the ground.

"So Mia where are we?" he looked around trying to find what the place was, it looked very posh and high five kind.

"Come on in Harry we are in Sain Fracess it's a seven-star hotel and don't worry your dressing is fine. Now if you would come with me we could go and meet him." She walked up with the two lovers right behind her as they entered an elevator of a clearly wizard place. "Casino floor three." She spoke clearly to a small red button. Both Harry and Ginny almost lost their balance when the elevator moved again jerked to a stop. A voice somewhere said, "Casino floor three ma'am."

"Come on guys." She called and they followed her through nearly a twenty rooms in the corridor were of various kinds of casinos. She lead them through the last door with a red filter glass, when Harry walked in he was surprised. Inside was no casino but a small room

with an elaborate bar that had both muggle and wizard drinks. The wind rider led them towards the bar and they sat on the stools. A young man around twenty appeared there dressed as a bar tender clothes smiled at the hooded girl. A small name plate had the words RICK on it, he had an air of friendly and carefree style around him.

“Hay there wind-rider what can ol’ Rick do for ye’ today?” he asked after they exchanged fives.

“First my gusts Rick – this is Harry Potter and that is Ginny Weasley.” The teenagers said a hello but Rick waved them off and said clearly.

“Dude and Dude-et any brother of this rider is a friend of mine. So what can I get ye’ fleas? Some strong coffee...or a full up breakfast?” Harry looked at the wind rider. “Breakfast right – how silly of me ye’ told me yesterday.” He waved his wand and three plates of breakfast appeared. Balcones, toast, eggs and some juice with some strong coffee the smell was welcoming and wonderful.

“Thanks Rick now down to work.” Amelia began as they started eating, “I want you to fill them in on the goods.”

“Aah the goods. Your up for it Potter and Wesley? Think you can put on the pressure she’s going to place on you?” Ricky asked laughing coolly, “I think you’ll be up to it if she is giving them to you two. Before that there is something you two should know the information you are going to face is never to be revealed to your teachers or in classes. What they teach may contradict what I being said but never argue and keep your lips sealed on them not many know about this. That excludes that ol’ white bat all right?”

“Yes because that ol’ white bat is right out the door sweets.” She said coolly, Harry again chocked on his juice this time and Ginny looked shocked. A voice behind them said, “Right you are my child”

“So shall we get down to business? You think your end is ready? Their passes to the R.S and change in schedule and rooms are also set? The five house elves I had asked to be set upon them? Great and how ‘bout the case of weaponry and special practice rooms I asked for...perfect. Now how about the time-table?” she stopped to

sip some juice as Dumbledore assured her everything was done, "All right – so I think I can go and get the other stuff for them? Cool and that extra trips in for those two I wanted?"

"I wanted you to talk to them." Dumbledore insisted, Amelia gave him thumbs up. "Wind-rider another point. Please keep your dear pets away from my school or I won't be able to cover up."

"I'll chat up with them...and do you mind terribly if I let master Yale take over in a few points...you know necessary?" she asked hesitantly. Dumbledore smiled and nodded. "Thank you so much."

"I should take my leave." He said getting up, the wind-rider too hopped off the seat and gave Dumbledore a bow down before he walked out of the room. Turning back to the diners waved a hand making the empty plates disappear before she waved to the waiter and walked away pulling the two along. Once they were out again she looked around as if looking for something suddenly smiled and said, "Aah there it is..." a red sports-convertible pulled into place. "Come on guys and sit at the back please I like back seat drivers to front seat ones." Ginny and Harry simply gabbled at their 'wind-rider' as she pulled the car over and started driving around followed by a crazy day of measurements, weights of strange kinds and a few more personal details.

Odder of the Phoenix (H.Q) – Sirius' Room

He lay back relaxed when Monny walked in, "Padfoot the wind rider wanted to talk to the two of us. She wanted to know when you are free?"

"Where is she now?" he asked looking up confused.

"Down after a whole day of shopping with Harry and Ginny." He told him confused as he sat down on the bed opposite to his friend. "Shall I ask her to come up so that we can have this chat? Said it's something about them..." Padfoot nodded and Monny pulled out his wand and sent a message. Few seconds latter a polite knock was heard Sirius got up and opened the door letting Amelia walk inside.

“We need to talk but first hear are the rules. One: you object then I’ll modify your memory. Two: you should not reveal to anyone who I really am or in front of any portraits they cannot be trusted got it? Now the most important point...I need you to train Ginny and Harry maybe a few more latter once I let you know. Don’t go soft on them...but I will let you know what they need got it?” Again the two of them nodded taking a deep breath she waved her hand locking the door and placing charms around the place at the anticipating faces of Sirius and Remus raised her hands and pulled of her hood. Both their faces registered shock and in union said one word, “You?”

---- Have fun reading ----

She looked at him quietly, "Do you think he would come around moonny I really need the two of you."

"Don't worry Amilia he will I'll go talk to him." He said following his friend but got stopped the wind-rider immediately pulled her hood over again and pulled out something from her pocket. "For the next full moon my friend may you never suffer again." With out another word she disappeared with a crack but left in the mans hand a clear as crystal glass with a similar stopper with a dark blue liquid inside.

Dark-Side Head Quartos: Two-Weeks Latter

Hermione was walking down the stairs holding a file with a large amount of parchment. Once again she was dressed in white short skirt and a metallic blue with a matching several layer bracelet on her left wrist. Her hair was placed in a clip partially the rest of it was down. The do complimented her blond highlights and copper hair that had a sharper touch to it. The constant click of her shoes were constantly punctuated by good morning wishes of the passer-bys one or two stopped to talk to her...most of them were the inner circle group. "Morning Princess." Came a voice behind her that made her stop and not mealy wish, she waited till the man fell in step with her.

"Severus Snape do you think it would be appropriate to be spending the night with Narcissa Black at the moment? She just lost her husband and you are spending the night in her room? You recall that this is the head quotes don't you man?" she demanded holding the cold glamour air she always wore in this place, "Dark Regime for havens sake not some low class club for whores and love affairs. It has it's own decorum so have the decency to remove the lipstick strain on your face." He obliged and looked at her again she nodded her approval and just in time another wizard made his way up the stairs they were climbing down on. He too mumbled a 'morning princess' that was a protocol now, but she did not let him go with a return greeting. "Wormtail where is the report I asked you to give me?"

"Princess with all regards..." he began but she cut him of.

“Shut the regards and formalities get to the point – where are the reports?” she demanded. He mumbled something like unable to get it across and waited for the punishment for failure, all he heard was a, “Hmm and I hope you did make some of those delicious coffee you made last week I loved them. Hay do you know where daddy is by the way I wanted to ask him something’s.”

“Princess he shall be available at breakfast surely...” Peter informed her but Hermione simply waved him off and started walking away with Severus Snape by her side. Peter watched her go half in fear and half in respect...a mix of something he could not recognise. He knew fully well what really happened the few night before Luscious Malfoy was caught something others did not know. Flash Back – Peter’s eye view He was walking around trying to find some good place to go and have some fun. How he envied Sirius as a teenager all the women would fall over him sacrificing their virginity for just a one night stand...his musings were cut short but a voice in Hermione’s room. A break-out had taken place after Luscious was captured and he too returned back to his ‘master’ but now a marked man. Something about the voice made him stop the words spoken by it, “Hermione darling...sweet princess how long I have waited for this moment...a chance to walk into your room.” Peter stopped dead on his tracks there was nothing remotely respectful or cordial about those words but more like filled with – he gulped. There was no way he could stand up against that man god help that poor girl, slowly he stumbled across and peeked into the girls window. Luscious was standing over her still in his dinner robes when she was on one knee the other folded up choking. She had changed from those white full length dress robes to some baggy kaki shorts and a grey tank top choking. Her glass of white wine tripped on the floor half it’s contents spilt across. He healed a similar glass and smirked at her, “Really my dear you were so beautiful just like your mother. Thank god that was all you saw through you never saw how I lusted for her and that lust soon turned to you. That night you recall? When you had a fight with your father? That is when I saw you as a woman a fully grown woman...I wanted you so badly but your father came in the way. But tonight my dear nothing for you will satisfy me.” Peter felt himself shake at what the girl was going to face. “In your drink it was slightly shall we say spiked dear? Now your powers will be mild enough for

you not to resist but surely you will enjoy our lovemaking.” He sneered taking off his outer robe exposing a white shirt and dark yellow trousers that was when he heard her gasp, something a little loud.

“Y-you forgot s-something.” She muttered he laughed out loud.

“What that you are the Dark Lords daughter... if I asked him he would let me have you. I am just taking advantage of being his most loyal one.” He snapped as his fingers unbuttoned his shirt.

“N-no m-my mother knew...” Hermione whimpered looking up with fear and weakness in her eyes but looked down again, whimpered, “M-my mother knew you lusted for her and you had a way of getting women.” Suddenly there was a tone in her voice that changed everything. Luscious stopped unbuttoning his shirt, it was cold and nearly as bad as her fathers, “Another thing my dear Luscious you only suppressed by ability to use magic.” She looked up with a glint in her eye and suddenly he was on his knees and she was holding a knife to his throat bending down she smiled and whispered something in his ear. His face was frozen with a pure fear of death like death itself was standing before him...she rose up and said something coldly looking up again just as suddenly she let him go at the same time slitting his neck with ease. Moving back with ease she watched his body falling down and shaking one last time before it lay cold. Peter watched as she ran a hand through the knife and bending it into her palm a few times and suddenly placed it between her hands light power of what was once a knife...a weapon of murder fell on the floor. Calmly she watched the blood trickle all over careful not to step over it walked up to her cabinet and pulled something hidden from view. Placing it back and closing the door composed herself with a few deep breaths and turned around with a clear talent of an actress.

Fear and horror struck across her face, tear strained eyes that were wide as saucers far away from the dead man. She screamed at the top of her voice that Peter was forced to hold his hands over his ears, “DAADDY...PAPA...SOMEBODY PLEASE COME...RODOLPHUS...BELLATRIX...EVAN PLEASE SOME ONE!” punctuated with sobs and a huge fleet of feet were heard

running towards her 'relaxation room' the door was tried and the dark lord's voice was heard.

"Hermione Princess what happened – the door is locked...no why is this not working?" he yelled across.

"D-daddy he placed a locking charm..." she yelled across and then a click told her it was taken off and the door burst open letting in nearly fifty death eaters stumbling into the room. Tear struck eyes ran into her fathers out stretched arms and wept hugging him, "D-daddy I – I was so scarred Luscious came in when I was about to drink and offered to fix it for me. T-then when I took half of it so-something happened daddy...he – he started saying something about making me kn-ow what a real m-man felt like." She stopped to cry and Peter's eyes grew wide seeing the reaction of her father who was rubbing her shoulders stopped a bit. Severus Snape turned around facing her with anger.

"He what if he was not dead I wou..." stopping he mumbled a apology to the Dark Lord who waved it off, "She is your daughter as much as she is mine."

"P-papa you won't believe what he said after that!" Hermione sniffed, "H-he said that he was so loyal that d-daddy would give me as a prize to him..." The dark lord's eyes flashed dangerously when Snape stretched out and wiped his hands. Narcissa who stood there mumbled something like 'how-dare-he' when the girl continued her tale, "...he – he said that really. T-then I don't know what happened but suddenly I was suddenly standing there near the cupboard and a figure appeared there in white with a knife the next second he – he was dead. Daddy I am so scarred....who could that been...w-would mum have..."

Severus quietly patted her and said, "I-I know how you feel darling but nothing can bring back the dead." Hermione nodded still clinging to her father sniffing.

"I-I was so scarred..." she mumbled. Peter having had enough moved away to process the whole thing. This girl was a good actress that

was for sure. End Of Flashback Hermione continued walking with her guardian.

Weasly Joke Shop:

At 8.30 prompt Hermione walked inside thoughtfully changing her top from the halter. It was a two-piece set a smaller spaghetti top that was white with violet stripes. The larger one was a plain lavender top that had a sleeveless but covered her birthmark and came down covering one breast completely when flowing slightly below the other that was covered with the white top. Her skirt was out a yellow and violet scarf around her as a belt giving her a wonderful look, a yellow and violet ribbon tied her hair up into the pony tail giving her a good bounce. Light mixed squire bangles danced in her hand as she walked in and gave Fred a huge smile, "Morning Mr. Weasly how are you in this fine day?"

He gave a whistle at the sight in front of him, "I love it Herms' wow – and dear please quit the Mr with us will you?" He placed his arms on her wrist as she placed her arms on his shoulders for a hug. George who just walked down gave a similar reaction. "Wow Herms you look hot today."

"Thanks sweet heart." She added going up and hugging him like she hugged Fred.

"You are our advisor not our employer remember?" George told her firmly.

"Sure sweet heart. I get this urgent mail forwarded to me saying you're having some trouble with some of your products?" she asked gravely knowing her father would be out any time last year she started secretly helping the boys with their joke shop inventions. Everyone could use a good laugh at this point so a meat drop of information many times helped them, the real reason though they did not know. She gave them a sad smile and nodded.

"Herms' we were wondering." George began.

"A gracious offer if you would accept." Fred added.

“Not that we are forcing you.”

“Its completely up to you.”

“Would you consider this please?”

“After all you have helped us with so many products of ours.”

“A small gift considering all you have done for us...”

Hermione finally cut it short, “Get out with it boys your making me nervous.”

“W-we want you to accept something,” they said together. Quietly they gave her a large box that was gift-wrapped. Curiously she looked up at the twins, the size of the box was quiet large after all. She looked up at them confused...slowly opened the ribbon and let it fall down the gift wrapper came next again she looked at the boys before opening it...this too fell away giving them a shocked look she looked at them. The sight of the tears formed in her eyes, “T-this is...h-how d-did you know?”

“Come on Hermione.” George began.

“You’re a girl...” Freed took over.

“Any girl would like this.” The two of them finished as they were hugged deeply by a friend. There in front of her inside the box was something she wanted almost all her life, something no one knew about even her papa. A large white teddy bare with cute light blue eyes and a red ribbon around its neck cute and cuddly never again in her life would she have to conger a soft toy again.

Snape Manor

Hermione sat in her room looking at the teddy bare when Narcissa walked in holding a cup of hot chocolate. “Mia who gave you this gift?”

"Fred and George..." she answered taking the cup and leaning into her chest, "...it was nice of them. I always loved such soft toys they always make me feel happy. Hmm this hot chocolate tastes great thank you...I feel so alone then I conger a toy to help me sleep now I don't need to. I helped them with a few inventions and well for that I got this as a thank you gift..." Narcissi gently rubbed her hair and took the cup leaving. Stopping at the door she turned around.

"Make sure that cat of yours won't destroy it." She said walking out and closing the door.

"He won't will you Croshakes – you can change back by the way." She added to the cat who pounced in the air and turned back into a man who had ginger hair and strong features and brown eyes. Soft face that had a light smile, he could have not been over twenty or twenty-three but looked wonderful. He was wearing sneakers with a light black trousers and a white button up shirt.

"Your right Mionet' dear." He said looking at her she shook her head. "Don't call me that how many times have I told you that Shakes."

"Several times my dear several times but not once have I done you the regard of listening." He walked up to her and took her hand kissing it gently, a new voice by the window said, "When have we ever done her the courtesy of listening Sakes?" Victor Krum stood smiling as he leaned against her window still his arms folded across his chest.

"Hay fly-boy." Hermione and Croshakes called in union as he walked up and gave Hermione a light peck on the cheek. Nothing romantic or feeling based, and then he sat on the bed taking the teddy bare. "Those boys really understand me Victor first time someone got me a soft toy and not books."

"Hmm I'll keep that in mind for your birth day darling so what would you like a Barbie set with clothes and a toy house and all?" he asked and got a pillow on his face. Before they could start a pillow fight Croshakes stopped them.

“Sev is on the way fight latter...” he told them opening the door. “Hay Sev ol’ boy.”

“Shakes good you are hear – afternoon Victor even you are hear.” He added nodding at the player, “Now both of you scram my mother is coming and I don’t want the two of you hear...Shakes get back hear before she leaves for school.”

“Sir.” They both said in union disappearing swiftly, Severus turned back to Hermione. “Now you what is with the outfit?”

“Went to Freed and Georges. I will be down by the time she comes.” She assured closing the door and turning around taking a deep breathe.

Two hours latter the doors of the manor were opened to let in a man with dark black eyes, a sleek out good-looking jet-black hair that was partially combed with tanned skin. His face was jovial and smiling that matched a well-built body with a relaxed system. He wore a jeans with a dragon hide jacket with a few metal chains and bracelets. “Hay there bro!”

“Jacob Snape mother will be hear any moment.” He snapped and moved away letting his brother come in side. There was no display of affection for there was none. Jacob Snape was Severus Snape’s younger brother but they were polls apart. When the latter became a death eater who was not very friendly or good to look at the former had his fair share of friends and women with his charm and good looks. A few reasons both the brothers never went well together. “Not to mention my god-son Draco Malfoy and my charge Hermione Sofymore so I suggest you at least try and be well mannered in front of them.”

“Hmm...Hermione? Nice name so when do I get to meet this kid?” he asked walking in dragging a trunk with him. Severus scowled following him to his room.

“Dinner and don’t be late now I need to go mother is hear.” He stated walking out to greet his mother, a woman with great elegance thought a bit plump. She looked graceful with her white hair pulled up in a

high bun over her head with her soft black eyes and wonderful features now slightly crumpled with age and stress. She wore a long old-fashioned blue dress robes her bags placed down. Severus Snape came and bent down kissing her hand gently before raising up, "Mother."

"Severus its' nice to see you again." She smiled at him warmly but he only nodded back quietly, a voice in the corridor calling out, "Mom!" of course the young charmer was hear to sweep his mother off her feet. "I've missed you darling!" he exclaimed hugging her and giving her a kiss on each cheek. She laughed but pulled away and looked around for Draco.

"Where is that dear boy...aah hear he is...hello Draco." She called as the young Malfoy came and enveloped her in a hug with a, "Grand mom!"

keeping her hands on him she turned back to her eldest son, "Where is that dear girl Hermione son I'm waiting to meet her."

"Yeah Sev where is she from what Dragon has informed me she is quiet a lookers." Jacob asked him getting a glare from the man. "Cool big brother tell me where is the dear girl?"

"She has been asked to join us at dinner. Mother if you would like to freshen up then maybe we could start?" he asked looking at his mother who smiled and shook her head.

"Severus I did not come by the muggle methods so I am fine come let us our dinner and I am eager to meet this dear child. After all I always wanted a grand daughter after Draco hear." She said gently ruffling his hair.

"You won't be disappointed grand ma she is a wonderful girl and beautiful. Quiet knowledgeable to talk to...not filled with fashion and other such make up alone." Draco informed her as they walked but blushed when the older lady raised an eyebrow at the boy's rattling words as if asking really. Bending his head ran a hand trough it gently like he did when he felt nervous or slightly agitated a relieving pat on

the back was reserved. Taking a deep breath he called the house elf, "Start serving dinner and do call princess down for dinner will you?"

"Yes master Draco sir." The house elf curtsied and disappeared with a crack, again Draco shook his head feeling slightly overwhelmed. Lady Hestia Snape though had a different idea, "Princess that is the girls nick name?"

"Princess Mia is what I call her Mia is the nick name family tend to call her." Severus replied moving towards the smaller hall near the dinning room. The door suddenly opened noiselessly and his mothers eyes grew wide with surprise and wonder, his brother followed her gaze and he too felt stunned. Draco and Severus had already seen her standing there and realized she had finally come down but the sight was something even they were not fully prepared for...but did look a bit low after the Ball last year. She wore a yellow glitter work top that was pinned up on either shoulder with exposing skin but not a low neck as to expose her birthmark that was carefully covered. The cloth fell down from her shoulders lightly close to her waist, underneath was a layer of the main dress. It fell down into a mild umbrella cut with the sleeves exposing her hands but pinned up at her elbows carefully. Her waist was a little tight held by a red cloth belt that fell down her left side till her knees gracefully. Her hair was set in a strange do, a part of the sides were taken and twisted in a classic manor exposing a mixture of her blond highlights and original hair nicely fixed up at the back of her head. The rest of her hair was left open a few parts of it gently fixed around her shoulder with grace and beauty. Her make up was perfect with light glitter over her eyes, light blush and red lip gloss that was not too heavy. Her eye liner had presented her eyes beautifully in combination with the glitter. Her ears were exposed with two flowers like drop earrings made of gold that danced in the dim light. The left hand had a bracelet that was crafted beautifully the other was a modern ring, it had a loop like space on either side of the ruby one in to front of her hand facing her fingers the palm but joining exactly at the same point of the small ruby boxing it wonderfully. Her neck had a chain with a pendent that matched the ring but a little larger. Giving a light smile she walked down the stairs calmly as possible, the light clicking of her shoes could be heard. Walking down calmly she stopped in front of the old

woman smiling gave a curtsy all the way to the floor as a well brought up woman should be, "Lady Snape it's a great pleasure to meet you."

"As it is to meet you my dear child rise. It is a great pleasure to meet a girl like you." She hugged her gently and kissed her on her forehead, "Call me grand ma just the way Draco calls me dear." Hermione immediately hugged the older woman. The whole of dinner she spent looking at the paintings and sketch works of Hermione and appreciated them greatly. "You are a wonderful artist my dear child."

"Thank you grand ma it really means a lot to me." She answered her voice thick with emotion tears prickling threatening to leave her eyes.

Severus Snape walked into the Leaky Cardoon with two teenagers in his with him. One a bold with a smirk on his face and another a brown haired with blond highlights that turned the heads of many men. She was dressed in a pair of pleasing yellow-gold mixed trousers with a casual sleeveless top where parts of it where yellow and others were orange strength based looking wonderful. Her hair was pulled up in a high pony tail exposing her pretty gold earrings that dangled near her with a plain gold chain placed like a belt around her waist casually. Her school trunk was right next to her was her bag...at the sight of them Tom came and shook their hands. "Ms. Sofymore, Mr. Malfoy, Mr. Snape wonderful to see all of you please come I have your rooms booked up for your trip day after tomorrow to the school right?"

"That would be right Tom I want to make sure these two kids get into that car tomorrow could you get some one to take care of that for me?" he asked the bar tender agreed immediately as he sent the trunks to their rooms. "The two of you got everything with you don't you? Packed them separately and ready?"

"Papa..." Hermione moved in a bit with a smile and gave him a hug, "Don't worry well be fine. Our money is with us and so are our cards all right?"

"Hermione!" came a voice from the other side and she ran up to Harry and hugging him. He grabbed her around her waist and twirled her around, "Wow great to see you mate and what is this you are wearing?" he demanded as he placed her down. She rolled her eyes and moved over to hug Ginny.

"How come the two of you are hear done shopping?" she asked. Ginny smiled as Harry pulled her back into his arms. "You could say we decided to get away from Ron for a while he was always on by neck every time I look at her."

Hermione patted his shoulder sympathetically, but he became stiff because of someone behind her, "Princess you room eyes." It was Draco turning around she took them from him and nodded that he could leave.

“Princess? What was that all about ‘Moine?’” Harry asked her frowning a bit at her intimacy with Draco Malfoy.

“They call me that at home and when I was with papa even Malfoy got into a habit of calling me that. Nothing big...” she convinced him pocketing a silver key. “So what are you guys up to today?”

“I need to stop at WWW’s for a few minutes and Ginny needs to purchase some positions stuff she has run out of them.” Harry told her, nodding she thought for a second before asking Ginny.

“Sounds good...I need to crash a bit before going there my self.” Hermione informed them and Harry immediately told her to go with him. “It’s been ages Herms do spend some time with us will you like old times?” Harry begged her giving her a puppy dog face he knew she can’t resist...pouting his lips and giving a begging eyes smiling lightly she nodded. “Great now go freshen up a bit you look dead on you feet.”

“Harry would it be all right if I have a lie in for some time then I’ll join you guys?” she asked and he nodded letting her go to her room. Fifteen minutes Ginny walked in to find the cutest seen. Quietly she called Harry through the telepathic powers Amelia had made them practice, ‘Harry you’ve got to see this...’

‘What is it honey?’ he asked walking up to the room only to find his friend sleeping on her stomach with a teddy bare in one hand a leg over it having a sweet smile on her lips. Gently he pulled Ginny towards him and wrapped an arm around her watching his friend sleep, something tugged inside the two of them at the sight but they ignored it. After a few minutes Harry moved up and placed a blanket over her giving her a gentile kiss walked away with Ginny closing the door. Had he stayed a second longer he could have heard her mummer, “G-night daddy...” quietly she enjoyed what would be her most peaceful sleep in a long time.... very soon.

The sun shone down on her forcing her to get up and realize that she had slept the whole evening and night through...she was suppose to go with Harry and Ginny but fell asleep. Smiling at her own stupidity she shook her self and pulled she self up to her feet only to be

pressed back by Croshakes' hand. "What's wrong Croshakes?" she muttered sleepily. He pressed a hand to her lips silencing her...quietly she listened to the commotion outside. Screaming...running...the light was not the sun but flames into the night. "SHIT. THE BLOODY DEATH EATERS." She muttered under her breath...her father obviously did not know about her staying there. This was going to be good and...a bit bad. Rolling of her bed reached into her the separate key hole in her trunk and stuck her finger inside it...immediately it opened. Inside was a two way mirror picking it up she clearly said the name, "Albus Dumbledore." His ancient face immediately appeared with worry at the sight of who was on the other side.

"What's wrong Ms..." he started but she cut him off swearing, "Shut the hell up will you? Death eaters....muggle London near Diagon Alley...they are going bad. Send people soon I'll try get things under control by then by some means."

"Will do – princess please be careful." He started but again she cut him off, "My life is not important Dumbledore those of the innocent are get the fucking order hear will you?" she said before closing the mirror putting it in and picked up a leather trousers with some strange chains on them. A pull over t-shirt that was angel white with a collar and short sleeves over it came a leather jacket that had more metal attachments and boots replaced her sandals. Her hair was pulled up into a high ponytail with a metal like rubber band and a similar bracelet fixed itself onto her hand. Her old clothes flung away but Croshakes took care of them in an instant. Her leather gloves strapped on and she pulled a helmet over her head. Turning to the window moved her hand making the space wide, running up to it jumped off and landed calmly on the ground. Waiting for her was a black bike – hers. Again she saw Croshakes transform but did not stop to look at what he became instead started the bike driving straight into the wall...into muggle London. One look was enough to tell her the damage was just started but going to be huge...worst part. There was an all girls boarding school in this locality...and the orphanage. She felt her self cringe at its thought but shaking it off gained immediate control. As soon as she hopped off the roof of that tall building stood at the edge and figured a plan. This had to be done...where was the order when you needed them.

"Hermione when you fight the death eaters throw what they fear most at them..." she remembered her lesson. Fear was always the first weapon that weakens the enemy – play with their emotion. 'What is it that these freaks fear the most?' she asked herself then it hit her. Then it hit her – power as she saw the dark mark go up in the sky, prayers should be said later. Mustering her energy she waved her hands in the air and brought them together with a great force. Suddenly a silver flame peacock swept across the sky shattering the death eaters dark mark from the sky in what looked like a swallow. A stunning chaos began as they started looking for the source of such power. Hermione suppressed a smile and twirled her palm in a round motion up in the air the peacock began sweeping across putting out the fire begun by them. Many of the young girls they had brought out for 'fun' were suddenly back in proper clothing though shaking with fear. The cracking sounds of many order members could be heard along with ministry members her features relaxed a bit but tensed up again as a crack was heard behind her. Turning around found a very sharp death eater standing there ready to strike her. "Think you can do that to me Samurai well lets see..." she said just as he burst a spell from his wand she blocked it with out a physical movement and sent it back ten times harder. Before he could react he was pushed off the roof in such a force that he died before falling. Smirking to herself she got on her bike and started flying down in full speed when a few women were being pushed up in the air. As she flew took out a strong whip and struck it to those who were controlling those poor people before they could fall down three wizards slowed their phase and got them to safety. Settling herself on the ground she cracked her whip on the attackers leaving her mark there. Deep and red from their own blood, five of them.... fell down dead. There was no pleasure set in her act nor regret, professionalism straight and direct. No strings attached as she took those lives: nothing to it.

Harry, Ginny, Ron and a few other order members stopped their fighting a moment to watch the black figure on a bike. Just then Harry was distracted by a voice calling out for baby Potter: Flint of Slytherin. Just then the black-rider took something from the bike and threw it. The mark (a small ninja star) found its aim...the poor man's chest. Clearly it was meant to stop him and by the looks of it slow him down but not hurt him. What was this one playing at? Sirius thought as a

hand waved to him signaling that he took care of the others. He gave thumbs up in return and started attacking and trying to round up many more death eaters who were around....just as suddenly as the figure came it disappeared bike and all.

Back in her room Hermione took off her helmet and started chocking the smoke was too much already in her system. Two pairs of hands came and healed her when she stumbled two gripped her shoulder when another went over her stomach steadying her and another gripped her elbow but lightly. The male went behind her and pulled her against him in such a manor that he could get her on the couch. The female left her side to get a glass of water as she flopped on the chair. "T-thanks dragon."

"Princess I'm glad you're all right..." he said rubbing her back gently trying to get the breathing back to normal. Pansy came and handed a glass of water that she drank hurriedly in the mean time the older girl went on her knees and took off the boots. Hermione fell back arching her neck as Pansy now took off her jacket and gave them to Draco who placed it near her extra jewelry he took off. A worried expression crossed the eyes of both the teenagers as they saw her trying to get her breath back properly. Gently she stood up indicating she was better and strong enough to stand but not yet completely well. Just enough to get out of the jacket and collapse again, Pansy again filled out a strong brandy too bad strong potions would give her away. Once the spirit was in her system her health returned and she gave a proper smile. "Thanks guys!"

"Leave that for latter now lie down you need rest." Pansy started getting all motherly with her. Draco chuckled at the act of his girlfriend as Hermione deeply protested.

"I have to go and see how things have gone so far I know the attacks stopped but I do need to cover my tracks. Just let me out for a few minutes and then I'll take care of the whole thing all right?" she convinced the girl picking her old clothes up and going into the bathroom despite the protests. Another crack was heard and Victor Krum her 'personal body guard' appeared. "Leave I'll take care of the rest." Draco and Pansy nodded and walked out of her room when Hermione returned her stuff was clean and ready to be hidden.

Gracing a smile at Victor started pulling on her sandals. "Come along with you Herms it won't be good to go out there..."

"Then place your accent back on and not cling to me." She added as they marched out she ordered marching out wand in hand. No one could connect her to the one who rode that black bike now.

Hermione still dressed in her morning clothes and (much to Ron's disgust) Victor Krum close behind her came running towards the group. "W-what happened? I heard some confusion outside when I came back with Victor...Harry what happened to all these muggles?"

Ron did not let her speak more, "Hermione where exactly where you before you came back?" he demanded. Victor gave a confused look and answered for her.

"Her-mio-ninny went flying with me. We had a wonderful time till she saw flames...we flew down after that." He answered, Ron was fuming and Hermione turned red (with suppressed laughter) that was mistaken for blushing. Sirius eyes though were fixed on her hand...it had a small mark of what looked like the brand mark of reserved by a fleur-de-lis? He had seen a similar mark elsewhere but he could not comprehend where it was...clearly there was something more than what met the eye. That much was clear! Snape who was standing there followed what Black was so openly staring at...his daughter's hand. Her right hand! A cold sweat broke on his brow. The mark – the mark of her horrible past and her reality no one could know about that! Something had to be done.

"Princess I told you not to wear such clothes even men like Black here are unable to take their eyes off you. Really she is as old as your daughter and your god son's best friend but you are so openly – disgusting." He taunted and Sirius face grew red with anger and his eyes grew dangerously.

"Severus that is enough." A voice commanded, surprisingly it was not Dumbledore who stood there surprised and even shocked by the girls act. "The two of you had grudges in your school days. Keep them there a war is going on and some things are greater than you." Fuming she walked away leaving two men to decide to follow her or not.

"Hermione darling..." came a voice filled with false concern her aunt, "Thank god you're all right. What if something happened to you darling I could never face myself if you are not hurt by those mean men are you?"

"Aunty please don't worry I'm fine actually I was not even hear...actually I was with Victor when it happened." She nodded at Krum and her aunt gave him a 'sweet' smile and shook his hand.

"Mr. Krum it's so wonderful to meet you thank you so much for keeping out Hermione safe." She said he smiled and took his hand of hers.

"It vos nothing ma'am after all Her-mio-ninny is a friend of mine." He told her holding back his laughter as Hermione rolled her eyes behind her back. To himself he thought what does this creep want.

"Mr. Krum please do come to our manor some time I'm sure my husband would want to meet you and personally thank you. After all Hermione is the apple of our eye." She gave her a nice squeeze and a kiss before going away, the minute she left the poor girl let out a breath. Before she could say a word Victor took her hand and started to pull her away.

"We have to finish out flying Her-mi..." he stated nodding a polite good by to everyone, "It was a pleasure to meet all of you. Good night." Wavering her free hand she walked away with him into the inn. Sirius made a face at the way she was pulled away when Ron looked practically red...Harry and Ginny though exchanged looks of worry.

Harry I don't like this woman. Ginny thought to her soul mate.

Nether am I...honey it looks like she would give Herms away for power. Harry replied even more worried looking back to how that woman acted.

Dear she seems bad and I mean really bad: did you see the way she clung to Krum? Ginny watched as Sirius and a few other members were clearing up the whole mess.

Also saw how false she sounded I'm talking to Sirius when I get the chance. That lady is bad news. Gin could you get Percy to see what he can dig up on her? Harry requested.

Chat with Krum was well...he seems to have a soft spot for you. Ginny observed flicking her wand and muttering a spell to clean some blood. Still darling this conversation is not over. She added as he started helping the order members.

Hermione's room:

Victor banged the door shut behind them and exhaled, "I thought that creep will never leave. How did you put up with her Herms?"

"I didn't Victor...they left me alone most of the time." She replied taking out two bottles of butter bear and handing one to Victor. "By the way Sirius saw my fleur-de-lis think he'll have a hunch to who I really am?"

"Herms..." Victor took a deep breath and sat down next to her as she took a swig of her drink. Holding his, half finished one quietly he placed his hand on hers, "That mark is common even with muggle history too so you don't have to worry. Not many wizards know about it's true meaning."

"Hmm still I'm worried you did not see his face I did...he was ripping his mind to remember what this was..." she desperately gulped down more of the drink.

"Well I don't know about what he was thinking but I know what will cheer you up." His smile grew a bit naughty. She looked at him confused as he placed both the bottles down. Out of nowhere, he started tickling her and making her burst out laughing lying back on the bed. He continued his tickling as he lay on her suddenly they were lost in each other's eyes.

Time stopped as he slowly lowered him self gently with out placing much pressure on her. Gently their lips met sending electricity between the two of them. Quickly he broke away leaving her eyes closed and breathing hard. Gently pushing him self down on her again kissed her with more passion and care. Her hands wrapped around his shoulders as his lay on her waist. Slowly he rubbed her lower lip with his tongue and she was about to open it when...

Sirius followed closely by Severus walked in making the teenagers move away immediately opened "Hermione" the door. Immediately the couple moved of and got up, Sirius muttered a hurried, "S-sorry well come back latter."

"It's all right I vos just leaving Mr. Black. Have a good day. Night Her-mio-ninny." He smiled and walked away hastily as the young girl blushed and got up.

"Umm papa..." she started hesitantly but he waved it of and asked her if she had lunch. "No papa...I fell asleep so I missed it sorry."

"Princess this is the eight time this summer are you sure your all right?" he asked as he felt for any temperature. "Your never this careless with your health normally....you sure you don't want me to take you to some healer? Just a general check up to make sure your sleep and appetite are normal." Sirius raised an eyebrow; Silvinus could be this affectionate he had no clue.

"Snape don't eat the poor girls ear of will you? Princess tells you what let me take you out for dinner tonight. Just the two of us I do need to get to know my godson's best friend any way." He smiled at her.

"Sure...formal or casual Sirius?" she asked still having her arm around Severus.

"Semi-formal, you won't mind would you Snape after all we are not in the best of terms." He added but the older man shook his head giving his daughter into the hands of his worst enemy. "Perfect. It's six-thirty now so I'll pick you up at seven? Have a long night out kind tonight if you're not too sleepy?"

"Sounds wonderful I do need some time out to clear my head." She answered as Severus left the room. "I still don't know why you are doing this though..."

"Lets just say I'm returning a hug favour..." with a wink he walked out the door. Smiling she closed the door and walked into the shower.

Down in the Pub Sirius was chattering with Kingsly and Tonks when Lupin brought up the subject of dinner. "What is it about you taking Hermione out for dinner tonight?"

"Hay she is my godson's best friend and I do owe her a favour for saving me. Besides I hardly have to know the girl and what better occasion than dinner?" he asked. When his best friend raised an eyebrow he simply shrugged, "You don't have to worry I'm not interested in her romantically. For god's sake look at the age difference and I'm sure won't fall for me. Hermione is smart enough for that."

"What is Hermione smart enough for?" asked Harry who came and sat down near his god-father.

"Not fall for him apparently, Sirius asked her to come and have a dinner with him." Bill teased and Sirius rolled his eyes, "Hay come on the girl is attractive and I've seen the look boys gave her the last few times she was in public."

"The operative word being boys and I am a grown up man...not some adolescent hormone filled teen." Sirius chastened him, "And who are these boys by the way I'm sure even Harry is interested in knowing...o and you too Ron." Sirius added as the boys nodded a bit over protective.

"Hay don't blame the boys for the way this girl is all right. She is very attractive and I've seen some of the Fred and George's summer part time workers actually hand around her like flies over cake. Even over heard a bloke ask her out but she turned him down saying she was busy." Bill filled them in but immediately regretted this by the looks on Harry and Ron's faces. "Boys relax Hermione can take care of her self she is smart enough for this!"

A voice asked from the stairs as she stepped down, "What is Hermione smart enough for Bill?" Sirius turned around to answer but his words stopped right in his throat at the sight of her.

She was dressed in a slightly below knee length yellow-sandal skirt where the ends were slightly wavy with some longish cut on the final

layer. Over it was a matching sleeveless top and a see throw piece of cloth thrown over it covering her arms. A pair of gold earrings hanged from her ears gently matching the pattern of her chain. Her make up was based largely on a eye liner with her usual double shade make up and a light touch of glitter. Her lip-gloss was a light touch of peach...in other words absolutely an angel.

"You looking wonderful Ms. Sofymore." He said taking her hand and gently kissing it. She raised an eyebrow but played along with him.

"Thank you Mr. Black so what is the plan for tonight again?" she asked folding her hands across her chest. Just then suddenly a man bumped in to her half drunk, "Hay! Watch where you're going – you?"

Sirius and the other men looked confused. Hermione's face was slightly flushed but she simply turned to Sirius and asked if they could leave. He looked at the man suspiciously but nodded to the girl. "Y-yes let's go...dinner awaits us."

The walk was quiet for she did not question him. He did not touch her except when she was going in the wrong direction. "The car's this way...I thought you may want a quiet night out tonight." All he got in reply was her grateful smile as he opened the front door to the red fiesta. Once inside and he started the engine her hands started looking through his music collection. Westlife, Boyzone, Weird Sisters and a few more bands where there selecting a c.d she looked at Sirius holding it up. "Great band have you heard them?"

"Yes I have. Can I play this please? I love the songs in this one." He nodded and she started humming along with Quit Playing Games (Back street Boys...pretty old one) Sirius started singing along. The whole time Hermione simply looked out of the window. Her mind wandered to the real reason she loved this song...Derek. Her child hood sweet heart...the man who stole her heart, the dark geek hair and deep crystal eyes that mesmerised her for hours to and end.

"Hermione we have arrived." Sirius broke through her thoughts, she looked at the place he referred to and felt her self freeze.

“Hermione we have arrived.” Sirius broke through her thoughts, she looked at the place he referred to and felt her self freeze. This place was Sain La Teat a famous restaurant in the parts of London. They served largely exquisite specialized European, Chinese and Japanese food in their restaurants. Apart from that they had a wonderful disco-club with the best music, ballroom based music. In other words, a mixture of younger time music and classics of the time could be found in this place. Hosts of the best ‘rock star’ residents and shows and the best operas when they came to town could be found there. A place where pierced or tattooed person could fit in as much as a person with clean cut face and well pressed clothes. Such was the place...a darker side existed to this. A side that never made it out of the shining lights of the place and bright ivory and dark brown coated walls with the large copper gates. Away from the valets who parked the cars and other workers. Beyond the whole ‘shine’ of the place. Beyond the shiny lights and soft music was buried a great dirty world. A dark world the light overshadowed from the world. A world of cries and pain filled screams drowned by the soft music that were played to the world. The place not many knew existed but those who knew feared it greatly...she was one of them. This place was where her real identity lay, the place that healed her truth and her real past. The past that were not known to Harry and Ron her best friends in the whole world – her family in a way. A past that did not have muggle parents who were dentists. A past that did not have a wonderful home with loving family who supported her every step or looked lost in Diagon Alley. The sweet family who gave her ‘extra money’ to spend on getting an early birthday present because her’s was in the middle of the term. They were not the people she went to visit in Christmas, but never existed. This place had buried in its walls her true dark past, of pain and wounds created by beatings. This was the very place where she had lost her Derek her first love crushing her from within. “Its beautiful is it not ‘Mione? I thought you might love this...come on.” He drove in and the valet opened the door for her she politely smiled at him.

After dinner Sirius dropped Hermione and she went straight to her room. Once the door was closed she knelt down and wept crumpled on the ground. A soft hand wrapped in leather gloves placed was placed on her shoulder. Gently she looked up and smiled. A woman dressed in an off shoulder white top with a dark blue long umbrella cut skirt.

Another piece of dress was a blue hood that was connected to the skirt, unlike the normal times hers was down. She was a woman with great beauty with tanned olive skin and a tall figure. Backing up this was a golden brown hair that was set up in the back healed in a tiara. Her eyes were soft silver that shone beyond the light of the room softly. "Hermione dear a pleasure."

"Priestess a great moment." She said in a low voice kneeling down on one knee and head bowed. The woman picked her up and hugged her firmly, then letting her go studied the girl.

"Samuel is coming to Hogwards you're year." She said simply but those words changed the face of the younger girl. "He shall protect you my dear. You love each other dearly I know."

"Sam – Sam is coming to Hogwards. Finally I will have a friend who knows my true past. No secrets and someone who will understand me..." tears shone in her eyes. Suddenly her smile faded, "Priestess S-sirius Black knows I'm Hermione Amelia Riddle and what do I do?"

"You have your card up do you not?" she asked simply, a moment of confection passed her face then fairly calmed down.

"Y-yes I'm sure I can handle what I have to now..." she assured her as both of them sat down. Priestess on the bed Hermione at her feet Indian style, "...as far as my plans are concerned I hope the sorting hat would support me. Did you find out what I wanted?"

"Yes you're documents are in the room at school...to answer your other question. Yes the hair has the command over school so you can order it but caution keep it as a last resort." Hermione nodded, "My child do you remember the ceremonies and the spells?"

"They have been well rooted within the walls of the school and I only need to re-seal them with the hair's blood. This is the year when the hairs of all four founders and the seconds shall come together in the school. Two have been found priestess; the hair of Griffindoor and the hair of Albatross."

"Wait did you say Albatross the hero?" she asked surprised.

Hermione nodded, "Albatross hair lives it's only about tapping the flame within her. Leave that to me I know exactly what to do." A slow smile spread across her face. Cold and filled with pride, "My father has done many things he needs to pay for...all the hairs of Slytherin have. I must start cleaning after generations of people destroying the man's greatness. The darkness with Slytherin shall have to stop...his abilities shall be healed but not his cruelty."

"You shall do that my dear. You have my support and the blessings of great Athena." Hermione calmed down and whispered something inaudible under her breath. "You do continue your running and praying don't you my dear?"

"Yes – except in third year when...I all ready told you. Now more regular than ever Priestess I need Athena to bless me with strength if I'm to win this." She looked at her feet quietly as the older woman rubbed her hair.

"It hurts I know but you have to do this. Your sacrifice of family would save hundred and thousands their lives and family. If this world does not accept you after that then you are welcome to come back to us. Now my child change and rest...a lot needs to be done since tomorrow. You return to school! Athena's graces light your heart."

"Athena's graces light the world." She replied getting up and hugging the woman before, she disappeared. A huge yawn escaped from her and she changed into a light pink nightshirt and fell asleep.

The morning birds sung through her windows as Hermione woke up and changed for her bath. Smiling she picked up her black tracks with the zip up hood top and fixed her shoes and hair. "It's going to be a good run today." It certainly was the streets were empty and the air was wonderfully cool. She ran around the whole place. Once she reached a sit out near the Thames river did a few exercises relaxing her muscles. A man who was running that side almost fell into the river looking at her, what's his problem? She thought surprised at the fact that a man had actually fallen like that because of her. No other explanation was possible the road was empty. She got her answer when she was running back.

Suddenly she stopped and looked at her self in the window of a shop. Wow that's me? Her hair and highlighters that looked so natural in small streaks was amazing. Her face (even with out makeup) had lost its chubby look of second year and grown much better. Her neck was now much better and her feminine parts had curved out quiet nicely due to the constant exercise. Her posture too had improved due to the extensive praying she had practiced now. Her movements now had a much smoother flow within them under those unseen mussels she had worked up. Even with her hair up in a high pony tail she could say it looked perfect and made to look fit for her. Shyly she bit her lower lips and smiled bending down. A boy just a few years older than her just wolf-whistled his approval of her. "Can't blame him can we now Herms?"

"Sirius Black what are you doing hear?" she asked laughing when another man bumped into the lamppost. Then she turned her attention back to the man who was dressed in a sleeveless white t-shirt with blue border with a pair of blue running shorts. Leaning against a wall hands folded against his chest casually.

"Good morning to you lass...I came hear for my morning exercise but I end up having to protect men from injury. Would you mind returning to your room?" he asked.

"Hmm let me see." She tapped her chin pretending to think, "I could stand around and get checked out by hot men or I'll have to go back with my best-friends god father?"

"You better return or your best friend's god father is telling him that his baby sister is around tempting innocent morning men." He teased getting of the wall. She rolled her eyes and started walking away again, "Hay wait up god you're a fast walker."

"What was that? Sorry I was not listening." She said he looked at her quietly then answered.

"I said you're a fast walker Herms and please slow down." he requested.

She gave him a naughty smile, “Why Mr. Padfoot are you getting too old?”

“You little...” he started but she ran with him right after her all the way back to the Leaky Cardoon. “Stop. Stop right there I won’t let you go for this!”

“Sirius! Stop it will you?” Harry demanded as Hermione laughed and hid behind him. “Now what where you doing outside at this time of the morning Herms?”

“Running – exercise till your godfather decided I’ve had enough.” She declared.

“I decided those poor men had enough accidents for one day.” Sirius declared, Hermione struck her tongue out at him and ran away. “Seriously kid you should have seen them falling over lamp posts for the sake of god. Harry get a control over that kid will you?”

“Sirius she’s my baby sister and in no way a male magnet so please relax will you?” he firmly ignored (once again) the many male eyes that went along with her. “And for gods sake she’s a child!” Just then a nice loud squeal came from the stairs above sounding like uncle Jac. Harry gave Sirius a I-told-you look but the older man only shook his head.

Hermione hugged her uncle Jac and he smiled at her, they closed the door and he spoke again, “Good to see you too kid now...the Saint’ Martin Globe?”

“Now it is in papa’s place. It will be in Slytherin chambers Jacob and no one shall know about it till I find the hairs. Then I shall start everything now do you remember your work?” she asked turning to him like a leader would.

“Yes I do those documents shall be in my hands soon...goblins are difficult to convince. Even more is Charles Weasley.” He answered she nodded her approval. “William Weasley though is a bit less complicated he has a passion to talk that makes getting information out easily. He really seems to love dragons.”

“He better if we are going to win the battle.” She said firmly, “Now you may go but keep me informed. May Athena always be in your heart.”

“May Athena always be in the fighters heart.” He replied before walking away from the place. She smiled a bit before going to have her bath and do her rituals. She walks out dressed in just a bathrobe. She sits down on near her trunk and opens it one last time spreading out her yoga mat and a small statue of Athena careful not to touch anything except the feet. She takes out a copper plate and places it down. A small copper cup of water is placed on it in one end. The centre a lamp that would glow from the centre with the cotton threads and oil. Around it she places a few flowers and closes her eyes in deep prayer. Only one thought in her mind body and soul her goddess Athena. Slowly fifteen minutes latter she opens her eyes and with reverence lights the lamp with a matchstick. Then pours the small water of the feet of the goddess, careful for the lamp’s light to constantly fall on it. Quietly she takes the lamp and keeping it in the right full place under the goddess feet before pouring the flowers over the statue. Once done quietly she picks everything up and places it back into her trunk and placing a charm to make sure the statue and other items are not disturbed closes the trunk. Finally she her self gets dressed for her trip – her trip towards her great adventure.

A Greek style temple with grey marble outside, the seen slowly moved capturing the various people who enter. Within the temple, it is different though, the walls are made of pure white marble. The roof made out of sandstone and the floor pure black marble. Pillars surround the place in a circular motion some spaces left alone others covered with a pure white silk curtain. This is in an exception of the centre where a large circle of red marble followed by a smaller circle of water in a pool holing in its centre a large statue of Athena. Twelve dividends are marked wit small round white marbles. A divinity shines through them against the dim lights of the room even if the light through the structure of the building. The wind disturbed one of the curtains...on the other side is a place set on cement and painted on it the mixture of light yellow and deep orange. A door with the symbol...set in three circles inside a large star: the wind rider's mark. Two people voices... talking...the door open and the figures come out clearly. "Amelia I don't see how this works." The first figure spoke. A girl dressed in black three quarter trousers with a yellow tank top a full-sleeved black shirt wrapped around her waist. Light black sandals with heal on her feet wand stuffed into her trousers. The other figure is was dressed in a black jeans and sea green tops. Her jacket is black dragon hide and so is her hood with one difference. From her neck dangles a long gold chain with a diamond pendent.

"Hermione please turn around." The woman ordered, the younger girl turned around and placed her hands across her chest. "Thank you! Now listen you are the one who can do this for me. You are the one who holds the Saint Martin's Globe and it is your duty my dear. Not all get the wonderful fortune to do so..."

"Your right Amelia, I should listen to you more often though." Hermione looked down upset, "Some times my life seams like a puzzle – none of pieces fit at times."

"Please give time some value." She requested.

"Yes thank you for what you are doing for me!" Hermione bowed down on her knees and got up to leave. Amelia made her stop a moment and removed the chain around her neck.

“Promise me you shall have it on till the end of the fifteen days.” She told her Hermione could only nod. Emotion stung her eyes this chain was one of the most precious gifts given to Amelia from her mother. The last ever gift that was given, it must have taken a lot for her to give this away. “I know dear but I have a reason to give this to you for this time. Take good care of it.... now go you’ll get late.”

“Till we meet again may Athena be with you.” Hermione said in a whisper the older girl only nodded and watched as she ran out.

Station:

Harry had his arm slung on Sirius shoulder for once dressed in nice white baggy trousers and a black t-shirt that had a metallic print on it. A leather bracelet with metal spots set on it in one hand. The other a sports watch again black. Sirius was again dressed in a jeans and leather jacket with a t-shirt sipping a can of cold coffee. He had a look around him that made many women take second glances. An attention he relished despite being with his godson and adopted daughter. Idle chatting along with Bill and Charlie both of them dressed nicely like muggles. Ginny though was a few feet away saying hi to a friend from Ravenclaw in her year. Finally, Harry broke away from the group, “Sirius I’m just going to get a soda.”

“Sure Harry watch your back.” He warned, “Hay when you’re at it just dump this in the dustbin will you?”

“No problem mate. Want anything else?” Harry offered politely, Sirius shook his head indicating he was fine, “Any of you?”

“No thanks Harry we’re fine.” Charlie told him firmly and Harry walked away to the counter. When he was selecting a drink Ron slapped him on the back, “Hay mate.”

“Ron what took you I was getting worried - soda?” Harry demanded.

Ron smiled at him boyishly, “Please, actually I stopped to chat with Dean and Neville. Where’s Hermione I thought she was coming with you?”

"She had to go somewhere." Harry handed Ron his drink then took two other cans in his hand, "I thought she would come though. Sirius was slightly agitated when she said she'll come alone."

"Why can't she come by her self?" Ron asked being his usual dimwit self.

Ginny rolled her eyes as she took her drink from Harry, "Ron for gods sake Hermione was one of the people he was after remember, she's quiet powerful and from a very pure blood line. She'll serve his purpose well and a huge asset for our side as well. He'll obviously try and kidnap her so she'll need protection."

"Could not have said it better my self kid." Sirius slammed her on the back and gave Ron a how-thick-can-you-get look, "Said her uncle Jac is bringing her and a friend...down right refused to come with us."

"What? Dumbledore let her have her way." Charlie asked surprised. Sirius nodded, "Strange with Harry he won't even hear of it."

"That is because Harry would go and attack head first with out thinking Charlie." Came the reply Ron turned to see who it was and his jaw dropped, Hermione (now with the shirt over her shoulder) stood there. The problem was the trousers healed to her like a second skin the top showed a part of her midriff and belly-button. The shirt did not really cover much of what the top exposed though lightly. "Hermione?"

"Hey Ron." She smiled at him then looked confused, "Something wrong?"

"Wow! You look wonderful I never thought you could actually dress up." He commented just then two boys fell over their luggage because they were looking at Hermione. "Seriously you will need body guards to keep the boys off of you." She blushed deep and looked down trying not to smile too much.

"That she won't have to with her guardian around would you princess?" came a male voice behind her. She turned around, smiled at the boy, and hugged him tightly. Ron's ears went red and Harry's

firsts grew right ready to throw a punch. Out of the corner of his eye, Draco Malfoy (who was talking to a few Slytherin) took a second glance his eyes narrowing. The boy swept Hermione of her feet and then they disengaged. "I've missed you too princess."

Surprised she broke away, finally we see him. A man with well built body near Harry's age group, strawberry blond hair with dark blue eyes and olive skin. His smile is light and sparkles across his eyes but is dressed tough. He is someone many girls would faint at the sight of dressed in black leather trousers and a red t-shirt with white collar. He is every bit athletic he presents in his clothes except for the large platinum chain and a round pendent. His watch is again clearly expensive and so are the leather metallic bracelets in his hands. Hermione's hands though are still around his neck and his fixed on her waist, "Missed you who said I missed you?"

"Hmm so you did not miss me?" he asked and she shook her head no, and then smiled a bit more, "I kept counting down the days we could meet again."

"That's my girl! Now come on lets finish that hug." She immediately threw her arms back around him and he took everything about her in him. "I've missed you a lot. Now tell me who everyone is."

"All right." She slung an arm around his waist as hers reached her shoulder, "Sam this is Harry Potter...Harry this is Samuel Hamalton. He's starting Hogwards but in our year – a transfer student." Harry and Samuel shook hands, "This is Virginia Weasley Harry's girl and Ginny this is Sam. This is Roland Weasley I told you about him..."

"Ron right? The person who was part of the troll incident?" Sam asked smiling Ron shook his hand but did not smile back. Hermione laughed and took over, "This is Sirius Black you know his story."

Sam smiled politely shaking the older man's hand, "How could I not know his story? It is wonderful to meet you Mr. Black sir. The two of you must be Bill and Charlie right. I have met your father several times a wonderful man I am sorry for his loss and your mothers. Brave of the two of you to give up your dreams and join the order."

Hats of to you!" He did folding his hand gave them a casual salute surprising both the boys. "Any way I think that is all right Herms?"

"Hmm yeah that is it! Tell you what let me go get us some coffee all right. Would any of you want something?" she asked turning to the others all of them shook their heads. "Be right back."

"Hold it right there!" Sam called her back holding her hand, taking of the black sunglasses from her top fixed it on her eyes. Turning around pulled out a black baseball cap and fixed it on her head. "Now you may go! Don't you dare remove them I do not want anyone recognizing you. Bad enough your in trouble."

"Yep! Be right back." She walked away and out of the barrier to the coffee shop on the other end. Quietly she walked out but did not go strait to the coffee shop; instead, she stopped a bit in front of a man with a hood. In a low hiss she spoke "Remember the plan and follow it. There ssshall be no misssstake do you underssstand?"

Ass you wisssh missstress. I ssshall have to go back now. Ssseee you on the other end." The figure disappeared just as suddenly trough a corridor. Hermione looked around carefully and went to get the coffee.

Some where inside the temple a shocked priestess and Amelia shot out of their seats, "Priestess will have to talk to her. She has sworn by Athena's sword."

"We shall question her she can not get away with this." The priestess assured the boiling Amelia. "She should not get away with such a trick with her friend."

Back in the station Hermione handed Samuel his black coffee with two sugars and sipped her own coffee with wiped cream. "What took you so long kid?"

"I stopped on the way. How's the coffee all right for you?" she asked as taking of the sunglasses. He smiled indicating he was fine. "Of-o I almost forgot Sirius papa asked me to tell you that he'll meet you day-after about something..."

"All right I know what he's talking about." Sirius shut her up and quietly the girl went back to her coffee. "By the way congratulations on the potions assistant position Hermione." She looked at him sharply she not yet had around to tell Harry and Ron how does he know?

"What assistant position Sirius?" Harry asked bewildered, Hermione answered for him, "I'm the new positions assistant Harry papa needed some help so Dumbledore hired me. Come on we better get on the train or well be late."

"No Hermione you're not going into the other compartments I'm afraid. You two will be guarded at all times and it was very irresponsible of you to give Jacob the slip..." Sirius began when a voice said clearly, "Who said she gave me the slip?" A dilution charm came of revealing Jacob Snape.

"Sirius you need to trust me more. Now what was it that you where saying?" Hermione demanded slightly hurt. An expression Sirius ignored and snapped at her to get into the compartment. Jacob looked really worried, granted Sirius did not know about Hermione's past but this could kinder old memories. Sirius opened the door to the compartment and showed the teenagers. The place was like any other compartment except there where two extra doors on the side. "It is enlarged magically, there are two private rooms for your own purposes Harry and Ginny, Hermione and Samuel shall be together. Dumbledore orders: this is the only door and no one can get in and out other wise. You can sit hear with the order members or you can go inside."

Quietly Hermione walked inside and sealed her self magically. Sam sat down near the window and looked outside quietly. Ginny, Harry and Sirius started chatting when Bill and Charlie sat outside as extra guards. Jacob walked inside Hermione's small cabin where only two people where allowed in. Clicking the door open walked in and closed it firmly, he was right. She was upset broke. In one hand, she had a glass of red wine again a bottle next to her. In front of her, a bowl with a memory playing it self in 3D that makes her want to only drink more.

A girl near the age of five or six is being dragged down the stairs of an old muggle home. The wood hurts her and scratches her skin badly and she's shivering because she's dressed in only a small white frock exposing a great part of her body. A dishevelled doll made of rags comes down with her as a tall woman slams her down the last few stairs. The poor child fell down and wept and screamed again when a heavy bucket of soppy water was practically dropped on her head. The poor child screamed with pain but was silenced by a blow of that tall woman dressed in black trousers and a full-length white shirt. A woman who was beautiful with deep red hair tied in an exigent bun but cold blue eyes and flashing anger. Her voice usually sweet spat at the girl, "Hermione clean this place up and now."

"Y-yes m-miss." The girl muttered and started scrubbing the blood shot floor hurriedly getting some blood all over her dress. The woman walked away but little Hermione continued scrubbing the floors. Tears flowed down her brown eyes as she scrubbed till her hands were raw. Her soft hair falling in to her face but the place shone. This did not satisfy the matron who grabbed her by the hair and pulled her up. She looked top to bottom and slapped her, "I get you a nice dress with such difficulty and you do this to it? How dare you now come and scrub your self clean." Pulling the girl by the hair she took her to a boiling water and made the girl be scrubbed as she screamed because of the heat. "Stop doing that to her Laila." Came a deep male voice and suddenly a much more comfortable bath was drawn up. Hermione cringed at the comfort for it always meant danger. A man with thick black hair and deep black eyes dressed in a black jeans and a yellow shirt had his arm folded in front of her, a cruel smile on his lips. "Hermione darling...why so scared?" he came forward as she cringed back. His hands reached out to touch her...Jacob covered her eyes. "No! Hermione please don't remember them please dear."

"I-I can still feel it uncle Jac...his lips forcefully on...his hands..." her weeping started and she cried uncontrollably. Finally she pulls away but calls out another memory, "Please watch this one with me..." He simply nods both forgot about the door and the small opening that took place. The second memory came up.

Hermione (the small one) is quietly stitching dolls when the raven-haired man comes in and sits next to her. She cringes at the sight of him and tries to move back tears and fear filling her eyes. "Hush sweet heart! There is nothing you need to worry about." He whispered pulling her into a close contact that makes her shiver with fright, "O how much I love you...love having you. I can't wait till you're older love. Then we can share something's great. That I can't share with you now love but when your older I'll give you more pleasures." He whispered and lets her go walking away leaving the child shaking covering her head in her knees. Two small hands wrapped around her shoulders making her look up quietly into two light blue eyes and sandy brown hair of a boy. Innocence bubbled from his face but his eyes glowed with pain and understanding. "D-derick he s-said..." she stammered he pulled her into a close hug.

"I-I heard him May...I heard him." Hermione wept against her uncles' shoulder bitterly. Derrick was her childhood love, the boy she lost for ever.

Magical protection yes. Harry's mom no! Blood protection is part of this act...you will know in the next chapter.

Hermione sat down on the couch on her own room. She had changed into a light white night dress. It was not much and quiet small as the sitting area was only a few feet away from her bed. Quiet cosy though, with a glass table and the couch was facing attached to the wall. An armchair set quiet close to the warm fire cracked, shinning across the room. Deep cream colour walls with curtains in cream with copper flowers printed on it, a large bed with dark brown covers. The cushions where brown and white with brown printed ones. Two copper colour bedside lamps on each end where on one corner. The other corner had some shelves for her books (all of them even her collection from the old room) and some flower vases with fresh flowers. The corner had a small fridge with all her drinks and some eatables. Facing another window was her study table compliant with file rack, overhead cupboard and draws. It was well-polished steal and had a daily planner set on the wall. A small door lead to the attached bathroom she had 'purchases' with her money preferring privacy. This was her first night as a Slytherin, The feast was over hers' had just begun.

Popping open the croak of the white wine bottle and pouring it into two tall glasses and lay back. The door opened and in walked Sam dressed in a dark blue pyjama shirt trousers bare cheated. She smiled at him lightly he was a good lad but had a wonderful set up about him, he smiled back at her and sat down next to his friend taking his own glass. She quietly looked at the drink laying her head back on his chest. "I love a good drink...always makes me feel relax and jell-o. What about you?"

"Similar...I love a drink to help my mind calm down. I forget about my worries and my issues...my mother." He stopped and looked at her, she nodded and looked at him, drinks untouched. "Bottoms up?" he asked she nodded and the drained the drink on one shot. The very same way they finished the whole bottle and a plate of chicken.

"Lets go to sleep we have a long day tomorrow." She remained him he got up and wobbled a bit. "Why don't you spend the night hear. Even I could use some company." He nodded and the two of them

made their way to the bed wrapped up in each others arms fell asleep. Partly due to the tiredness and partly due to find a way to forget everything that happened in their lives. The night dwelled on but Hermione was screaming in her sleep, "N-no please let me be. Please no..."

"Hermione." A distant voice called her as she dreamed on, "Please sir...just leave me...n-no." again the same voice, "Hermione." This time accompanied with a splash of water, she got up shaking only to find Sam sitting beside her with a worried look. Tears welled up in her eyes and she cried like a small child. "Was it him again Mia?"

"H-I dreamt he rapped me this time...it was scary loosing my virginity in...." he hugged her and rubbed her shoulder, "Hush don't worry love you won't. You will loose your virginity out of your will to the right man in the right age. Some one who will love you despite everything you faced and love you for your bravery."

"R-really?" she stammered, "Really truly." He replied pulling her down to finish their sleep. She lay on his chest but clearly awake for a few hours till his breathing lulled her back to sleep. This was the very same position she woke up in next morning. Quietly she wriggled out of his arms and gave him a light peck on the cheek before walking towards her bathroom. Quietly she worked her way through her teeth, after spitting she rose up and yelped. "Amelia."

"What was that with a serpent yesterday in the station?" the woman demanded Hermione laughed and washed her mouth before answering.

"Spying on me again I see?" she joked, "If you are so interested I asked her to take up a plan to action. You shall find the result in a week...I'll meet you in the club sweets."

"All right: Better not be up to something bad kid." She answered and disappeared from there. Hermione rolled her eyes, changed into a pair of black tracks and violet cotton tank tops, and got ready to go for a run.

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Albus Dumbledore was in his office when a pigeon flew in with a small letter in its leg. He took the letter and placed it under magnifying glasses. It read,

Albus Dumbledore,

Her powers grow so does her mind. Shield her before danger cuts her path...she is very much like her elder brother in this. Jumping first on is a hobby.

Take care,

Jasmine

Beneath the letter was a fleur-de-lis, Dumbledore smiled at the time when he first introduced Hermione to them.

Flash-back Snape's private quarters a nine-year-old Hermione, soon to turn ten on her next birthday, sat on the carpeted floor quietly working on something. Some cut old magazine papers were on the floor. She sat as if a small baby legs tucked under her and worked her way through some paper quietly folding it. Origami was something that fascinated her for long now. Her face full of concentration as she folded each bit one by one. The end successful then she would smile. It amazed Dumbledore how two people who hated company a lot could fit in with each other so perfectly. Quiet, workaholic and brilliant beyond their years a sight to see for a man who was so worried about him. "Severus I see that Hermione is quiet comfortable with you?"

Both of them looked up startled for they were occupied in their own worlds, "Albus I did not see you..." Severus stretched his hand towards Hermione who quickly stood next to him. "Was there anything you needed?"

"Yes please sit down, I wanted to talk about your powers Hermione. Some of them are extraordinary." He began as Severus pulled the little girl on his lap firmly and the head master sat on another seat. "I wish you to meet this group of people who could be able to help you out with these powers. A very ancient group called the Prego-trinity;

they help many young people with their extraordinary powers and hold the keys to many ancient spells. What do you say dear?"

"I would love to sir when do I meet this Prego-trinity?" she asked smiling happily knowledge always attracted her. End of Flash-back Since that day she had been practicing her holographic powers and wand-less magic. Soon she started growing within the ranks and now a full power member of the Prego-trinity who came together under the fleur-de-lis.

His eyes looked out to find the girl in question running around the lake and doing some exercises. Dumbledore watched as the hair of the school founder tone her self-quiet well for what she had to soon face. Despite everything, she had a smile on her face, "Flawex can you to get her for me please?" The bird disappeared with a pop of flames.

Hermione was bending down and touching her feet when the bird appeared, "Morning sweet heart. Dumbledore asked me to come then I'll be there." She took of in a run stopping by the fountain drinking some water before taking of again. Once she reached the statue spoke the password, 'acid pops' and going up the stairs.

"Come in Ms. Riddle." He called and she opened the door smiling, "Morning it is indeed wonderful to see you smile my dear."

"Thank you sir...so why did you call me at this time of the morning?" she asked curiously as he handed her a cup of Cupertino and some stones.

"Please take a seat – I have some good news for you." She looked at him as he handed her a paper containing a letter. Quietly she read it then smiled, "Yes – you have been given the special permutation to write you Astronomy and Potions exams early. The exact times shall be given to you latter."

"T-thank you professor I know it could give me a lot of free time in my hands sir." She pocketed the paper and smiled at the old man. He shook his head, "I'm afraid that I'll take up most of that free time dear. Some of your skills need training."

"Yes sir thank you...may I leave now?" she asked he nodded and let her run back out. Dumbledore sat down on the chair tiered, "How long will I hide everything from this child Flawex? It makes me sick just thinking about it..." the bird sang a calming note. Tears flowed down those eyes knowing how much the girl faced and more was yet to be faced by the girl. As he dwelled these very thoughts he heard another knock on the door. "Come in."

"Good morning Albus." He looked up to see the face of Sirius Black. This was not a good sign.

Breakfast hall Hermione hugged Harry and Ron (together) and they hugged her back. "You are not mad at me?"

"No ways Hermione...how could we ever be?" Ron asked her giving her another special hug. "Besides we found you letter and your right our friendship is too thick to be broken. More importantly, we can find some special place around school to be together if not our common room. Right Harry?"

"Right Ron." Harry replied slamming his back, "I know the perfect place on summers Hermione. Let me show you at lunch you can work on the stuff for Snape there as well." Smiling Hermione nodded, "By the way I think your friend Sam is nice so he can join us if he wants."

"Great I'll ask him. Thanks a lot Harry." She hugged him again and he patted her head slightly, "No problem kid now go have some breakfast and the rest will be like usual right?"

"Right. Now let me go I'm starving." Hermione waved to them and sat down next to Sam who was busy flirting with a forth year. Once Hermione sat down Draco passed her the coffee and wiped cream and some fruits. Sam finally stopped paying attention to the girl and turned to him. "Hi Herms so ready for the day?"

"Yep hay by the way Harry and Ron invited you to study with us if you want." She told him as he placed some scrambled eggs on her plate with some toast. "Thanks...so what is our first class?" both of them looked at their timetables.

"Hmm we have all the same classes great." Sam spoke Draco looked over her shoulder lightly and noticed even he had the same. Quietly he served him self some food and started eating when the two started chatting about what they where likely to face. Once no one was paying attention to them Sam pulled out a flyer from his bag quietly, "Herms check this out. Dance party this Saturday...want to go."

"Sure sounds great." She whispered back, "I'll let papa know that well be out for the night." Sam smiled at her and gave her a one-arm hug, "What's the dress code?"

"Casual muggle...come one lets have some fun. Hay dragon." Draco turned to him from chatting with Pansy, "Dace party up for it?"

"Sounds great..." he took the flyer, "...see you there." The two of them finished their breakfast a walked up to the Griffindoor table calmly. Seeing the 'new Slytherin' approach Dean and some other boys stiffened up but calmly Sam ruffled Harry's hair. "Hay buddy."

"Hay Sam what's on your time table 'moine?" Harry asked as he sat next to him. Hermione chose to sit on the corner of the table near Ron. "Same as mine. Show me yours will you Harry – you too Ron?"

"Sure." Harry handed him the paper and Ron mumbled something like same as Harry with his mouth full. "We have almost all our classes together except for Charms and History of Magic...when we have History of Magic you have Charms and the other way round."

"I almost forgot guys I've got an exception to take two of my OWL's early." Hermione told them happily, Ron chocked on his juice and Ginny calmly asked what they where, "Potions and Astronomy."

"Why 'moine you can just take it with the rest of us?" Ron asked her clearly sounding confused.

Hermione rolled her eyes, "Ron! I'm learning some ancient texts in the mean time and I have to do it. Dumbledore suggested I do these two early." Harry saw right through the act but did not voice it. "Now come on we have Defence Against the Dark Arts and papa said that

professor Shalaka Martin was a very good one. I'm curious to know about her." Harry and Ron followed her laughing, "Seriously he said that."

"Hermione you're talking about Severus Snape. He's wanted the job for ages and he complimented some one who got that job?" Ron double over laughing at the very idea and Hermione too smiled a bit, Sam looked confused. "It's just that he's wanted the position since he came but Dumbledore never let him have it."

"Yes but this time he was genuine...actually he was worried I would slag off in her class so strictly told me to listen." Hermione added, Harry and Ron looked at her like she had grown two heads, "I know even I was surprised." She informed them pushing the way into the Defence Against the Dark Arts class room and sitting in the centre of the first row. Harry and Ron took a seat on either side of her when Sam quietly sat next to Harry as she placed everything on the table.

"So this teacher Shalaka Martin is new right?" He asked Harry nodded, "Actually we have a new one every year. Rumour that the job is jinxed but don't think its really true..."

"Hmm." Sam did not say much when the rest of the group came in and started flirting with Lavender. Hermione laughed, "This idiot will break the barriers just by flirting." Harry could not help but smile as he saw Lavender smile and giggle on something. Sam was good with women when he came back and sat down only when the teacher's foot steps were heard outside. "Damn it....cute girl though."

"Shhh." Harry whispered to him as the teacher walked in. Hermione felt her throat go dry when she looked up from her book and saw who it was.

Hermione looked up from her book to see the woman. She was quiet tall and dressed in a blue cotton long skirt that had slits from her knees with wooden sandals. Her tops where showing out her mid-riff largely but covered her shoulders and personal parts completely but sleeveless. Her hair was below shoulder length and thick black sleek out but bouncy and dense. Her features were soft except for her eyes, they where sharp and had a silver blue in them. A silver chain with a blue stone where around her neck and matching earrings hung on her ears. A large set of metal bangles on one hand that jingled and on the other a blue wrist watches. There was a black bag slung over her shoulder and another smaller file in her hand. A gentle smile lay about her lips and reached her eyes giving a friendly look. "Morning class I am Shalaka Martin you're new Defence teacher. I am going to take of from your last teacher's ideas. Now I think all of you know about the unforgivable curses right." A murmur of asserts went about. "Perfect! Can some one tell me about the Imperious?" Hermione's hand shot up immediately, "You tell me...your name first."

"Hermione Sofymore, professor." Hermione replied, when Shalaka nodded Hermione continued, "The Imperious curse is a curse used to control another person and can be fought through will power. It makes people do something they are unwilling to do and gives them no choice. Thus an unforgivable."

"Hermione I agree you know the description of the curse. Tell me what it means to you." Hermione gave her a surprised look, "You heard me right girl tell me what you think about it?"

"Professor Martin with due respect to you I think the curse is an idiotic piece of puppeteer work and a work of cowardliness. People opt for using it when they don't have the guts to do the work them selves and openly. It is the way it is used that makes it an unforgivable and not the curse it self." Hermione replied making Harry gasp at her.

"Hermione why do you say so?" Shalaka asked, Hermione paused a moment before answering, "Ma'am in that case even the wingardian leviosa should be unforgivable as that the curse many Death Eaters used to trouble muggles."

The silence was absolute suddenly the teacher applauded laughing, "Thirty points to Slytherin for mere cheek and wonderful observation dear. Now could you do me a favour? Give this note to Dumbledore?" She handed Hermione a sealed note. The girl took it and walked out of the class...

Head-Master's office:

Sirius sat in Dumbledore's office glaring at him, Dumbledore on the other hand looked slightly worried. "Sirius I assure you on my personal word that Hermione is a wonderful child."

"ALBUS THAT BRAT IS HIS DAUGHTER. YOU ARE LETTING HER BE WITH MY GOD SON? YOU KNOW THAT FATHER OF HERS' IS TRYING TO DO Harry IN AND HEAR YOU ARE LETTING HER BE HIS BEST FRIEND."

"Sirius please calm down and let me explain." Dumbledore tried but the man started yelling again, "CALM DOWN? CALM DOWN WHEN VOLDEMORT'S LITTLE DAUGHTER IS PRACTICALLY AROUND MY BEST FRIENDS SON – MY GOD SON? BE A LITTLE SERIOUS WILL YOU! HE HAS TO KNOW AND HE NEEDS PROTECTION AGAISNT HERMIONE." Just then, the door opened.

"Hermione dear..." Albus began Sirius turned around to find the girl he just accused of walk in her facial expressions showed she had heard and trying desperately to hide it. Sirius watched as she placed the note down and began walking out of the room, Sirius followed her and shut the door. Grabbing her hand roughly he pulled her back to him, "Listen up and listen good you little brat. I know you are Riddle's daughter and I know that you are a little vixen considering you are in Slytherin. The slum you belong to and one more thing you bastard if you then you hurt my godson will not see the sun ever again. I'll make sure of it!" Hermione saw into the blazing anger in his eyes and quietly nodded, "I'm going to hand around and if I find him in danger around with you then trust me I'll place you into such a fate that you won't want any man to touch you again. Now get lot." Harshly he threw her down the stairs fuming, the poor girl rolled down the stairs and hurt her self-quiet badly. Quietly she got up and walked out sniffing slightly as she walked, full-blown tears where saved for latter.

Latter that day Hermione walked into her last class potions. "Correct the summer work of these third year students will you?" Picking up the essays she walked out towards the private rooms (one was hers) and dumped the essays and went for a shower. This one was decorated exactly like the one

She knew these papers where not due until two more weeks and the pain from the morning had reduced. Winky took care of that for her, the hot soak was wonderful. Quietly she fixed the temperature and fragrance in her personal bathroom and walked back out to get some clothes and a can of bear. Quietly she played with the wetter and washed the bear down her throat...before she sat down to work on those essays. A whole hour before she could get away with going to have tea with the new DADA teacher.

Shalaka Martin's office

Three knocks and she opened the door to the extremely surprised-to-be invited Sam who took the opportunity to flatter her. He wore neatly pressed brown trousers with a dark green shirt tucked to perfection. He slimed sweetly and hanged her a huge bunch of flowers saying, "Flowers for a beautiful lady ma'am."

"Thank you Samuel now please step in for tea and I can serve you as soon as my other gust arrives." She watched as he looked around her office. It was set with fresh flowers in a black vase and had a desk organized with work. A glass cupboard with all her daily work another bookshelf filled from top to bottom with books. He noticed both the modernity in everything in the room and the verity of books she had with her. Everything except the tea set that was on the round glass table, a tall white with blue printed pot and matching teacups, sugar bowl and milk cup with three teacups. A whole area of bickers and cakes with silver spoons and other utensils. Smiling Sam sat down on a chair and casually asked, "Hermione?"

"How did you know Samuel? Did she tell you?" Shalaka asked him calmly he pointed to the brownies. "They are her favourite and that is something only two people in the whole world know. What is your relation with Derrick Shalaka Martin all of them are her favourites...it can't be a co-incidence."

"Your right Samuel I know Derrick very well.... especially in his last days. Hermione was all he spoke of...you see I am the woman who..." she was interrupted by a slight knock on the door. "Come in. Hermione? You are practically unrecognisable."

Indeed she was dressed in a knee length white skirt that flowed down with a pink tank top inside that had glitter work all over. Over it came a light white shirt with silver buttons and half sleeves over it neatly. Her hair was set out but with a part of it on the back of her, head and light diamond earrings. On her hand was a thin diamond bracelet on the other a watch. The makeup she wore was perfect with a slightly darker shade of pink lip gloss and eye-shadow that was light pink with a dark black touch and a slight glitter. She stood slightly tall in white summer heals. Adding to all this was her body language, perfect in mobility and completely in control. "Am I ma'am these are usually what I wore for tea with the family ladies when I had to attend."

"Well then young lady does it mean you consider me a family member?" she asked casually folding her hands in front of her chest. Hermione gave her a mischievous grin, "Maybe or maybe not professor."

"It is Shalaka dear once outside the class...now sit down and let us have our tea." Hermione smiled and sat down quietly, "Now tell me. I'm sure you did not come hear to discuss politics with me and I did not call the two of you hear to discuss cake recipes."

"That I'm sure Shalaka but...you did not call us to discuss classes did you. I was planning to discuss some hot schoolgirls with some boys in my class." Hermione openly laughed at Sam's comment when Shalaka chuckled, "Of course the main topic is sitting right next to me...."

"Enough. Enough really no I did not call you for that either, I just wanted to get to know the two of you personally and otherwise. There is one more reason though...that needs to be discussed over tea." She poured out the teas and handed them before taking her own, "I want to know about your plans for the Saint Martin's Glob."

Sam got up irritated, "What ever it is that is none of your business."

"Sit down Sam." Hermione ordered him calmly looking at Shalaka, he was about to protest but she shut him up, "Sit down Sam she's on our side. Now I know you where the woman who took care of Derrick in his last days and you know a lot about me. You know things about me you are not entitled to..." she took a sip of her tea and paused a moment, "I will let it remain in your mind. Now what do you want to know about the Saint Martin's Glob?"

Shalaka waited a moment before speaking, "I wanted to know why are you worshiping it and how do you plan to find the eight hires with it?"

"Not eight but four. The blood of two has already been fused into one completing the circle. Two other have been found already one is the founds another the foreigners now three founders and the last one needs to be found. All are in the building but cannot reveal themselves until the time is right." Hermione explained and stopped to sip some more tea and finishing her cup. She placed it down and Shalaka offered her a brownie that she quietly took, "Another point is that the Saint Martin's Globe is a powerful object but I don't worship it, I only keep it within the walls to hold the danger lower for the children. Foals should not be hurt." Hermione quietly ate the brownie letting everything sink in.

"Is that just it or is there more?" Shalaka asked and Hermione smiled through the second cup of tea. "Yes there is it needs protection till the right time."

"I shall promise you princess that I shall do what I can to protect it." The women got up and shook hands on it.

Temple

The priestess smiled at the wind rider, "The girl has connections where we can not reach. She does things faster than one can only imagine."

“She is brilliant and she shall be the force that brings those people down finally.” The wind-rider spoke with pride for a girl who was almost like a daughter. “She shall be the one.”

Back in Hogwards

Dinnertime Hermione was running through a file with all her astronomy notes and points. Sam was sitting next to her and pointing out certain things as they read the material. On the Griffindoor table Ron watched the two sadly, “She’s drifting of from us.”

Harry (who had placed a hand on Ginny’s knee and stroking her legs gently looked at him. “Hermione?” Ron nodded sadly. Ginny looked over to the table to see Sam taking a quill, hitting her head with it, and correcting something on the notes.

“Maybe its because they have so much in common.” She replied, even she was missing Hermione’s presence and Sam had eaten away a lot of their time. Neville followed their gaze and quietly agreed, “It’s wired not having her around Harry...I miss having some one help me with my work. You know how pathetic I am.”

Ginny placed a hand on him quietly, Neville quietly drank some more soup still feeling sad. She gently assured him, “We’ll work something out don’t worry Nev.”

“She’s right Nev.” Harry added gently as possible, “Hermione is a sweet girl and its just that she’s a bit over worked now. Told me she’s taking two papers in advance so she had to work on that.” Before anyone could respond the great hall opened and in walked Narcissa Malfoy. A large amount of gasps and silence hung in the room watching the woman clad in a travelling cloak holding a large trunk. Smiling at the group she walked towards Dumbledore and exchanged a few words before sitting down next to Severus Snape. Dumbledore got up and looked at the students, “Ahem all of you are most probably wondering what Mrs. Narcissa Malfoy is doing hear. Well let me tell you I have hired her as the new school councillor and coordinator for you considering the dangerous times outside. I hope all of you give her a warm welcome and make her feel home. Please continue with

your dinner.” A polite applause went around before everyone began eating again. No one saw the exchange of looks between Hermione, Draco and Pansy except for Sam. The plan was working perfectly until a black owl scooped down to her, she gasped. The dark mark was on the seal of a folded parchment. Hands shivering she opened it, Sam looked at her curiously. So did Dumbledore and Snape from the table. Quietly Hermione read the note and watched it burn up feeling sick, pushed away the meal. “I’m a not hungry guy I’m going to sleep early.”

Quietly she walked up to the Gryffindor table and smiled at Ron and Harry. “Hay guys can I meet the two you tomorrow? I’m turning in early.”

Harry looked at her carefully, “Sure Hermione. You look dead on your feet.”

“Night Ron...g-night Ginny...g...yawn...night Harry.” She wished them and suddenly hitting her head, “O-no I needed to talk to papa about the answer sheets he gave me!”

“Better go talk to him or you will get into trouble Hermms.” Dean gave her a slight push and she walked up the head table. Quietly nearing Snape and whispered, “Papa...daddy wanted us to come to him tonight. Be ready...I should come once I feel your mark.” She whispered, he nodded quietly and let her go, she did not even spare a glance at he ‘mummy’.

Hermione walked down the corridors thinking back to what the message said to her. It was short and very specific:

Dearest Daughter Hermione,

I Your father Tom Marvolo Riddle request your presence in our rightful home tonight. It is for a very special occasion and shall be set a little after dinner has begun at school.

Do arrive for your presence is very important for this occasion. Please inform Severus and Narcissa that they too are to come once he feels the mark.

Hoping you will arrive I have arranged everything. Please arrive.... you may spend the night here. Make necessary arrangements at school. Your bike (the good-by gift I gave you) has been set to come here when you want to come. Let us pray your journey will be easy and comfortable.

Waiting to be bestowed with your sight my dear child.

With Love,

Your Father,

Tom. M. Riddle

P.S: Leave nothing for the old muggle loving fool.

With fear she had burned the letter and less and now she was walking towards the Chamber Of Secrets where some of her personal belongings were kept.

Dark Side: Head Quarters

The garden set out was decorated beautifully in silver hangings and white curtains. The tables were small and set with white table cloths and food magically served. Each table had a small red flower and yellow flower in the small vases. Lights were not too bright giving out warm fragrances into the night's beauty. The flowers were on full

bloom and soft night creatures added to the wonderful setting. Invisible people played sweet music swaying around where tiny fairies....some where dancing when others where in polite conversation watch other. One of them a man who was around his late forties looking around and asked, "My lord excuse me for my rudeness but where is your fine heir? Many eyes I dare say long to see her tonight."

He smiled slightly, his eyes seemed to be picturing (sp) the past with his wife. "She is getting dressed...I gave her a very late invitation considering the occasion."

"I understand perfectly my lord. The poor child lost her mother and this occasion is after all....my deepest grief with you my lord." The man made a bow and Voldemort nodded back politely. "Does the dear little one know that today is?"

"No Masakar she does not know as yet." Voldemort replied looking at the covered place. A beautiful woman with graceful beauty and not a day older twenty walked up to him, "My lord a pleasure to finally meet you."

"Enema Patterson I saw you as a young girl and I see you again today. You have grown beautiful." He took her hand and kissed it.

Indeed the woman was beautiful with strawberry blonde hair, dark blue eyes and glowing skin from an Irish heritage dressed for the occasion. Her ivory dress was sleeveless and full length hugging her in the right places bringing out her beauty. Her hair was tied in an elegant bun with pearls set on the left side. Pearl earrings and similar several layer necklace of pearls with a bracelet too. Dark mascara brought out her eyes wonderfully and she made no effort to hide her boldness.

"Thank you my lord. Where is your wonderful child?" she asked looking around, "I heard she is quite brilliant for her age. I have been wanting to meet her."

"She has gone to change and will be here in a moment." Lord Voldemort told her clearly looking at the woman top to bottom. Just

then a light voice spoke from behind them near the stairs, "She does not need a moment daddy she's already hear."

Three pairs of eyes looked towards the voice, two grew wide in surprise as soon the whole room did. Hermione stood dressed in a three-piece dress. The first was a white tank top with that had a glitter when she moved that reached only till her chest but covered it completely. The next part of the dress was a sleeveless slightly of shoulder dark blue top similar to the white but so low necked that it bent all the way down to where the white top ended. This healed to her beautifully near her waist with few loose folds that fell down nicely into the ankle length umbrella cut dark blue skirt in silk. Her feet had white crape heel shoes that were set on an open cut model that made her look graceful. The jewellery she wore where clearly her mothers again, a set of silver anklets with small American diamonds. Her wrist had a several layer bracelet with a two layers of sapphires the rest in diamonds. Her years had a set of earrings that had small flowers dangling with sapphire petals and the centre in diamond. A part of her hair was plaited and clipped back nicely. The rest was left down around her shoulders quiet nicely the highlights looking even better. Her make up was perfect in the pink and dark combination of her eyes with lip gloss that was a shade or two darker than her normal one. Gently smiling she walked down towards her father and bit her lip as she faced her him. He placed his fingers on his chin the other hand holding the elbow. A move he made to admire his wife long ago, looked at his daughter, "This is my little girl?"

"Daddy. Now tell me how do I look?" she asked nervously, he smiled at her, "Only one word to describe you darling...perfect." She fell into his arms for a loving hug, closing her eyes to enjoy the feeling.

"Now come...we need to meet many people." He took her by the shoulder and first introduced her to Masakar. She looked at the man who was had strong German features and thick golden blond hair. His body was flabby and not very interesting, what struck her about him though were his eyes. I have met him before somewhere but I do not know where. A gentile smile went about him at her confusion, next came Enema Patterson.

"Ms. Riddle wonderful to meet you...may I hope you shall grow to the wonderful level your father has?" she asked eyeing Voldemort 'casually' an action that did not go unnoticed by the daughter. Instant dislike went about her but she covered it up nicely, with a sweet smile but not responding. Five minutes latter Hermione got frustrated with the woman and excused her self. Smiling she hugged a death eater gently, "Its nice to meet you again Marcus Flint...I dare say it has been a while since you left the school team."

"I miss the game princess I really do...but working in the shop is wonderful in the shop if you know what I speak of." He smiled but heeled on to her hand gently, "I hope you remember what I told you the night of you initiation."

"How could I forget princess..." he hesitated then looked towards the dance floor where a slow tune had been struck. "Um...could I have this dance?"

"Sure." He lead her towards the dance floor, Voldemort's eyes grew narrow watching his daughter dance, twirl around and laugh at something Flint said. Enema followed his gaze and smiled, "Do you think she will be fine my lord...after all a dance floor could be..."

"Would you like to dance Enema?" he asked placing her hand as a new faster song struck up. She smiled like a child who was given a trunk load of chocolate, in a breathless voice, "Really me...I mean I'd love to."

Hermione and Flint sat down having light conversation with a few people but her eyes stayed on her father. Flint too looked and warned her, "I think she's hitting on you dad Hermione please do something about it." She smirked and sipped the wine coolly.

"Let her have her fun...then I'll interfere." Hermione winked lightly to a young death eater's son who smiled and winked back. Flint merely watched as the man took another drink and walked lightly towards the dance floor and across to where the two of them where dancing. He was passing by just when Voldemort twirled her but the poor man bumped into her pouring the fire whisky all over her dress.

Immediately she flamed up, "How dare you? Can't you see where you are going? Or are your eyes at the top of your head."

"Enema...." Hermione sighed getting up and walking towards her lightly swirling her drink in her hand, "Why are you getting so angry? Your makeup will get spoilt. Darling I am sure...umm what did you say your name was...Yes Paul – Paul hear did not mean to do that to you. Now relax and let me clear that up for you." Wavering her wand, she cleaned the dress like good as new.

"Thank you so much dear I don't know what I could have done otherwise. I love this dress you know..." she sighed dramatically Hermione looked interested.

"Really? You know daddy love's this colour. Mum mentioned it so many times in her journal...." Hermione told her casually the lady smiled. She's falling into the trap.

Lightly holding on to his elbow Enema smiled, "How could he not? He has such wonderful taste in everything." Hermione hid a smile as her father raised an eyebrow getting a bit irritated. Noticing this Hermione coolly dragged her father away remaining him the ceremony was to open.

"Ladies and gentlemen today is my late wife's birthday. This night most of the time we would have a great amount of fun in her name but tonight I want to grieve her. So tonight am I going to give the resumption of someone who is dead but to celebrate the life I had with her and not grieve her death. Hermione our daughter shall today be given the right she should have had when she was three...Hermione." He stopped looking his teary eyed daughter and opened the curtains behind her. There was a portrait of her mother...beautiful, peaceful and filled with love. In front of it were two candles at each end and a silver flower valise Hermione smiled when her father handed her a lighter to light the candles. She took out her wand and conjured a bunch of yellow and orange marigold is with some greens and set it in the vase. Then she lit the two candles, when she lit the first one she could have sworn the portrait's eyes changed from the sweet love to pride and support. The next candle and Hermione got the shock of her life, the portrait had a cold

emotion with a smirk set to kill someone. Fear ran through her body turning it cold. Giving a fake smile she turned back to her father. Quietly pulling him closer mumbled in his ear, "Umm daddy mind if I go to sleep? I'm feeling kind of sick."

"Sure...do you want Severus to come? I'd come to tuck you in but my pretence important." He told her she shook her head, "No I'll be fine, see you in the morning." She smiled and walked away to her room and changed....her mind was looking through her whole past.

The night's thunders splashed outside the castle, unaware of the whole thing Hermione walked out of the bathroom in the Slytheirne's personal chambers. A place she had begun to maintain since her third year and now something very helpful. This was a place where she could spend some time alone, undisturbed by everyday routines as she completed most of her work. The clock on the bed side table said the time was by now eleven-thirty. Quietly she took a brush and began brushing her hair her mind elsewhere. Slowly hot wet tears dripped down her soft cheeks something that happened with the past got too close to her. Tonight was such a night...today she had to once in for all deal with it. Starting from the very first incident when she was a mere child of four and things she could never forget in her life took place.

Murder of a teenager that night...that is what happened. A girl Matilda who stayed there was a few years older than her. Miss. Matilda she was known as for Hermione. A girl who was very close to her and Derrick that night faced the worst of all...a young woman of sixteen. Three drunk older men of fifty...and sixty had ganged raped her pretty badly and she had bled to death. The scene flashed right before her eyes again...how the girl screamed the word NO repeatedly. Her clothes were ripped off her body and wounded.

That dress Hermione recalled was nothing fancy or beautiful just simple black but cut so tightly. It showed her developing body something that would not have developed anymore. This Hermione knew...she watched as the three older men all dressed in wonderful business suits and sharply dressed now dead drunk. Hermione watched the older girl shivered with fright as the 'care taker' slammed the girl towards them...on to their lap. Her struggles went unheeded through lust filled bodies of men who wanted something that was not theirs. Her screams filled the air no one except Hermione saw them strip her clothes and run their hands through her shivering and rejecting body. She saw them each wound that was inflicted previously into the young girl's body for a long time. She of course was not one of his favorites that is why the man could have her as a virgin. Tears filled Hermione's eyes as she helplessly watched...the girl had attained puberty this morning and he had sold her all ready.

Forced upon by those men finally bleeding to her death naked. It was that night it started, her own abuse. The caretakers who had 'sold' Matilda saw Hermione witness everything, the woman was about to slap her. That is when he stopped her the older woman and knelt down near her, the cold hands traveled across her face lovingly. "Sweet heart did you see that? See what happens to bad girls? Don't be a bad girl ever, never tell any one about it. Be a little angel always...be my little angel."

That was the first time he kissed her on the lips, scarring her and dismissing her. The woman watched the whole thing calmly as Hermione clenching her ragged doll ran away quietly weeping. That was also the very first night Hermione had found Derrick as more than just the bully. Two brown eyes met the soft blue eyes she had seen bullying smaller children during play time. He stood there quiet eyes looking back at her sadly and opened his arms. As a child she never thought about how disgusting boys were, instead she fell into his arms and cried the whole night on the stairs. No words were exchanged only the embrace between the two, all barriers broken. He rubbed her and whispered strange words to console her....two months latter Hermione was called to do the first 'chore': clean the blood. This blood was the blood of the ones who worked on the videos in exchange for money. They were blue movies with portrayal of self abuse and abusing others in a form of 'pleasure'. The money was not much but when sold in the black market ran more than just the orphanage. Any money from it where 'donations' given by people who just loved these children and wanted to help them. Those videos always left blood on the floor...other times it would be because of the caretakers handy work. Hermione and five other girls where made to do this work and all of them were his 'little toys' who had to play with him. Soon Hermione learned to fear the 'chore' and the hot water bath that would come with it, the nice temperature others found comforting she was afraid of them. All this was till the fateful night before she turned seven...the night some of her powers began showing them selves. Like several nights she was thrown down the stairs to clean the floor and bruised her self. Instead crying in pain she rubbed her hand over the wound it disappeared...a slight smile appeared on her face. Something that never happened with out of curiosity she gently placed her hand on the blood it disappeared. She looked up to find Derrick who smiled at her for a moment...only a

moment. That was when it happened he came inside and saw the smile. The very smile she never gave him or anyone was now given to this boy. The older man who was so possessive of her angrily took out a revolver and pulled the trigger...right into her best friends heart. He died as she ran and caught him with a smile on his lips and muttered the words she never forgot. "I love you May."

"I love you too D.C." she replied and he took two small fingers and pressed a kiss and then to her lips. She returned it...he died head on her lap. Somewhere a flame rose engulfing him in it giving him a proper goodbye before she tried to run. A cold voice stopped her on her tracks, he was angry very.

"You are not going anywhere girl. You love him do you? You love him and not me? Then we shall see for you shall stay hear till you die or till you give me that love." He spat angrily he took a step closer but a strange force threw him back and a blinding light flashed across the room. The very room that was empty except for the wooden walls and floor with a concrete roof was blinded with a strange light. Once the light reached out towards everything it stopped flowing into a tall man. Maybe 6...something he was so strange. Long pointed ears and sharp eyes with a longish nose and pale lips. His skin glowed with heath and peace but his dark green eyes seemed to shine with power. His body was covered in a dark gray silk robe that fell down to the ground. A strange aura escaped from him calming her deeply...till she suddenly fell unconscious. The darkness that consumed her this time was not scary or filled with nightmares...it was blissful and wonderful.

Her eyes felt like stones when she tried to open them...slowly she managed and blinked. A blur place with several colors of lights shown down on her. The weight of them was so much that it made her groan and try move her hands to stop it. Only to find that her hands could hardly move – she was that tiered. Slowly she grumbled, "Could some one please turn out the lights?"

A low chuck was heard, "Even in such a state she's polite...how sweet indeed." Even with her eyes closed she felt the lights being dimmed and slowly opened them again. Slowly Hermione opened her eyes enough too look at the place around her. It was a room covered

in curtains except for one window, it had several colors. The rest of the room though was set out with a simple medicine cabinet filled with crystal glass bottles filled with various liquids. Hermione noticed that some of them were sprays, others seemed pure liquid while some past form. On the other side were a bowl of fresh water and a soft fluffy white towel near it. The bed itself was low on the ground with pure white bed spread with navy blue pillows. A fluffy blue blanket was wrapped around her securely around her fragile wounded body. Her eyes slowly landed on the person seated next to her on the ground...for a moment she flinched with fear. Pulling the blanket closer that was not an action to do with the could tried to move away. He chuckled softly, nicely and not in a menacing manner like the person in the orphanage. This one was soft and loving with warm eyes of affection.

She looked at the man carefully...it was someone very much like her savior but not him. This person looked younger...some how she could not place her finger on where. He was dressed differently too in a pair of tight fitting black plastic like trousers and a full sleeved button up shirt that came in a golden brown. His hair too was short and in a thicker black than the other man. What really struck her were the deep dark leaf green eyes that reflected a strange warmth. Quietly he reached out to lay a hand on the trembling child, curiously she looked at them. His hands were long and fingers quiet smooth but what struck her most was that a black cloth was wrapped around his palm and wrist healed together by a bracelet. Smiling he reached out and gently placed a hand on her forehead, Hermione closed her eyes smiling into the warmth. Had she known her family this was the same warmth her father could have provided for a sick child. Unknowingly and surprising her self she moved closer to the older man letting the blankets fall down...there was no need to cover her body up. She was safe...he pinched her cheek gently and smiled sweetly, "You are safe my little Hermione. You are indeed safe."

"S-sir may I know you are you? And if you don't mind me asking...where am I?" she looked around strangely. He continued stroking her hair but answered, softly.

"I am Othalo..." before he could say any more a woman walked in. She was beautiful with long thick hair that fell down in curls. She had

wonderful features and very orange...red lips and golden yellow eyes. Those eyes reflected a great amount of energy and love. Her dress was a sleeveless knee length dress in midnight blue. She too had a white cloth on her wrist with a bracelet holding it together and a copper plate. On the copper plate was a small copper lamp on the attached to the front. She had decorated a small blood red rose set right behind it surrounded by five smaller white flowers. On the side of the flowers was a small copper bowl of what looked like milk. On the other side a similar bowl of a strange sweet smelling dish. The center had a large bowl of some paste. A small bowl of water along with it was also there. The back of the plate had a semi-circle line of white flowers with red tints. He smiled at the woman who caught the child's attention and answered her unasked question, "This is Rena."

"Hermione darling I never thought you would wake up." She told her casually and with obvious relief. Setting the whole plat and its contents down on top of the medicine cabinet bent down to pick the girl up. "Now will you come we need to give you a bath." Her sweet smile faded when the little girl filched at the word... "Don't worry love...I won't let anyone hurt you again. Come." She stretched her hands, surprisingly Hermione placed her self in them letting her be carried. After a long time Hermione actually felt loved by an adult and not hurt...

Rena took the girl to a beautiful bathroom. It was beautiful painted largely in yellow and white arcs all around it...there was a small white toilet with right down. On the side was a white wash basin just right for her with a mirror and two lamps on the side. The corner had a large cabinet with the towels and other personal items. On the side was a large bath tub where you had to climb a few stairs to get in. Hermione was looking around when Rena handed her a tooth brush with some jell on it. "Brush you teeth and I'll fix you're bath some time latter you can fix you own baths...all right darling."

"Thank you." Hermione replied and began brushing her teeth as the lady opened some taps pouring in water with some soaps and gray potion into it. When Hermione stepped in she moved away from the water, "It's warm dear I think you will like it. Now have a bath and I come back out, there are some medicines added...you scars shall be healed darling. I was talking about the ones on your body. The ones

on your heart shall take time though now please have a bath so that I can give you some of the deities blessings for you to be cured and the rest of your medicines.”

“Yes miss I shall be out soon.” Hermione nodded her head up and down Rena smiled and patted her head. “It’s Rena dear no sir or miss hear...now take your time. You’re wounds need tending.” Hermione quietly waited till the woman walked out, finally Hermione got into the bath and let the pain she could not cry out subside within her slowly. The scars were slowly being tended it though not cured, the physical pain subsided. This subsiding pain slowly flowed through her mind lulling her into a soft sleep on the bath tub it self.

A woman who was around her late twenty-one or early twenty-two – that would be depending on how it was viewed. She had a clear slightly oval shaped face with a normal sized but slightly flow in nose. Something that would have looked like a large red chilli had she caught a bad cold, otherwise very pinch able. Her lips were something that always healed a smile teasing and alluring. Good diet made her cheeks look rosy and healthy and her slightly wide forehead gave her an intellectual look. What would have affected any man though were her dark eyes. A well-chosen plane honey brown ankle length skirt and thin cloth like shawl set over left shoulder all the way to the bottom of her skirt. Along with this she wore a yellow and brown printed tube healed on with plastic string in a halter neck form. Her hair was set down wet shoing out all its platinum blond glory with a bouncy and lightly curly look that set with her features perfectly against her shoulders. The little lower than shoulder limit she had cut it of on helped her pull it up back in a clip most of the time. She wore a set of brown six bangles in each end along with six bangles in brown in between on each hand. They clinked as she moved her hand around. Underneath the slightly raised skirt shone a pair of silver anklets and plane brown heel slip on heal sandals. Around her was an aura that struck her beauty strongly to those men who had the misfortune to come across her. Lust was her key game when the 'cover' of a mysterious wind-rider was shed but so far only a handful of men had the pleasure of actually 'sleeping' with her. She was no slut or whore but a woman of dignity that no man ever tried to play with and hoped to survive.

At the moment the aura was shed to be a simple girl with a large bowl of oil in her arms and a spoon. Several copper lamps just like Hermione lit for Athena were set in the large circles. All of them were set up in small copper plats set with small jasmines set all over it. The sweet flower smelled beautiful against the soft rays of the just raising sun. The circle was set around a beautiful pond inside a clearing with the most beautiful wild flowers all around it. Stillness lay like a thick layer only to be rippled by the soft blowing of the winds within the trees and the beautiful songs of the birds. In the exact centre of the pond was a small grey stone shrine holding a very small white marble was a statue of Athena in her warrior outfit. Soft pops' of people appirateing (sp) in and around could be heard. Followed by the soft footsteps of walking some places the soft rumble of engines. Just

then having filled out the lamps Amelia kept the oil away. The white cotton threads were wet with the almost full lamps where dawn was still some time away. The priestess arrived from some where within the flowers holding a small mud lamp. It was shaped in an oval shape with a thread on one side lit. She was also dressed in a similar outfit like that of the girl but in a yellow skirt and a red and yellow printed top. She gently touched the girl's shoulder, "Amelia my wind rider go show the followers to the path of Athena."

"As my priestess Athena of the lands wishes shall be done." Bowing down and giving a full curtsy she walked towards the small clearance of the path where she placed a Lenin cream cloth. Just as she turned away two clear voices spoke, "Into Athena's path we pass with our hearts pure of desire and emotions. Only she holds us when we stand within her grounds..." saying these words they parted the curtains. The girl arrived first as it was suppose to be, followed by the boy.

Hermione was dressed in an ankle length pink skirt and shawl set over her left shoulder. Her top was a white top with pink prints set in a slightly low cut just exposing a bit of her breasts but not too much. The sleeves were set in a layer but with a cut from her shoulders vertically but coming back on with small strings. Her hair was not wet but clearly washed recently; otherwise just like the other two she wore six white bangles on each end with the six pink in between on each hand. Her feet had the same brown shoes and silver anklets with only a slight touch of make up. Next to her stood Blaise dressed in dark brown trousers cut out at ankle length with a simple light brown shirt. It had been open from his chest onwards being pulled together lightly with strings. Full-length sleeves clipped on in place with two leather bracelets. His feet had flat black sandals. The whole outfit healed to him complimenting the amount of energy he placed in working out. Respectfully he went down on one knee and kissed the priestesses hand. She nodded her reply and he took his place behind when Hermione bowed down to the priestess in a full curtsy. Getting up she hugged Amelia deeply and took her own place kneeling down in front of one of the copper plates. Several times the chant could be heard as the other people came inside...nearly fifty people. Twenty-five women and twenty-five men excluding the wind rider and the priestess that is. All the other women and the men were dressed in

pink and white as well knelt down near the lamps where the men stood at the back. The first rays of dawn rose out of the horizon lighting the place and the statue. Slowly and softly in whispers began the chanting but the words grew more powerful and the chanters began swaying. Lit lamps began glowing with a great flame all around it when the strangest happened. Hermione suddenly gave a loud cry of pain and fainted – mid chant. The soft yellow flame in her lap turned red aglow as it floated in the air. A man from behind spoke out, “What dark magic is that? Has great Athena’s place been cursed?” Whispers burst out till the priestess silenced them.

“Stop! Holy land magic does not work its tricks and all are human hear. Athena has called the young one to her bounders we are indeed blessed to be part of the calling...Blaise take Hermione to Dumbledore immediately and yes...” tacking out a crystal bottle she filled it with water the lakes water placed a croak over it. “...Give it to her when she opens her eyes. I shall check on her when I can. Amelia you may go to the chosen one, tell him to keep his hormones in check or he may destroy the bond.”

“As my priestess Athena of this earth wishes.” Amelia knelt down giving a full-blown curtsy before walking out. Blaise bowed down kissed the priestesses hand and walked towards the unconscious Hermione on the ground. Picking her up wedding style walked out and dashed towards the school grounds once he reached the head masters office the statue leapt away. Dumbledore stood there his wand out nodding at Blaise led him to a hidden room with a large bed. Soon as Blaise set Hermione down Dumbledore set a few spells at her his wand light first turned red then blue then pure but clearly existent. Sadly the head master pulled of his glasses and shook his head at the young student. A silent message had passed as a small red flash of light passed across the girls flesh just below her right breast.

Hermione suddenly gave a loud cry of pain and fainted – mid chant. After some time she strained her eyes and opened to find the place empty. Over her stood only a small girl some were near the age of five or six. Her eyes were bright and brilliant looking shining in a deep ruby red that looked so attractive. Her dress was a simple little frock

made of a coarse white material; her little hands held a small bowl of milk. "Drink this missy you need more energy within you..."

"Thank you..." Hermione wished and drank the milk bit by bit the young girl watched. Suddenly she spoke, "Your going on the right path miss...your father can't be saved if you slip. Be aware of the blood curse miss and take care of your self." The words made Hermione's hand let go of the small mud cup in her hands and wake up stetting in a strange room. She was in a large bed with light white bed spreads with dark brown bed covers and cushions. Blaise Zabani sat at her feet looking worried, as soon as she opened her eyes he sat down.

"Hermione are you all right?" she weakly nodded, "Have this holy water she told you to have this." He helped her sit up and take the whole thing in one swig.

"T-thanks Blaise...um where are we?" she asked looking around, just then Dumbledore walked in followed by Snape and Narcissa. "Hogwards my dear, I placed you in a spare room. Now if you please you can go back to your daily work your fit and fine."

"Thank you professor. If you could excuse me I need to go change before break fast sir thanks again Blaise." He nodded in response and walked out, Hermione paused for a moment before going out and decided to apparate to her room and change. Just when she was about to two voices was heard from an empty classroom, Amelia and...Remus? Quietly she hid behind a pillar and listened. Amelia said something like, "...you have to talk to Harry about Hermione Moony she won't tell him her self."

"I don't want him to know from any one else either. Did you see how Sirius got prejudiced after he found out...when she was a baby he loved her so much. Now he hates her more than that." Hermione felt her heart leap to her mouth; Sirius Black loved her when she was a child knowing whom she...Amelia spoke angrily.

"HE DOES NOT KNOW ABOUT HERMIONE'S ROLE YET. MAYBE IF WE TELL HIM HE WILL UNDERSTAND MOONY. SHE NEEDS Harry's PROTECTION. THE GIRL IS A CHILD...SHE COULD NOT

HANDLE THE POWER OF TODAYS PRAYER.” A new voice was soft but firm when responding, the priestess.

“Amelia Hermione fainted not because she could not handle the power. She was summoned by Athena her self. The child is great in her own right and her relation with...” but the lady was interrupted by Moony. “No! Harry should not find out about Hermione till she tells him her self. That is final...” sensing the conversation was finished silently Hermione disapirated from the place. Arriving to her room where she quickly changed her dress to thigh length black denim shorts and a yellow short top. Quickly putting on some make up and pink lipstick pulled on her black heals and some gold accessories. Brushing her hair and pulling it back in a high ponytail packed picked up her file and walked out. Stuffing her fresh cigarette packet and lighter into her pocket angrily. She hated it when people hid things from her especially things regarding her.

Harry and Ginny’s Room:

The sun gently hit the sleeping figures and the girl opened her eyes lazily. “Hmm...” she mumbles and turns around but a hand is set against her waist holding her tightly. “Harry...let me go I need to have a bath.”

“Ginny...five more minutes.” He mumbles placing his other hand around her gripping her better. “Please love?”

“You sleep just let me go please?” she begs sleep finally getting over her system. Still half asleep Harry obliges her request letting her get up, stretching she slips of the bed rubbing her neck. Dressed in a maroon silk nightshirt that reached mid thigh but hung around her body loosely. Along with it a transparent set of slippers as she walked into the bathroom and began brushing her teeth. She returns half an hour latter dressed in a white bathrobe set around her and a white towel on her wet hair. Only to find Harry fast asleep holding to his face the very pillow she slept in. Slowly she sits down near his head and runs her hand through his hair placing the other on his shoulder. Hearing him murmur with comfort she gave a light smile and shook him lightly, “Harry comes on get up...we’ll get late otherwise.”

“Hmm love its Saturday let me sleep for some more time.” He grumbled burying his head deeper into the pillow. Laughing she took of the towel and let some water sprinkle on him, “Hay! Fine...fine...I’m up. I might as well get ready.”

“You do that Harry.” Ginny pushed him towards the bathroom as he grumbled something like, “What no good morning kiss?”

“Harry James Potter go brush you’re teeth at least first.” She yelled closing the door and laughing. Her soul mate was a true lover boy first thing every single morning. Five minutes latter he began yelling from inside for her, “What’s wrong Harry?”

“Soap went into my eyes.” He wined shocked and worried she ran inside to find him standing in his maroon pyjamas bare cheated. The soap he used to wash his face clearly went into his eyes and he was yelling like mad. Ginny gently took away his hands from his face and made him bend down. Gently but firmly splashed water into his eyes and washed the soap clean. Finally he rose up and wiped his face with a towel, seeing he was fine she was about to move away. Suddenly a tight grip in her wrist healed her back, “Don’t go...” she was surprised by the tone. It was not soft or filled with love but painful and begging.

“Honey what’s wrong?” she touched him lightly looking into his green eyes. “Come on tell me...”

Harry bit his lip before continuing, “I suddenly started feeling so alone Ginny...” he whispered pulling Ginny into a tight hug. “I feel so alone at night even when you are just next to me on the same bed...at night I tend to hold you tightly because I’m so alone Ginny. It’s like the whole world is next to me but I’m still alone...that’s why I keep holding on to you so tightly. I’m scared Ginny, I’m scared that some one may take you away from me too...I keep having nightmares...I feel so weak.”

“I know love,” she whispered still rubbing his shoulders and hair, gently pressing a kiss on his shoulder. He responded by pulling her closer by the waist. “I heard you every night and calmed you down...I know the pain your going through Harry. I faced the same thing when

the death eaters attacked my parents...your not weak honey. You're strong...so strong that you faced him repeatedly and did not brake. Not many people can do that Harry." He pulled away and looked at her eyes sincerely, she felt so drawn to the love she saw in his eyes. Never did she imagine that any one especially Harry could love her so much. Hesitantly she smiled he traced her lips with his thumb gently cupping her face in his hands and pulling her closer to him. The space between their lips decreased as he kissed her gently as sparks flew within their bodies. Softly he pulled her body closer into a chaste kiss but soon turned heated. Urgently he ran his tongue through her bottom lip and she opened to give him entrance nervously. A few times after they had kissed Harry realized she was nervous about the relationship and agreed to take it very slow. So far not once had they gone through a make out session even though he wanted one. Even his touching her private parts in the initial times was stopped when he came to know about her insecurity. This did give him some trouble but calmed him self down knowing he wanted Ginny to be comfortable. His hormones needed to be more in control especially with her...now though all caution thrown to the wind. His tongue explored her mouth when his hands roamed all over her back pulling her tightly into him. Her eyes closed she moulded into his mouth when his hands began going down her lower back. Slowly making their way to...suddenly he broke away breathing hard. "Sorry I – I didn't mean to take advantage of you Ginny sorry."

She felt tears burn in her eyes as she looked up; his back was turned to her. Cautiously she stepped closer and placed a hand on him, "Harry." He shook her hand off and firmly told her to leave. "Go Ginny I need to have a shower any way...you go I'll come down some time latter." Harry walked into the shower starting the cold water. Sadly she nodded and left the place tears flowing down her eyes. Getting dressed in a blue dress knee length dress that brought out her beauty wonderfully but without noticing it walked out of the room. She walked towards the great hall when she saw Hermione standing and chatting with Professor Shalaka Martin their defence professor. She was smiling at her star student and handed her a book. Hermione took it and thanked her and continued saying something the ladies laughed at what was said. Just then Narcissa Malfoy walked towards then dressed in ebony robes and a smile on her lips. Her role in school was not very clear but Hermione seemed to be quiet close to

the woman as she hugged her tightly. The three women spoke for some time before Hermione broke away. Three steps and some seventh year Ravenclaw boys said hi to her and they began chatting. Hermione laughed at something they said replied. Once she did that broke away waving to them. Just then noticing Ginny smiled at her and walked towards her, "Good Morning Ginny!"

"Hi Herms – you seem quiet busy." She teased as a few more boys wished her good morning or just said hi. Even though school had been open only for two weeks but Hermione's position had become firm and her beauty made her quiet popular.

"Busy?" she laughed, "Gin I'm not that busy..."

Ginny cut her off, "I was talking about the boys hanging over you like bees over honey. Seriously Herms the way you are now outshines the way you were in the Yule ball last year and that's saying something." Hermione blushed and looked down but did not make any comment. Ginny laughed, "I'll take it that I've won my argument – so even you have noticed the way boys have been noticing you."

"Hmm I have been but it's nothing big all right. I've grown up during this summer that's all." She said firmly, Ginny shook her head firmly. "Hermione Harry and Ron may have not noticed the changes you had in third year. Some other boys did – I noticed the way they began looking at you. Fourth year believe me or not so many boys had their eyes popping out in the ball. Even the fake Mad-Eye Moody was watching you like crazy!"

Hermione stiffened up a bit, "Gin what's really wrong?"

"N-nothing." She stammered, "Besides I was just going to the library and finish get some books."

Firmly Hermione turned her around and looked into her eye, "Come on let's get some coffee. I think you need to talk about it!" Fifteen minutes later and a strong cup of coffee the girls spoke about Harry-Ginny relationship and the insecurities Ginny faced. Rather it was more of a monolog in Ginny's side covering everything from the physical aspects of the relationships to the emotional side. Finally

Hermione spoke, "Your relationship with Harry as far as Harry's side is concerned is going fine. All his actions are largely based on hormonal actions as far as I see it but there are some aspects that show deep emotion. Trust me on this point but he's not very good at expressing his emotions or showing out his weakness. He's the kind of guy who plays hero and tries to solve everything but places himself under great pressure. Now from what you have told me he sees you are more than his girlfriend but shares with you an emotional bond. I don't think he's forcing himself into this Ginny – I've seen the way he looks at you. He gets worried when you don't eat properly, he feels so proud when you achieve good grades...let me finish. There is more to your relationship than physical intimacy he seems to take in both the ways. Ginny I know you enjoy the attention he gives you but your insecure about your body right?"

"I'm not insecure I know that I'm not good enough for him. Look at you Hermione you're so beautiful and boys practically swarm over you that's what Harry deserves. He needs some one who is smart and beautiful like you." She practically yelled, Hermione placed a hand on her gently stopping her from raising her voice.

"Ginny Harry looks at me as his baby sister. For gods sake I can get away with wearing skimpy clothes in front of him with out him noticing I'm grown up. For him I'm just a baby sister except when he needs some one to talk to that is when I am a matured best friend. Harry Potter does not notice me as a girl with a good body shape or a bookworm turned swan like the other boys in this school. That is not the way he looks at you – he is bounded to you emotionally because you understand how you feel. You are the person who faced d-Voldemort and almost fought him. You are some one who loves and understands his passions and fears because you've faced more or less the same things." She explained, "More importantly your two completely opposite people in many respects, he hates potions when you're extremely good at it. You've taken up the 'smatter' subjects compared to him.... I know for a fact that he appreciates you for that. Harry is the kind of person who looks at the world in a completely different angle from you. His outlook towards life, his attitude towards anything and everything he does differs from you. Ginny that is what he needs – a girl who can push him out to work harder, some one who cheers him up when he's upset. He is dependent on you like

your dependent on him. Remember that and never let such great love slip out of your fingers. The pain is great. Trust me I know!" Patting Ginny's shoulder left the kitchen her mind wandering again towards her childhood love Derrick. She remembered the times Rena cleared her wounds...all of them. The cigarette marks, the blade marks, the beatings and ones she got by falling down...every single one. For the first time in her life Hermione felt the closest to pain free...the past wounds in her heart were slowly healing. Her mind flashed with a few memories...running through those grounds behind insects. Dancing barefoot on the grass in an early morning as dew had swept her feet. Watching great dances and clapping her hands along with the others watching them dance. Slowly pushing away the tears that swept within her eyes Hermione walked around lazily feeling her heart fall over in pain. A voice called her from behind in a light drawl of mockery, "Why if it's not the sweet Hermione Riddle...not with any of your friends? What happened honey not able to kill Harry as yet?"

Rolling her eyes she turned around to face Sirius who stood there against a pillar. His hands folded against his chest, dressed in a simple blue jeans and a white and blue checked polo shirt. He still had the biker gloves on his wrists so she knew he drove over in his bike on his way to some place. Instead of dropping her gaze continued to look at him, "What do you want Black? Make it fast I don't have all day."

"Nether do I brat I just came to tell you not to give Harry a hard time in his remedial potions class. You Severus is doing that enough." He commented smirking at her she rolled her eyes and firmly replied him.

"Listen good – he's my papa...my legal guardian and you stay out of our lives. As far as my remedial potions classes are concerned leave that to me." She snapped walking away into a room feeling her heart practically pound. Badly needing to smoke pulled out her case when a crack was heard behind her, getting irritated she snapped, "WHAT?"

"It's Dobby miss." The little elf squeaked happily thinking Hermione misunderstood him for some one else. Placing a fake smile and the case away turned around, "Sorry I thought it was some one else. So you needed me for something?"

“Professor Dumbledore is calling you miss. He says it’s urgent.” Hermione nodded and the elf cracked away, groaning she marched towards the Head master’s office. Walking inside though she stood surprised to find the man was not alone but accompanied by two other people. Remus and Amelia sat there one looking very guilty and the other happy to see her. Smiling he got up and hugged her tightly, after all she had been his pet since she was in third year.

“Remus – air.” She laughed but hugged him back any way, “So how are you?”

“Wonderful dear now let me look at you properly. My god how do you maintain you self? Are you eating well?” he asked concerned. Smiling she nodded happily, he sat down and sat her down on the arm of his chair. “Now how has school been treating you...don’t you have an exam on Monday?”

“Wow...stop a minute will you?” she asked placing an arm around his shoulders, “I am eating well but I exercise a lot because it releases the stress. School’s treating me wonderfully...just comes for a walk with me and you know that. As far as my exam is concerned yes it’s on Monday and I’m prepared for it. Now tell me about your self how is life treating you?”

“Excellent largely research work...so it’s very flexible. You know I have been cured of my umm hairy problem right?” he asked, she happily nodded, “Well then in the mean time were trying to find a way to brew this in great amounts...and I know about you.”

“Remus – I heard the three of you talking today morning.” His smile faded and he looked down with out braking her gaze she added, “Thank you for saying what you did...I’m no weak child and neither do I need Harry’s protection. I don’t want him to find out and that is final.”

Amelia decided to interrupt at this point, “Hermione. Harry’s powers could really help you out I believe he is the Hair of Griffindoor and Griffindoor is a real fighter...”

“First of all Amelia I can decide who would help me in this war. Second of all I’m sick and tired of you keeping me in the dark of these things and spying on me. I’ve made my decision: I’m taking the quits.” Taking of the chain she returned it (threw it at the girls face) firmly, “Don’t bother me again until I come to you asking for help.” Dumbledore looked shocked where as Amelia was close to tears. “Don’t give me all that nonsense there is nothing between the two of us now. You may leave.”

“Hermione please. I really want you to be safe...otherwise I would not have done what I did.” She pleaded but it fell on deaf ears. “W-what if you are attacked again in school? How will you protect you if Harry does not know about what is going on?”

“Amelia if you and your priestess did you job properly then you know that the four of the seven warriors are found. Only three more are left to identify them selves and as far as I’m concerned only these four are more than capable of helping me out. I don’t need you wonder boys help in any way.” She snapped standing up and walking towards the door. When no one stopped her she opened it and walked out not even bothering to wish any one a good day. File in hand containing all her important notes this was getting to be worse by the day – “Five minutes and I don’t have a cigarette in my system I’ll scream.”

“If that’s the case mind giving me some company miss?” a voice teased smiling she hugged Sam lightly and let her self be led to a secret room. “Seriously Mia I badly needed a smoke my self and you’ve got to try the new ones I got ordered yesterday. Besides I know your running low on your own...so might want to change.” He offered her a Winston Red box unlike her own white ones. She nodded clearly because indeed her cigarettes had been going down and she was about to order some more. Lighting his then her own took in a puff and exclaimed.

“Wow! This is good...thanks Sam. Hay can you give me the suppliers address I’ll order my stuff today it self...um how long will he take?” she asked cautiously taking another draw. Sam thoughtfully sucked in before answering. “He’s in Homemade so go send him a letter right after breakfast...the size you order will be back by say tonight or tomorrow morning.”

“Really thank you so much buddy.” She smiled and gave him a light hug around the waist with her free hand. He returned it by placing a hand on her shoulder. “All right then I better make a move I need send the post before breakfast! Chances are there that my cigarettes will finish any time today.”

“Hmm I can see that.” Both of them walked after finishing their cigarettes, and walked out together chewing the gum Hermione had with her.

Back in Harry’s Room:

Rubbing his head he began looking at his wardrobe. Finally picking up black jeans and a dark blue and grey combined polo shirt with some light sandals got dressed. Quietly he spent a few moments looking at him self, his mind going back to his reaction to Ginny. When he hugged her it was like some one finally coming home the only thing he wanted most...something...his thoughts trailed of knowing she still felt she was not up to it. Sadly running his hand through his hair walked out towards the gardens with his school bag and some parchment knowing that his life was practically down in the dumps. With out even realising where he was going bumped into some one.

“Hay Ron. Going some where?” he grinned, Ron was dressed in a set of faded black jeans and a black t-shirt with yellow neck and sleeves. Smiling he shook his head but pulled the bag up a bit containing the homework he planned to complete today. “Kidding or what? Hermione will kill us if we don’t finish our home work.” Laughing Harry nodded and they began walking towards the kitchen for a cup of coffee and some muffins. As they were going around the corner Harry accidentally bumped into some one dressed a set of green tracks and a cream sleeveless t-shirt with green border and sidelines. He had a medium size black sports bag on his shoulder with a set of sports shoes on his feet. The person looked up when Harry was opening his mouth for an apology but raced him to it.

“Morning Potter, Wesley sorry about that I was preoccupied.” Surprised Harry stammered a few seconds before answering.

"It's fine Malfoy." Nodding to both the boys the blond began walking away but stopped and turned around, "Potter!" Harry turned around, "Can you give Hermione this medicine after breakfast? I...missed her in the morning!"

"Sure." Harry caught a round long blue transparent bottle with a white cap on it filled with some pills. "How many?" Holding up two fingers Draco walked away calmly like this was a common happening. Harry was about to pocket the pills when a hand pulled it out of his hand...turning around he saw a man dressed in dark brown trousers with a light brown half sleeved shirt. A light moustache and hair pulled back, Remus Lupine. The smiles of Ron and Harry widened and the latter teased, "Moony what no hi?"

"First tell me who gave you these pills Harry." He demanded looked worried.

Harry caught a round long blue transparent bottle with a white cap on it filled with some pills. "How many?" Holding up two fingers Draco walked away calmly like this was a common happening. Harry was about to pocket the pills when a hand pulled it out of his hand...turning around he saw a man dressed in dark brown trousers with a light brown half sleeved shirt. A light moustache and hair pulled back, Remus Lupine. The smiles of Ron and Harry widened and the latter teased, "Moony what no hi?"

"First tell me who gave you these pills Harry." He demanded looked worried, Ron answered him, "Malfoy – told Harry to give Hermione these pills today morning after breakfast." Remus looked at the pills for another moment then asked Ron for some spare parchment and copied the name of the medicine down. Returning them to Harry he nodded quietly looking disturbed when the boy placed it into his pocket. "Now come on...I'm sure there are many Griffindoor's who would like to have a breakfast with you Remus." Walking to the great hall they filled in each other on many things mostly the light stuff and nothing serious. Half way through they passed another man who brought a smile to Harry's lips. "Sirius!"

"Hay kid!" Sirius hugged him tightly, then slowly letting him go searched his face a smile lighting on his own, "Missed you a lot."

"Me too Sirius. Me too!" Ruffling the boy's hair they stood there chatting. Ron was busy telling Sirius about some thing he read in a magazine when Harry called out to some one behind them, "Hi Hermione." Sirius turned around and his smile faded a bit knowing his godson was still friends with that girl. Surprise too over him at the sight of what she was wearing her shorts were holding on to her body more than anything and her t-shirt showed out a part of her midriff lightly along looking up she smiled at Harry but turned back to the boy she was talking to holding a book. Even from his distance Sirius could make out the long earnings she wore on her ears and the way her hair was set made her look even more pleasing. Suddenly he felt his heart beat go up but not understanding how, she moved her fingers over a point explaining something to the seventh year. He thanked her smiling she walked towards Harry, "Morning sorry about keeping you waiting."

"No problem Hermione." He assured her placing a hand on her shoulder and pulling her closer, "Remus and Sirius are spending the week end hear."

"I know Harry I bumped into both of them today morning...now can we go I need to leave for London after breakfast." She told Harry seeing his disappointed face added hesitantly, "Come on Harry cheer up Sirius and Remus are hear and you can spend a day with them...get to know more about your parents and all. Besides I'll only be intruding..."

Sadly Harry smiled and led her to the hall where not many teachers and very few students were seated for breakfast, some in their pyjamas. Leading the adults to the Griffindoor table (at the moment completely empty) sat down. Hermione sat down and Sirius came down next to her on the corner. Harry on his other side at the corner again. Ron sat down next to Harry but comfortably loading his plate with food like he had not eaten for days and began shoving them into his mouth. Remus sat on the opposite side of Sirius. Hermione laughed and served her self some eggs and reached out to take some toast when Sirius reached out for a pitcher of pumpkin juice accidentally brushing her hand. Hermione took her hand of as though it burned, mumbling "Sorry."

Remus who noticed the exchange looked at his once start student and his best friend with out comment. Ginny joined them near Ron wishing everyone good morning. Hermione smiled at her lightly "Better now?"

"Thanks Hermione I really needed some one to talk to...can we catch up again some time today?" she asked hopefully giving her a sad smile Hermione shook her head. "I have to go to London today where I have some work...sorry Ginny."

"Does this mean you will be gone all day Hermione?" she asked sadly, "No just till may be after lunch...but don't worry I'll set up a girls night. You know we could talk all night...pig out practically. Even skip a proper dinner and settle for totally junk food dinner?" Ginny cheered up and nodded, "All right then next Saturday? I'd say tomorrow but I really have to prepare for my exams."

“No problem next Saturday sounds fine.” Ginny assured her pouring out juice for her self. “By the way thanks for talking to me over that cup of coffee...I do feel better about my self now.”

“That’s what I wanted.” She replied as Sirius began pouring out some juice into her goblet, half way through she stopped him. “Enough! Enough! Thanks but I really don’t take much of this juice in the morning.” She stated Sirius gave her light smile and continued with his own brake fast and so did Hermione. This was till she finished her eggs and half her toast eating and eating when a lightly rough hand touched her knees making her gasp. Due to her powers she knew Sirius’ intentions were not good and nether was his touching casual. Firmly placing her hand on his internally praying she did not need to give him the same treatment as Luscious Malfoy like that night. He placed his hand on her knees again slowly rubbing his fingers beneath her thigh making her very uncomfortable and shift in her seat. Again she took his hand of but this time giving him a slight shot of her power – a small dosage of pain but not exactly his worst memories.

Sirius suddenly began remember with extreme speed many memories he had long forgotten but pained him none the less. A nine-year-old boy standing as his parents burnt a thick journal with a blue cover holding a painting on its cover. A nymph dressed in an exquisite blue long dress with light brown hair seated on a large bolder looking towards the sea with a happy smile. This book contained many of his personal emotions and ideas but now all was lost. He felt his breath catch and the next memory came past not even realizing that a pair of brown eyes was performing legitimacy on him. This time he remembered Luscious Malfoy making a statement of how Sirius was a blood traitor...having his cosine laugh at him harshly. Another was one where he watched as a small puppy he had grown attached to as a ten year old being killed by his brother and his friends as sport. His breathing became hard and he brought his hand out form under the table, the memories stopped. As though nothing happened Hermione opened the file and began reading through those A4 size cut parchment of notes...notes and more notes. Sirius noted that her notes seamed far and wide using several books from studies in most probably her family home. At the moment running through a point-to-point details about the stars and the theory related

to it...some thing she could have used to get through her NEWT's if she wanted. She was calmly reading her notes when a voice behind her came, "Hermione! I seriously can't accept this."

"Hi Dean and first of all happy birth day. Now what can't you accept? You deserve that 'E' for your last essay." She said with out even looking up. An eco of happy birthdays and thank you's before he shoved a wooden framed painting in front of her. It was not very big...not larger than a4 sheet of paper but the work of art was beautiful indeed. A white marble statue of a woman who was extremely beautiful and greatly happy but her body language expressed pain and scars set out by a golden whip. These wounds were clearly expressive and set across despite the pale white dress she wore again set out in marble. Her features were soft but the whip that hit across her creating pain was evident in her pleasurable self-abuse. Even small details like the arousal she had could be seen despite the clothes and the way her dress was cut through a course material again expressed a pained soul. Around the statue the barground was in a dark blue featuring the woman even more clearly holding the light in a sensual manner at the same time giving her pain the spotlight. Harry gasped when Ron's jaw dropped, Sirius who sat down next to her looked awed despite him self. Hermione just looked confused.

"I don't see why not you said you liked it...and this is a smaller copy I made for you. The original is still with me." Satisfied Dean thanked her for her gift smelling she nodded went back to work for thirty seconds. Finally getting over the shock Harry spoke, "I never knew that you were such a good artist Hermione."

"There a lot you don't know about me Harry." She said softly before getting back to her notes and eating at the same time. Remus looked at her over his cup of coffee when Sirius was reading through her notes as casually as possible. Just as she was taking another sip of her coffee she smiled her body relaxing evidently, "Mum thank god you're hear. I need some advice."

Sirius looked at her in surprise, "How did you know she was behind you?"

“Perfume.” She replied as Narcissa stood behind her and looked at her notes, “I’m not sure how to explain these points what do I do if they come in the exam.”

“Don’t answer that question.” Narcissa told her simply making Hermione look at her surprised. “One more point if you’re going to have lunch change into some dress. The restaurants don’t tend to let girls dressed in shorts inside.” Nodding Hermione went back to her notes and Narcissa walked over to the head table calmly. Leaving a surprised Sirius and Remus, Harry, Ron and Ginny were not too surprised considering she was constantly saying mummy papa when she addressed them. The girl continued to eat some grapes and finally took an apple from the fruit bowl stating, “I’m done. See you guys latter?”

“Sure.” Ron waved but Harry remembered her medicine and called after her, “Hermione. You medicine...”

“O no! I totally forgot.” She took two pills popped them into her mouth and took a gulp of Harry’s juice to wash them in. “Uuh I hate it’s taste. Can you return them to Draco?”

“Sure.” Harry pocketed the pills and watched as Hermione walked out of the door. Once she was out he turned to Sirius, “Are you busy today Sirius?”

“Sort of Harry – actually the two of us came to give Albus a report before strengthening the school wards. Anything you wanted?” he asked as his godson feeling terrible about his miserable face. “You wanted to spend some time with me didn’t you?”

Harry nodded sulking, “Its just that I have been missing you a lot and I thought I could talk to you about mom and dad today as well.” Sirius patted his shoulder and Remus looked down sadly, the boy wanted more information but they were too busy to tell him. “Any way I have to leave, practice.”

Ginny gently patted Sirius’s hand before getting up knowing how upset he was, “Why don’t you go and talk to him...you did mention almost the whole order was coming right?”

"I guess I could do that." Sirius agreed and ran after Harry calling out his name but did not find him anywhere near but something else he did notice. Hermione just walked out of a class her eyes slightly red from crying and a sad look on her face. Clearly she had been crying and felt shaken by what Sirius did.

"Why if isn't the brat her self..." Clearly not expecting him she looked up shocked slightly edging away, Sirius made his move towards her finally cornering her against the wall, "...what was it you did to me? Some dark magic to scare me of – too bad kid now I am even more determined. I swear if Harry get's hurt in any way you will be paying more than you know it. Got that?" he growled Hermione who was cornered was looking down with fright. His last words made her look up shaking like a leaf, there was so much fear in her eyes that Sirius knew that he was getting closer to his destination. Slowly his hands left the wall near her and began rubbing against her hands and shoulders, "If Harry gets hurt I am going to make sure you feel so terrible about your life that you'll beg me for your death." She began shaking at the breath on her lips that were so familiar but such a distant memory, the fear of being physically abused or being kissed waddled in her. Just as his hands neared her left breast she shut her eyes scared, a voice called him firmly, "SIRIUS BLACK."

Hermione sensed him moving away and risked looking at her saviour though scared, a relived smile spread across her face seeing the person. Pushing away from Sirius she ran down the hall strait to her rooms towards her safety with out even thanking her saviour – Shalaka Martin. Back in the corridor the teacher was glaring at the abuser. "Step into my office Mr. Black we need to talk!"

When they stepped in Sirius glanced around looking at the glass book shelf, three or four books seemed to be missing. Largely works on Defence Against the Dark Arts, Arithmacy and had he read it right? "War fare and strategy?"

"My collections are not the point I called you for – answer my question. What were you doing to Ms. Sofymore?" she asked, Sirius simply smirked and corrected her, "Don't you mean Ms. Riddle? For gods sake that girl has Slytherin blood running in her veins."

“She also has a small bomb force running around the school set to her word.” Shalaka replied in a low voice, “The top people know her truth and they also know the extent of some of her powers. Fifty percent of the sixth year defence students have made it to that level because of her. I don’t know what she said to convince them but they are convinced and are backing her up every second. One more thing you may need to know is that she taught the people things so fast that they learnt three years of material in just four to five months despite the work load. She has that technique of inspiring them and indulging them and encouraging them to get everything right. I don’t know her techniques and nether do I know how she’s been playing it but one thing I know. She is the one who got a large number of students to get a hang over some of the craziest spells ever! What I don’t understand is how did she do this with out having Harry’s hero image by her side. One more point, yes she knows and understands the dark arts but there is no love for it. Mr. Black don’t play with her – it’s close to playing with flames.”

Sirius looked at her with a gleam in his eyes, “Exactly my point Ms. Martin that girl is the flame that could destroy my godson.”

“No Sirius if I may call you so...she is the ring of flame protecting Harry and Ginny only because of one reason.” Sirius looked confused and even perplexed at the statement, “She owes her life to you and James, she knows this. That girl is repaying her dept of life to the two of you by protecting the two people you held dear – knowing her heritage. Since second year when she was hear she has known and has been working against so many things facing so much pain she should never have and passed it. The girl is more than a dangerous little brat Sirius; she is cunning, charming and child like at times but trusts me she is also ambitious and viscous when she wants to be. Her mind is powered by logic and duty more than emotion but her magic is powered more by emotion than logic. I don’t know why she did not defend her self against your assaults but trust me you may not be successful the next time. She killed Luscious Malfoy when he tried to misbehave with her. You may go.”

Sirius looked shocked and got up to leave, but she stopped him for a moment, "Narcissa and Draco both know of her act and support her but don't tell Harry you don't want to face her wrath."

Sirius opened the door but leaning against the door stood Sam Hamilton. His dress was casual though a blue jeans and a tight fitting white t-shirt along with some crazy leather jewellery. The look on his face was not good, "Neither would you Shalaka – even after knowing the extent of her temper and trust you said it all to Sirius Black? No offence to you sir but she does not quiet trust you after your acts today morning. She may be a child but you know how she is...please be careful with her. Have a nice day Mr. Black, professor."

"What did he mean by that?" Sirius asked after they boy left as mysteriously as he came, Shalaka smiled, "Just this that Dumbledore is not the only one he is scared of – she shares that title." A smile spread on her face as he gently gulped and walked out the room.

Wizard London: Shopping Area

Hermione who had changed into a knee length pale pink dress that came up to her knees. It was slightly low cut and broad holders with short sleeves. The front part falling down from the sleeves were healed up with a belt like material slightly bellows her breasts but right above waist length. Her sandals were in a front slip on with light heels with a buckle type at the ankles with light heels not too much. On her shoulder from a small silver clip hung a fairly small pink handbag. On one hand was a set of pink bangles that jingled as she moved when she walked and on the other a silver elegant watch. She wore earrings set like a small round silver with pink stones hanging from it like leaves. Her hair was not pulled up but left out open falling slightly on her face as she walked. Her eyes gently scanning the shops as she walked. Many people turned around and looked at her wondering if she was a teen-age model. She did look like that and one point she knew quiet well, most of the people who lost their balance were artists looking for new ideas. Just near the time of their leaving was a wizard art gathering where many artists would gather in London, the morning birds were famous for going around places. She knew many of them wanted her to work as a model for them since the article but she constantly refused. Finally finding the shop she wanted

walked in her eyes looking for the two people she wanted to meet that day. Smiling went inside and said, "Hi!"

Freed turned around and scooped her up and swung her around, "Hermione what a pleasant surprise."

"Young lady what is this you are wearing?" came a 'stern' voice behind her, turning around to face George she asked, "Any problem?"

"None at all." He too hugged her tightly, "Missed you a lot kid."

"Yeah – me too." She hugged him back tightly, immediately the twins exchanged a look, something was disturbing her, pulling away George started pulling her up the stairs for their apartment. "Where are we going?"

"Our flat come on have a cup of coffee with us!" George dragged her as Freed left instructions for them not to be disturbed. Once inside and the door was closed, warded and silenced they turned around to face her. Sitting on the couch-crossed leg looking far away, Freed looked at his twin who nodded and walked towards the kitchen and made three cups of rich brownish red tea. Adding two sugars in one of them walked back and handed the cup to Hermione who sat there looking tiered. Giving a light smile she took the cup and sipped silently before speaking.

"Thank you." He nodded quietly watching his twin place a hand on her knees urging her to speak up, "Can you tell me what a blood-line curse is?"

George looked confused when Freed wondered both recognized the term from some were, "Hmm...that is something Bill mentioned a few times about a blood curse did he not George?"

"He did Freed, so did Sirius...now what did they say it was? It was something like the gifts of those powerful wizards and witches who send their powers down the line. Same way a curse can be sent – but 'Mia that's quiet a dark curse work and most of the time the person who cast the spell is driven to a cursed life. Something like drinking unicorn blood where you are harming generations of innocence and

harmless creatures like the unicorns. The last order meeting was practically around all these blood bonds...you know the one that protects Harry. It is suppose to have a lot of power and all why are you asking?"

"I-I we-ell it's nothing important, just something I came across." She muttered not being able to say it out loud. Freed looked at her gently rubbing her shoulders up and down when George took the empty cup and placed it on the low coffee table returning his attention towards her. Gently running his hand up hers, quietly she moved away and stood facing her back towards them Freed came and hugged her from behind. Slowly and gently began rubbing her waistline trying to get her to relax but the opposite effect took place, she became stiff and gently moved away from him. "S-sorry Freed I – I've really got to go. Thank you for the tea George."

George watched as Hermione practically ran down and turned to Freed with curious eyes, "What happened to her?"

"I don't know George but first when I rubbed her she was fine but when I hugged her from the back...well my own intentions changed." He looked curiously as he continued, "A second there my intentions changed, I wanted to turn her around and kiss her more than comfort her. Think she started sensing the change?"

"Must have – she did get scared and you know how good an instinct she has." George told him solemnly out of character both the boys began noticing the beauty of the girl they once considered only 'little bro's best friend' like all hormonal teenagers. One thing they agreed upon clearly, she was off limits. Sighing they went back to work attending more customers.

Hermione started feeling the intention change in the boy's movements. A fear set through her, agreed she did want to break a few hearts but not there, they were her friends. Not wanting to mislead her intentions or relations practically ran from there. Running a hand through her hair breathed for a few moments collecting herself before walking towards the bookstore and handed the list she wanted to the assistant. "Yes Ms. Sofymore your books are ready

could you give me a few minutes and I'll just pull them together for you?"

"Sure go ahead. I'll just look around your shop and see if there is anything else I'd like." She smiled politely and walked around casually towards the back of the shop. The front parts she had already looked at and the back held the 'rare' books. Gently skimming through the books with her fingers her hand stopped on one particular curiously. Blood Bonds – the Powers Passed Down Picking it up she read the back and felt surprised by what she found.

"Blood bonds are the passing down of power as heritage down the line just like a property. Unlike the other materialistic properties blood bonds do not tend to wear off thus the power stays within the family. This book looks at the details of the blood bonds and the extraordinary cases where some wizards and witches have struck out due to their ancestor but creating a mark for themselves. Several cases such as those are pointed in this book proven through family lines and deep study of certain great lines and the power bestowed within them."

Pleased with what she read and hoping to understand the details better she placed the book in the bag she picked up. The next book she found interesting though was in the ancient history section, a very ancient book obviously reprinted in the last twenty years. The Life, Death and Legend of Cecilia Slytherin, by Roltrex Bridge translated by C.J. Williams. Curiously she turned the book over for the blurb and read it,

"Cecilia Slytherin daughter of Salazar Slytherin and Lillian Potter (latter Lillian Slytherin by marriage) was as notorious as her father for different reasons. Her power was vast and her life very fascinating because of her adventures and presentations. Than her life more interesting is her abilities and the legend connected with her and her prophesy. She stood for everything the Slytherin held as a pride but at the same time held greatly for her Gryffindor characteristics. What is most interesting through is the legend of the girl (when translated) that says she is in many ways the "Child Of The Dark"....

Curious at that point Hermione opened the book and saw the portrait of the woman who was said to be Cecilia Slytherin. The picture almost made her drop the book out of pure surprise and shock! Staring back at her was a woman in maybe her early twenties, sharp dark green eyes with wavy blond hair with slight curls that framed her oval face nicely. She wore a deep green dress set in an off-shoulder sense but partly alongside full-length sleeves and a long skirt. On her neck was a set of emerald drop earrings with a similar necklace set but what was most surprising was the mark right above her wrist a birthmark. A red cobra standing up in all its glory...this was the mark. This was her magical mark...the one that appeared when she killed Luscious Malfoy.

Flash-back Hermione's angle It was the celebration dinner when the mass break out of Death Eaters had taken place. Many death eaters including Luscious Malfoy who had been captured just some time ago had escaped and Dementors had switched sides. Thanking the stars that they could not affect her Hermione celebrated and chatted away with Bellatrix calmly discussing the Dark Arts. In reality she was checking her mind through to find something related to her mother's murder but found none. Frustrated and tired walked into her room removing the pearl necklace she wore and placed it in the box along with the earrings. Calling Winky gave the box and pulled off her dress putting on a cream bathrobe and had a bath. When she waddled in the jasmine bubble bath thought back on a plan about how to stop Luscious, she knew he was planning to 'have' her tonight. Calmly pulling her self in yoga position meditated focusing her powers to mix with her body completely. Slowly a plan developed a plan, getting up and drying off smiled to her self. Narcissa, Draco and Severus were already warned to be ready to face his death, now all she needed was to wait for him to come. Dressing her self in a set of kaki shorts and grey tank top hiding within her dress her daggers so that he could not see them. Standing in front of the mirror as though she knew nothing brushed her hair dry. Promptly the knock came; he had got away from the party now for the spider to fall into the trap. Irritated she called, "Come in."

Opening the door and walked in still dressed in those dark yellow robes he wore for dinner. "Am I disturbing you Hermione?"

“Luscious not at all – I thought it was one of those pesky House-elves come to ask how warm I’d like my milk.” She lied; she knew it was he, placing her hairbrush down turned towards him. Hiding a winning smirk when he admired her body asked innocently, “I was going to have a drink will you give me some company?”

“A great pleasure indeed my dear.” Nodding Hermione began walking towards the bar but he stopped her, “Please allow me to fix them.” With a movement of her hand she let him gracefully go towards the drink and watched as he poured two glasses in her’s added a magical suppression potion. She smirked; he did not know she was a kick boxer and an expert in various forms of sword fighting and dagger work along with excellent reflexes. This was going to be fun, walking towards her he handed her the drink and gave her a toast. She drank half of the glass in one gulp and began feeling the expected results, a throat burn making her go down on her knees. When she looked on the ground gaining control of her body again she heard Luscious speak, “ I’m sorry I have to do this to you.” He did not sound so, she felt her self-gain control over her body, just a few more minutes, really my dear you were so beautiful just like your mother. Thank god that was all you saw through you never saw how I lusted for her and that lust soon turned to you. That night you recall? When you had a fight with your father? That is when I saw you as a woman a fully-grown woman...I wanted you so badly but your father came in the way. But tonight my dear nothing for you will satisfy me. In your drink it was slightly shall we say spiked dear? Now your powers will be mild enough for you not to resist but surely your will enjoy our lovemaking.” She gasped at the statement as though surprised. Finally she pulled through the final act, stammering and struggling till she managed to say point to him his error. When she looked up at him this time he saw in her eyes a cold personality, some one with no feeling. Taking her dagger slit his throat and let him die then crumpled the knife with her bare hands...another danger out of the way...then she put up her scared act. Glycerine eyed tears and fearful voice clinging to her father tightly blah blah blah but what took place after that was what struck her odd at the moment. Once they left she closed the door and secured it this time making sure Peter was not around, she could deal with him latter. Stretching her hand she moved her hand in a half eight movement in the air, suddenly it solidified to a red king cobra and fell to the ground with a thud. Calmly

she watched as it encircled it self around the man and crumpled him to nothing with a strange red flame. Once the work was done she again waved her hands in the air the snake disappeared just like it had come.

Staring at the picture she thought, "It's exactly like the cobra I had summoned.... What's is going on hear?" Deciding she wanted this book placed it in the bag and searched around looked around to find some thing more that could help her. Nothing till the assistant reappeared with the fourteen large volumes in the list that were to be collected. "There you go miss, I have the books you wanted and those Lord Severus Snape had asked for...separate bills am I right?"

"Yes – please add these two books to my list." She handed him two books to the list she had been given about DADA by Shalaka. Two bags one filled with books on potions and the books on some new potions and another with these books and those books she was asked to buy. "Would you like to take them with you or would you like me come and collect it once you are done shopping?"

"I'll come back latter thank you." She smiled politely paying up for her books (he sent a transaction paper for his) and took a small blue chip with a button on it as he placed a plaster with a similar number code on her bags. Walking out she walked into the next shop, the drug store, without giving the clerk a chance banged down the list and the money. He nodded and told her that everything will be ready in ten minutes, "Please fill this form for the drinks and they shall be transported to where ever you wish them ma'am."

"Hmm..." she picked up the parchment and the quill dipping it in the dark black ink well and began filling in the form. By the time she was done with all her details and signed the man returned with a medium size bag of her cigarettes and large bottle of pills and a two large boxes of beers. "That would be..." she shoved a white card in front of him, "...o, of course." Giving the bill and getting her signature on another copy thanked her profoundly. Rolling her eyes grabbed her package and walked out getting irritated with the way that man was staring at her – hay there were so many fourteen year olds who smoked and drank. For god's sake she was a big girl, granted she was almost a year younger than her friends considering her birthday

was in November and she joined the school when she was only ten and not waited till eleven like others. God! Some people!

“Hermione?” surprised she looked up hiding the bag behind her quickly, “Bill hi....” She smiled brightly behind her bag casting a charm on it so that the bag looked like from a clothes store nearby in muggle London. Quietly she took a second to look study him, dressed in what looked like black muggle jeans and a light blue shirt along with a black formal jacket. Surprised seeing him in an outfit asked, “...your working today?”

“Of course I’m not working today Hermione – I’m going to hand out in muggle London for some time though. Like to join me?” she shook her head at the invitation, “Hay come on obviously its your day of and I know your from a muggle family so just hang around outside your already outside school.”

She looked down a bit and shifted her feet, “Actually I came out only for half a day and that is because I have some errands. Plus I kind of need to finish them before lunch...I’m having lunch with my uncle. But thanks for the offer any way.”

“Sure but I really want to talk to you about something Hermione can I walk with you for some time this conversation really has to take place.” He added firmly, sighing she gracefully showed the way for him to walk with him. Lightly liking her arms against his own and walked near him, “So what is it you wanted to talk to me about?”

“Starters – you being in Slytherin.” She groaned, “Try and be careful because many of his followers have family members in that house and he is after you too...that is common knowledge.” Hermione groaned.

“Bill – point number one, Draco and Pansy are on my side and there is no way any of the Slytherine’s would even try to make me submit to their wills. The reasons are something’s I can’t talk about so I’m sorry and Sam is there he’ll take care of me.” she argued, Bill stopped a moment before continuing, “That is the next point. Who is this Samuel Hamilton?”

Gently pulling his hand she lead him into a stationary shop and began looking around picking up things before answering. Bill laughed out right when he saw the colours of ink she had just bought, "Black I understand but red?"

"I'm an assistant professor remember?" she snapped, "But getting back to your question..." she paused and looked through some letter pads, "... Sam is my good friend and he convinced the hat to put him in Slytherin only for keeping an eye on me."

"No – no kid I was asking if you are...er...no offence but you are like another kid sister to me and that is why I ask...are you romantically involved with him?" Bill finished only to find her bursting out with laughter holding her stomach. Finally composing her self she spoke up.

"Well my darling over protective brother – I know for a fact that he is involved with Lavender Brown at the moment. As far as Sam's family is concerned well...they have been very good to me. Sam's aunt is my godmother...papa was married to her so he became my godfather. Mum chose the two of them when she saw they were trust worthy of my care. The only reason he keeps checking on me most of the time is because he is a good friend who knows the amount of danger I am in – happy?" she teased seeing him smile and nod. "Now I see there is another question shoot."

"You seam to lack a love life." He stated simply she blushed so much that it told otherwise, placing a hand on her shoulder asked gently, "You have a crush on some one or you with some one?"

"Second one but I really don't want to talk about this all right?" she asked he took her chin in his finger and made her look at him but removed his hand shocked. She was not blushing but her face was red because of suppressed anger, hurt and...tears? "Sorry – please I really don't want to talk about it..."

"I understand – but if you want to talk to some one you can always come to me Hermione. Wait – don't say we are hardly close etc, etc because I know at the same time I'd like to get closer to you...do come any time you want Hermione." Looking at him she smiled and

nodded, "Good – umm Hermione you could buy some better quills you know..."

"I can afford them yes but it's better this way considering the amount I write." She informed him as she took two boxes of eagle feather quills. Picking up two boxes of white envelopes and adding them to her shopping chart, "Believe it or not I write a lot of letters around for people."

Bill smiled and watched as she did it, "I know Hermione mum told me how you would take an effort to write letters to her..." he stopped when he found her picking up speed a bit and grabbing some glue randomly. "...Sorry I – it kind of slipped out..."

"I-it's all right, she was very understanding and I loved writing to her up and down – she always replied except that one time last year...you know what I'm sorry I don't think I can talk about it." She said firmly in her bossy tone, again earning a laugh from Bill. Paying up for everything she bought quickly took the bag and walked out holding them firmly. Finally deciding to let her go outside the shop hugged her tightly, "By Hermione and call me if you need anything all right?"

"Umm Bill try giving me your number first." She added smiling and pulling out her own mg-mobile. The latest muggle-magic-item that had taken the magical world by storm especially because people could be contacted any where with our being searched for all around. Manny ministry workers were given one considering they were very cheep to connect to (hardly 10 gallons) and so had many rich families. It helped make sure the people were safe and easily contactable but set on a pre-paid basis's so that keeping track of calls was literally impossible. Like all other products the mobile machines too varied in shapes, colour and price range. The main reason she bought one was because she could keep in touch with people (especially her daddy) and keep in track many other things. Despite that she wrote, she wrote regularly to her father and some other people...quietly she took and saved Bill's number giving him her own.

Leaving him there she walked not towards the coffee shop but a weapons store. There she bought another sword sheath that could be

attached to her belt and a few dagger sheaths that could be hidden in various parts of her. Paying up (using some black money she had been earning over years through various transactions) and telling the man to keep it off the record marched out. Instead of casting the spell her self she got him to change it to look like a bag of a bag from a nearby jewellery store. Looking at the time rubbed her hands neck her eyes gently, time too meet her uncle in a nearby restaurant. Going back to the bookstore and collecting her stuff walked up to a café and sat outside after ordering a cup of coffee and letting her self go into the aroma. Slowly relaxing and enriching her senses when a soft voice asked, "Mind if I sit her littlie lady?"

Surprised she opened her eyes to see a man with dark hair and eyes but a slightly ancient face stand in front of her. He was dressed in cream coloured robes and in one hand holding a coffee and in another a small bag. Smiling she nodded and held out her hand, "Sure – by the I'm Hermione..."

"Thanks lass..." he replied taking her hand in his after putting the coffee down. "Names Avlone – are ye' not at school Hermione? Bad times these are?"

"I'm sure I can take care of my self sir." Her voice was firm and at the same time telling him that she knew what she was doing. He laughed at the statement and pinched her cheek, "I like ye' confidence little lady even after all you faced...an' ye'll need more for what your going to face Ms. Hermione Amelia Riddle."

Hay people i just reaized that my story was going a bit too fast so I'm editting the chapters starting from Sick. Don't worry I'll bring the story back to this line soon. Please leave manny rivews as posible for my work. I'll deleet the old chapters now

Krishi

Recap –

“I’m sure I can take care of my self sir.” Her voice was firm and at the same time telling him that she knew what she was doing. He laughed at the statement and pinched her cheek, “I like ye’ confidence little lady even after all you faced...an’ ye’ll need more for what your going to face Ms. Hermione Amelia Riddle.”

Now –

“Amelia Riddle.” He spoke and suddenly disappeared with a pop, fear caught in her throat. How did that old man know me? H-he was not with daddy from what I’ve seen...or any one else...who was that old man? These thoughts consumed her as she walked up to the Leaky Cardoon when suddenly she felt her head spin and her vision go hazy. Another dizzy spell hit her, but this time it was not soft or one that would go away with a drink of water or even a shot of brandy. This much she knew, she began stumbling when a pair of hands caught her, “Hay...Bill?”

“Hermione you all right?” he asked steadyng her as she was struggling to control her hands from flying to her hair. “I-I’ll be fine...in some time. I...I need to get back to school though.”

Bill smiled and took her hands in his, “I’ll take you up till village then you can get into school with me. Ready?”

“Let’s go.” She muttered as the sensations passed through her one more time as they popped some were inside the Shrieking Shack. “There you go...Hermione?” His voice was drowned into a distance as her body felt too heavy for her legs and she fainted loosing consciousness. Scarred out of his wits Bill tapped her face and rubbed her cold hands, “Hermione – come on kid wake up. Wake up kid just opens your eyes kid. Shit!” Pulling out his wand quickly sent a message to Dumbledore. They needed help urgently!

Slowly she opened her eyes to find two light blue eyes and golden-framed glasses close to her examining her. A voice in the barground chirped, “Albus are you sure she does not need to step into the hospital wing? I can take good care of her.”

"Thank you Poppy but no I'm under control of the situation for now...ahh she's coming around I see. Feeling better Hermione?" The headmaster asked her as he drew up to full height, the girl looked around her; of course this was her room in the dungeons. In her comfortable bed with the comforter wrapped around her tightly, some one had changed her into her nightclothes. Bill stood near her dressing table while Severus and Narcissi were seated on her bed while Draco sat close to her Indian style. His hand healed hers, Sirius and Remus stood in front along with Pansy, Harry, Ginny and Ron the trio's faces pale. Giving them a weak smile she tried to get up when a strong hand pushed her back down, "You need rest Hermione." The headmaster instructed her firmly.

"I'm fine headmaster thank you. Now if you don't mind I have some work to complete." She added, nodding Dumbledore lead everyone out of the room. Being the last to go Draco closed the door firmly giving her a strange look. Everyone sat down in the living room when Draco joined them, Harry, Ginny and Ron shifted uncomfortably at the unknown territory and curiosity. Remus took it up for them, "What happened to her Albus?"

"I wish I could say Remus but...there is something going on." Severus Snape's mind had gone elsewhere, he was considering about telling or not telling the headmaster about when this began.

[Flashback After checking once more to make sure there were not students out of bed Snape walked up to the girl holding the roses. "Rose." He spoke and the portrait opened letting him in near the late layers of the night, he could not sleep for some reason, he had to check on his little girl. The one who reminded him so much of his own child, he looked around. The sitting area was clear so she was still asleep; going into her bedroom gently opened it with a hope of glimpsing at the girl. The seen before him was different; the child was asleep but going through the worst nightmare ever. Her body was shaking and swatting and right in front of her the worst seen he ever witnessed took place. A man with dark hair and dark eyes stood in front of her smirking as a girl no older than four wearing pigtails shivered at the sight of him. A wave of shock and disgust ran through his body as the man ran his hands up her young body making her shiver...ignoring the image with difficulty ran to the girl and shook her

awake. Violently, but luckily it worked, first she shook with fear but realizing it was only her professor...hugged him weeping. Her fever was high as he held the fragile body in his arms, consoling her rubbing her back till she fell asleep. Since that night... [End of Flashback

His mind again considered the issue in hand, should he tell Dumbledore or not? "Severus..." the old man addressed him, "I think we should start with the wards. Could you bring the plans?"

"Yes." He muttered getting up and walked inside to get the blue prints. Those prints he had showed Hermione so that she may know where to create a second layer of caution. Dumbledore did not need to know that, just like he did not need to know about Hermione's problem. Ever!

Amelia was hurrying down the stairs to meet up with the other members of the order, "Who have you set up to spy on me this time?"

Wiping around she saw Hermione standing there, dressed in her black denim shorts and yellow top again. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail, anger flooding in her brown eyes as she leaned against the wall. The girl stammered, "H-hermione I think your mistaken."

"I'm not mistaken." She snapped, getting of the wall she walked up to her gripping her hand, "Now listen up and listen up good bitch call of that old guy from my duty or you'll face the consequences. I don't want some freak following me around especially some freak your placing in my life. Get that into your thick skull."

With out another word she violently threw the girls arm away and walked away fuming, at the end of the corridor Dean stood quietly looking at her sighing she stepping into an empty class room and sat down on a desk with a huff, closing the door behind him sat down on the teaches desk. His eyes healed her as she took a pack from her pocket and offering him. "When will you ever leave that habit of yours?"

"The minute they stop trying to take over my life." She answered lighting a cigarette, the puffing calmed her greatly, and "Hmm so what was that you wanted to talk to me about?"

"Chang found some strange sightings around the forest...slithering marks on the grounds made most probably at night." He reported she nodded taking another puff, tapping the ash away nodded, "Yeah I've asked for some extra protection at night; just in case. Sorry I forgot about mentioning it."

"It's all right. We understand the pressure your' in..." he smiled at her she returned the smile, "...please do try and relax some more Hermione so much stress is not good for you."

"I know Dean but...right now everything just came together and well you know." She muttered, he nodded, patting her shoulder affectionately, "Take care. I'm going to finish my transfiguration essay."

"Yeah thanks again." She gently gave him a parting hug before she was once more left alone in the class. "Winky." She called, a pop responded to her call, "Get me a beer."

"At once miss. Would miss like anything else?" she asked shaking her head she let the elf go. Another pop and a can of beer appeared in her hand with a smiling house-elf. "Thanks luv' done with those notes?"

"Yes miss Winky is finished typing all your notes. Miss like anything else?" she asked happily, "Not at yet you can go." Curtsying the elf popped away again looking quiet happy; loneliness drank her in as she drank in the alcohol looking out the window. She could see several order members renewing the wards where it was damaged or strengthening the walls. Quietly she watched them work and the seen outside...suddenly as the last drop of the beer was gone from the can her mind hit on an idea. Quickly clearing away her ash and can grabbed her bag and rushed away to the astronomy tower, to the place where she had kept some of her artwork hidden. Right on the side of the astronomy tower was a small space with a practically hidden room. It was practically empty except for a window with a

wonderful view, a single bed; it was nothing much but a beautiful view was always in store. Bending down she pulled out a large box filled with art products and a stand for her canvas – she begun making a masterpiece. A masterpiece close to her heart...the brush ran through the pencil lining lightly as she filled in the colours. Her brush carefully mixed the colours in the right shade and spread it out on the canvas again...the hair, the skin, and the eyes, the mother hood. The seen around her adding to the woman's dishevelled beauty..."Wow!"

Turing around to see who exclaimed found the twins standing there. Their eyes were as wide as saucer pans; by the looks of it they spoke together, smiling she placed the brush down and began cleaning her hands in a rag. "Hi Charlie so what are you doing hear?"

"That work's beautiful princess." She smiled when he spoke her nickname, "Never knew you were this good."

"Yeah well not many people know." She muttered, looking outside the window wiping her tears, a rough hand came in contact with her shoulder. "I'm fine..."

"Who is she?" he asked, pointing towards the painting.

"The woman? My mother...this is the only time I was able to capture her true beauty. It's a seen from a memory I was showed and well you can see the rest." She answered he nodded quietly, "Work done?"

"What? Yeah...there is nothing much for me now that most of the places are secured." She thought for a moment then asked, "I'm going back to the rooms want to come?"

"Sure – why not there are some books I wanted to refer about in the mean time." He told her as he followed her out of the place, "Think he'll mind?"

"Wha...o not at all. Actually he never minds so you can read all you want." She answered leading him down the stairs greeting many people on the way. A girl called out to her hurrying to meet her, "Miss. Hermione – Miss. Hermione."

“Yes Jacqueline?” she asked smiling at the third year who came up to her, “Miss I need some help with my Arithmasy home work...it’s due next Friday and....”

“Jaqueline Lestrangle what do you need help in?” she asked popping her self on the low wall that acted as a boundary on either end of the open corridor. The girl rattled of as Charlie patiently waited as Hermione attended to the girl. Somewhere in between he began seeing a different side to the girl, a soft side he always noticed in Ginny. The way she explained the point once or twice before the young girl got it, the questions she asked before her questions were cleared and decided to leave.

“Sorry about that. I kind of have a reputation for always clearing questions up with these people.” He nodded as they fell in to pace again, “So how’s Norbert coming?”

“He’s good...grown up quiet well now and strong. Then again there are very low chances that he’ll start mating soon.” He answered as they turned around to take a short cut, “Quiet well attached to the other dragons there tough. He’s quiet happy and you’ve got to stop trying to not answer my questions Hermione. Was that the Lestrangle’s daughter?”

“Why any problem?” she snapped at him irritated walking away pretty fast, Charlie knew he had hit the nerve and rushed after her, “Mia – Mia I didn’t mean it like that...”

“I saw exactly what you meant my it Charles Weasley.” She snapped practically rushing down the stairs as he tried to catch up with her. It was impossible for nearly the next fifteen minutes as she walked away full speed into the rooms and spoke the password. He followed her in just having time enough to get inside before the opening closed. “Mia!” he grabbed her from behind around her waist and picked her up. “Got you.”

“Charlie.” She laughed as he swung her a bit, “Put me down!”

“All right.” He agreed sitting down and pulling her down on his lap, “So mind telling me why you got so upset?”

“There’ lot more to anything that what they seam.” She muttered and getting up and walking away when a soft whistling sound came from outside. Sure enough a golden flew down to her shoulder with a message, grabbing it she read.

Rider – Tonight a large danger awaits innocent.

Closing her eyes for a moment she took a deep breath and went inside her room. Taking a small piece of parchment and a pin pricked her finger. Using the blood as ink and the pin as a quill wrote back.

A death awaits them.

She knew that going out tonight was a huge risk; she also knew that when she faced the death eaters tonight...tonight they were going to learn to fear the mysterious rider. Tonight she won’t come back to school; she had to cover her tracks carefully. There were a few who could identify her holographic images and Severus won’t fall for them. At the same time the school needed to be protected, drastic measures to start now. Moving her right hand over her left wrist waited as a golden bangle shrunk down expanded it self. Using her index finer tapped it twice and shrunk it back to its original length. All she had to do was wait! No one replied – that was a good sigh.

Taking a deep breath she quietly called, “Baron.”

A cold wind swept into her room shivering she picked up a cigarette and lit it partly to warm her, partly to calm her, “How may I be of service to the hair of Slytherin?”

“I’m going out tonight – won’t be back till day-after. Keep a watch over the school – inform the others.” She ordered taking out a puff gently; with out a word he disappeared. She continued to smoke for some time letting her thoughts wander. The clicking of the door and several order members walking back in along with Dumbledore could be heard, she heard Professor McGonagall “You do have a knack for this Mr. Potter.”

"Thank you professor." He replied, she sighed happily putting out the last bit of her finished cigarette. One work less, she spoke to her self popping some candy in her mouth before getting out, "It was quiet an enjoyable task though..."

"I agree Potter." Mad-eye replied as she walked in carefully stuffing the lighter away from view, "Especially when some strange creature bites you."

"What happened Mr. Moddy?" she asked casually turning around he pointed to his arm, "Some crazy creature bit me when placing the wards. Can you believe it? Right at this point your school healer decides to pop into her sick mother!"

"Alastor you have to go and see a healer, this could be serious." Dumbledore tried to emphasise but the old man waved it away with a, "I've gone through worse."

"Mr. Moody if you don't mind can I take a look at your wound?" she asked politely taking his hand. Sure enough there was a red bite of two teeth marked in; just around it his skin was turning blue slowly. Taking a deep breath she looked at him thinking carefully before wording it, "Sir I'm sorry to say what bit you was a pretty bad snake. If you allow me I could heal you before the venom takes over your system I could take care of it. There is still lot of time."

His face paled, fear flickered in his eyes for a moment before he nodded, "Do what you must child I trust you completely."

"Thank you. Please sit down..." she lead him and made him sit down on a squishy arm chair there (mainly used for reading) and kneeling down near him. Holding his hand firmly looked informed him it would hurt, sighing she took out her lighter and lit it. The flame was brought close to the bike as she waved it around gently as the blue slowly turned green. "Just hold on a minute I need to apply the antidote..."

Going into her room walked out again holding a small crystal bottle with some green liquid within it, pulling out the green stopper over it carefully wet a white cloth with it. The old author hissed in pain when

she placed the potion on the fresh bite. Smoke began coming out, Sirius who was watching her suspiciously jumped on her with his wand at her throat.

“Sirius!” came a chorus of voices, ignoring them he demanded, “What did you put in that? Why is his skin burning?”

Rolling her eyes and crossing her arms demanded, “How else do you expect me to remove the poison you dim wit?” A gasp from many was heard except from Dumbledore who had gone to check, like Sirius he too questioned the girl’s intentions. In an awed voice he spoke, “Hermione...”

The whole cloth had turned blue the venom was absorbed.

“Don’t touch it.” She commanded pulling on her dragon hide gloves before picking up the cloth and destroying it in the flames she conjured with her wand. Picking up a transparent paste rubbed the bite gently massaging it in a circular motion. In front of their very eyes the wound disappeared, satisfied letting the man go turned back to the old headmaster. Switching languages from English to another none of those present knew casually asked, “You don’t trust me do you? You seriously thought I would have killed him.”

Guilt passed through the old mans eyes as she took the gloves off and dropped it into some boiling water. “Hermione please child.”

She stopped with him with a wave of her hand but continued in English, the hurt in her voice evident, “I don’t want your explanations Professor. You speak of second chances but...Excuse me.”

He tried one more time, the gravest mistake of his life. Holding her hand tried to get her attention, “Hermione dear please I did not mean it – he is my good friend and...”

“A good friend or a good tool Albus?” she snapped, many of orders including Harry were now on their feet. He stumbled but she continued, “I’ve told you already – leave me alone. What I do is none of your concern my life was bad enough as it is because of you and

your crazy decisions. Wish you were not massaging that ego of yours when she asked you to let me stay. At least I would have had a..."

Suddenly she stopped, tears formed in her eyes but managing to control her temper. She almost spoke out everything tears were floating in his eyes, ignoring him muttered an apology. "S-sorry sir I...I lost control there. I...I better...out of your way for some time. It would do me some good...hope..."

"You may go Ms. Sofymore – you could use some rest." He muttered quietly nodding she walked into her room and banged the door shut. The sound brought many people back to reality Harry was the first to express their views, "HOW DARE SHE – I'M GOING TO..."

"Harry." Dumbledore stopped him suddenly looking very tired, "Please leave her alone for some time. Let her cool down on her own accord son."

"But sir..." he argued, Narcissa gently placed an arm on his shoulder shaking her head. Harry nodded quietly for a moment there he felt as though Mrs. Wesley was standing there instead of her. Another pain pressed his heart at the thought of the woman who was nearly a mother to him, more than his own Lilly Potter.

"Potter." Draco softly caught his attention, "She's all ready very upset all right just leave her alone now. She'll come around."

"She still did not have the right to shout at him like that." Harry argued to everyone's surprise Severus chuckled, Harry's eyes trailed on the potions master. "Potter if you've faced what she has you would have more than just yelled at him. Leave her alone for once will you even I agree yelling like that was uncalled for but Albus pulled it on himself."

Harry looked confused while some of the order members, mainly Professor McGonagall, Mad-Eye Moody, Sirius and Remus were in this group. The headmaster finally opened his mouth, "I should have let her go Harry. She was upset and did not want to speak to me, I should not have pushed her."

McGonagall decided to step in right now, "Nonsense Albus Ms. Sofymore had no right to speak like that to you. I don't know what got into her such a respectful girl yell at you like that."

"Minerva." He interrupted her but she continued, "Just because she has power and brains..."

"Minerva." He was successful this time, "She's the child."

The old woman gasped, Mad-Eye Moody looked curious for a moment before both of them crashed back in their seats. "What child sir?" Three adults turned around to find Hermione again dressed in her gray tracks with black tank tops. Gray sweatbands on her wrists and head with some black marking on them along with her black sports shoes. Two white crape bandages wrapped firmly around her hand and wrist area, against the arms crossed across her chest. The hair back in a high ponytail was the perfect image of a casual sports girl but her eyes were cold and hard. An expression most of the order had not yet seen.

Krishi

Next chapter –

Harry gets stuck in-between a group of death eaters he chased. The circle surrounded him like a pack of wolves around a pray. Taunting and snickering go around about how he is foolish and hasty thus falling into his trap. One of them clearly a woman with a strong voice says; "Baby Potter be ready to go to the dark lord!" That voice...he knew he heard it some where but was not sure, that voice was so familiar yet so far...

This is for all those characters who are placing me on their alert and Fav-stories list. Please leave some reviews for me....just a word or two will be enough. Just leave some reviews so I feel quiet nice when I read them. Please!

Krishi

The old woman gasped, Mad-Eye Moody looked curious for a moment before both of them crashed back in their seats. "What child sir?" Three adults turned around to find Hermione again dressed in her gray tracks with black tank tops. Gray sweatbands on her wrists and head with some black marking on them along with her black sports shoes. Two white crape bandages wrapped firmly around her hand and wrist area, against the arms crossed across her chest. The hair back in a high ponytail was the perfect image of a casual sports girl but her eyes were cold and hard. An expression most of the order had not yet seen. Her eyes were cold as stones and there was no indication of a smile on her thin lips, the power seemed to be flowing around her. His eyes lay on her a moment before answering her question.

"I told them about you're..." he began nodding she moved of the wall a small black gym bag in her hand again. Muttering something that sounded vaguely like, "I'm going for a work out."

Hermione's Room – Slytherin Common room

A black cylindrical punching bag hug from the wall, right beneath it was a foldable black exercise mat. She was busy punching the bag and kicking it, Shakes' in his original form was supervising her and giving instructions. Unfortunately Hermione was venting out her anger on Dumbledore, "How. Dare. He. Even. Say. Such. A. Thing. To. Me." each word was punctuated by a punch, after saying me gave the bag a hard kick that it swayed a bit more than it should. Croshakes seeing red, grabbed the bag steadying it and glared at her, "Hermione how many times have I told you this is not for expressing your anger it's to control it. When your angry you powers grow dangerous and that need to fight urges you to destroy...you need to work on your temper..." He rattled ignoring him she grabbed a bottle of brandy and began drinking it. Once round...the second round...the cigarette was lit along with the drink, third round tears began forming in her eyes. They flowed freely crashing into her pillow; her trainer gently pulled away the drink and opened his arms to her. Crying never stopped as she wept out of pain, out of weakness, out of suppression and pure anguish that was taking a toll over her mind and body. She cried and cried till suddenly lay limp in his arms.

“H-hermione.” He called worried pulling the girl away from his shoulder, pale faced, tiered and pressurised she had fainted again, “Shit!”

Crying never stopped as she wept out of pain, out of weakness, out of suppression and pure anguish that was taking a toll over her mind and body. Suddenly her head fell light and her automatically closed down on her. Her world changed in front of her eyes set against the darkness. The closed eyes gently tied to open as she saw the cold dark place around her completely empty. She lay on a stone bed or something like that. Another cold shiver ran through her body suddenly feeling as though she was on fire of ice that was burning the cold right into the depth of her bones. Screaming in pain became a good idea at the moment...she wanted to scream out loud from the depth of her stomach. Call for attention; ease the pain – her body refused to cooperate.

Pain of those beatings she received out of her jealousy leaving trademarks of wounds all over her skin. Leather whippings right across her arms and feeble body, a body already yellow with fear still beating in her young heart. Those cigarette burns in her hand – always on the same place, markings of her hopelessness. A marking of suppression, she like others was bound to the pains of life, unlucky because she was an orphan. She was unlucky to obtain a man’s love that hurt her and was hurt because of that...the violent betting of the belt and the wounds that appeared because of them.

Her heart seamed to tare it self out in pain making her need to cry grow but her eyes were dry of tears. Suddenly her arm burned in a different kind of pain, her fleur-de-lis began glowing bright just like her birthmark as she lay in nothing but a thin white cotton frock. A frock that was so similar to the ones she wore in the orphanage he very thought of it made her shudder with desperation and fear. It was so terrible that she could almost feel her self-fall down the stairs creating a bruise as she crashed to the floor. She could feel the older man bound her to the bed with his body pressing his lips to hers kissing her roughly. The swelling of her lips due to the pressure felt so real. Her skin felt the pressure of his lips again as it sucked forcefully

against her childish pleas of pain as markings touched her pale skin. The pressure on her legs as he pushed against her kissing her chest where no breast had developed and her lower sections...her most private parts. Tears of anguish and complete weakness finally spilled from her eyes...the wounds she faced because of these people.

The flames of yellow blowing cold like ice grew all around her in front of her eyes...they seemed to envelope her for a minute...only for a minute. Within them it appeared, a figure appeared there in a thick black cloak under a hood. A saucy voice with a rasp came out as it spoke she spoke Hermione guessed, "Save him child."

"Save who?" she asked her own voice did not sound like her's when she spoke as her heart thumped against her chest. A mist against her eyes did not let her eyesight come out clearly, the creature did not answer. Instead disappeared in a flame that appeared right beneath her, "WAIT!" the girl screamed but helpless, the woman disappeared. Quietly a man in dark robes stepped up to her, the hood was low as he gently ran pale fingers through her hair and pulled her shuddering body into a hug. Just as soon as she began welcoming the warm embrace it disappeared. Frustrated she called out, "Daddy don't leave me."

"You are the key Ms. Riddle." A voice said at the side of her, turning around saw Avalon standing there. The flames died down, for a second it seemed that he was a saviour, her saviour. His eyes brewed into her deeply, like looking right into her very soul. A smile lit gently on his face and spread across his face as he spoke again, "I am looking into you soul and I know you are the one. Save him from his fate Ms. Riddle there is no one else who can do this."

"W-who are you? Who are you talking about?" she asked, his smile did not fade but quietly he answered, "Look and learn."

"What do you want why are you doing this to me?" she asked, his smile faded replaced by a cold stone look. His voice was low filled with anger, "I do nothing to you little girl. It is you who refuse to see. Refuse to admit. You refuse to speak – we the masters give you seven turns of the earth before you come clean. Come clean or we

shall – you speak it's different from being revealed. Chose your path of safety or wounds it's in your hands.”

“Reveal what?” she asked, Avalon too disappeared leaving the childlike girl to crash down as her knees gave away. The floor was freezing suddenly numbing her body and mind of all the pain till warmth slowly passed through her again when two emeralds shone in front of her eyes.

Scarred out of his wits Croshakes changed to a cat again and ran to find Draco. The common room was again empty except for a few couples set in lip locks or few first years working away. His eyes scanned around till it lay on the boy he was looking for coming inside. “Pansy I’ve told you all ready that there is nothing between us. I am bound to you only because of the stupid engagement our family made. I’m trying to find a way to brake it of!”

“But Draco!” she nearly cried tears, “All that we shared...did it not mean anything to you?”

Smirking he responded, “I needed something....’Shakes?” He cut short as the cat pulled him by the trousers, “What is it buddy? You need a scratch?”

The cat shook his head desperately, Pansy caught on, “Is it Hermione?” she asked then lowered her voice kneeling down to the cat’s level, “Is she drunk again?”

The cat nodded desperately trying to make them understand she was in trouble. The message got trough as the two of them jumped to their feet and dashed to her room. There she lay motionless her skin growing pale by the second and no spell they knew wakening her up. Picking her up in his arms Draco dashed towards the private rooms Pansy in his heels.

Dumbledore sat back quietly listening to the reports given, plans made finally opening his mouth to speak. “Amelia we set out

tomorrow to destroy the first, Harry I need you and Ginny to be prepared.”

“We’ll be ready sir.” Harry reassured, just then Draco dashed in practically throwing Hermione down on the soft mattress that lay there. “Professor Dumbledore Hermione – sick. Wounds just tend to open up...” he gasped. The old headmaster with a swift move sat near the girl, Harry who was nearby watched with fear growing in his heart. Suddenly out of nowhere her head turned to the side revealing a fresh hand mark as though she was slapped. Sirius pushed it away as dark magic or something at first while Ginny buried her face in his chest out of fear. Remus’ words thought brought the reality of the situation to those who knew, “Albus this is exactly what Lilly described!”

An audible gasp passed as a fresh red wiping scar appeared across her shoulders, Dumbledore quietly looked at Harry for a moment. “H-Harry could you please hold her down? She may start thrashing around...Alastor, we need the wind rider.”

“I’ll go call her.” He muttered, a voice in the door way spoke, “I’m all ready hear – Harry lie down next to her. Don’t hold her down just be in physical contact with her.” Nodding Harry lay down nearly on top of the girl but she shuddered muttering with fear, “N-no please. No don’t.”

“Potter lie down next to her just enough for her to feel your body warmth.” She said softly, turning to Sirius, “Could you go to Harry’s room? I there are some mind arts books I gave him to check...”

“I’ll go get them.” Ginny offered, but she stopped the girl, “I need you hear Ginny. Sirius if you please. Now Moody think your ready?”

“Ready as I would ever be Rider.” He muttered quietly, “All right then except for the people I mentioned Dumbledore and McGonagall everyone out. Malfoy – send Hamilton in immediately.” Once almost everyone was gone she turned back to Harry. The boy-who-lived though instinctively was patting her on her stomach closing her eyes with his hand. Sensing his warmth (and motherliness) her body responded by moving a bit closer. Physically she relaxed but there

was a tension around her...Amelia touched her fingers to the girl's temples and sparked a blue light. The wind-rider's sword appeared before them in the air positioning it self-right above the girl...the eye-crystals near her eyes. The beam shone out of Hermione's head, exactly between her eyebrows and through the sword. Dumbledore eased Harry's fear when her body jerked making him place an arm across her shoulders to calm her. "We can see what is happening to her now Harry just continue trying to hold her down."

The beam shone through right in time for them to see a man with dark hair kissing a very young girl on her lips. Remus who was there gasped, the next seen was even worse...she was in the bath tub filled with hot water shivering as he tried to get closer. Unable to see it Harry buried his head on her shoulder, tears prickling his eyes. "Stop! STOP!" he screamed, above him the wind-rider took of the sword braking the connection. "Wake her up...don't let her face this please."

"Harry." It was Ginny gently laying a hand on her hair, "Come with me."

Harry got up and was about to follow her but... Hermione was holding his index finger. Unconsciously she whispered, "Harry don't leave me." Her voice was so low and quiet he hardly heard her. Snape came back looked extremely worried holding a large container of some blue jell. "Wind-rider this should help."

"Thanks Snape." She took it and handed some to Harry who was sitting up by now, "Brother just help me rub it over her body. Sister-in-law just to Sprout and check if she has some mandark leaves will you? Explain what's going on but in private..."

"Take the floo – just say her name and you can reach her." Narcissa instructed, nodding Ginny quietly went away before she could see an invisible knife cut into her. "Shit. Dumbledore I don't know if I can save her after this..."

"Do what you can." He instructed as she knelt down and pulled of the track pants away from her body exposing white undergarments and the burn marks she that were inflicted in her childhood. Harry gasped,

inside her leg was a thin blade mark that ran down. Taking some jell in his fingers immediately began parting her legs gently and rubbing the medicine on it. He heard her hiss in pain but continued for a few seconds before the mark left. Amelia quietly began rubbing the new cut on the side of her leg as her focus was on making it disappear. Between the two of them though they some how managed to cure all the burns on her body front and back quickly. Just as Harry finished dealing with the last scar near her breast Ginny came back in holding the precious cargo, a burst of jealousy ran through the younger girl seeing her love touching Hermione so intimately. The boy though was obvious to the whole thing as he ran his eyes down her one last time to make sure all the marks were cured.

“Thank you Ms. Wesley.” They heard Snape making all the people in the room jerk around, “I’ll boil this and bring it in a few minutes. Narcissa can you put a night shirt over the girl?”

“Sure.” She muttered tearing her eyes of her young daughter and going inside the girl’s room. Sam knelt down next to her as Amelia moved away leaving the boy some room. Picking up her wrist and began checking her pulse when the woman returned with a pure white sleeveless nightshirt. At once Sam took the outfit and with practiced expertise pulled it on her, hands in first then head. Her body was still feverish and nearly yellow with her fever. “How did this happen?”

“Hermione fainted when she was working out and this happened.” Dumbledore replied, “Do you think you may know anything?”

Sam thought for a few moments as he rubbed her hand then shook his head. Hermione at that exact moment groaned, again Harry gently lay down next to her and began stocking her hair.

“Reveal what?” she asked, Avalon too disappeared leaving the childlike girl to crash down as her knees gave away. The floor was freezing suddenly numbing her body and mind of all the pain till warmth slowly passed through her again when two emeralds shone in front of her eyes. It took her a moment to know what was going on as

a hand pressed down on her shoulder. Slowly the vision cleared enough for her to realize the weight on her body was none other than her 'big-brother' Harry. "Hermione thank god...I needed to lie down on you to stop you from jerking around."

"Umm Harry." She heard Ginny speak, unfortunately her powers were not yet closed so she felt all the emotions in the room. Relief, confusion, concern and jealousy, the jealousy was obviously from Ginny. "Think you could get of her now she's up."

"What?" he asked confused then turned red, "Yeah – of-of course sorry Hermione. I'...I'll just go and let the order members know it's safe to do that shall I?"

"You do that Harry." Sirius urged as Harry went away, looking around she tried to find out what happened. "Umm can some one explain what's going on?"

"Hermione someone seemed to have attacked you." Remus explained then summarized what happened. Amelia added, "Just wait for a few moments will you? I'll check what it was and well find some solu-"

"You won't find those details in that book rider." Hermione interrupted her, getting up with difficulty, "The attack that happened on me was an ancient Egyptian work and I know exactly what took place. Where is Bill by the way?"

Looking around they found he was missing, Charlie answered for them, "He said something about the bathroom – Hermione surely he won't..."

"I think he could be of help Charlie." She corrected sensing what he was thinking; "Actually I think he could be the only one who could help me out in this one....I'll talk to him some time. Papa I'm going out for some time."

"Come back soon." He muttered as she walked out.

Hosmade village – Salson club

A girl who looked not older than seventeen was munching some gum as she read a thick book and taking notes. Business was quiet slow at this time leaving her at peace to learn her lessons. Her poverty and need for money was what dragged the poor girl to this place where she worked to earn her bread and the money for her higher education. This club though was not something that was famous for tea parties or meetings but for a crowd of people who were slipping away from life, or were much nearer to slipping away from life. A place where drug dealers or potion students who needed some fast cash came to supply their drug like potions to the group for a few kunts or sickles, low price but a fast money-maker. A place that attracted always attracted good party lovers on 'week ends' to shake a limb. Enjoy them selves with loud music...when the crowd was more. This was not the kind of place you would tell your family or bring one to; you came with friends to hand out. It was quiet dirty in some areas as well...

The tinkling of the bell had her looking up at the customer. Cool black trousers with a thick material cloth chain attached to it were steel ornamental chains that hung loosely on either side as she walked. A similar set of bracelets on her hands jingling as she walked in. Tight black tank tops with a black leather jacket unzipped hung loosely around her, a black chain with white beads hung around her neck with her hair pulled up in a ponytail. Her make up was again darkish but graced her wonderfully as she smiled at the woman at the counter, "Aah Hermione – what will it be for today?"

"I need a little boozing up..." she answered smiling familiarly at the girl as she started picking up a thick book. "Hay! I'm in for just a quick suck pleasure not anything else. Never go for that other things you offer sweet heart. If I want I can pick up any guy I want!"

"Oops! Sorry, should have seen that." The girl laughed and took out a different directory and began leafing through it carrying on the conversation, "You're not coming in for dealing any more."

"Yeah don't need money with the Sofymore inheritance and all." She muttered, the girl looked up for a moment then nodded, looking down at the book. "Larry all right with you?"

“Umm who’s Larry?” she asked confused, before she could answer though her phone rang, “Actually I have some work that came up. I’ll come once it’s over all right...” she muttered running out. The black rider was needed!

Muggle village near Hosmade though is in a mess; the people are running everywhere as some of the death eaters capture some women. Acting like puppeteers they wave their wands raising them up and revolving them apart. Rotating them about as other laugh, some of the death eaters get on brooms flying close to the women harassing and touching them in mid air...nearly gang rapping them. The poor women, naked weeping, some one from the group turns them around making the black robes fall down. Ashamed and hurt the widow or nun...they could not say for sure from the distance.

That is when it happened a sharp silver ninja star blade struck right into his hand...flying towards them was the rider again. Only this time Harry sensed a difference, the person did not seem just a ‘rescuer’ and tried remembering how to read a person’s aura. “Open your eyes from within with a will to see what the person really is, clear your mind and relax as you look in...”

Opening his eyes the boy-who-lived saw nothing but a pure red anger that seemed to have sprouted from the very heart of the warrior in front of him. Spell bound, he watched as the blade cut through the wrist of the offender. His eyes trailed on the rider a moment but something happened a scream of a woman who was obviously in trouble. His feet took off in the direction, sure enough a young woman not much older than twenty was there. He could not see much of her except her red hair pinned up in a neat bun and formal clothing’s...she was knocked out but the death eaters seeing Harry began running. Anger flowed through his veins as he dashed after them with anger; few more screams told him the situation outside was quiet under control. Luckily – their side was winning! Turning around the corner he stopped, outnumbered but the death eaters were cornered...or so he thought. Just as he went inside behind him few more walked in cornering him within their circle. Fear increased within him as his heart beat increased.

Hermione flung a ninja star at the man letting his wrist bleed and another cut his shoulder. This broke their concentration and the ones below let the woman go for the moment. As she fell down screaming Dumbledore waved his wand steadying her for the moment and turned...but her eyes caught Harry running after the death eaters. She knew what to do, kicking her bike up took a stunt flight (something 'Hermione' will never do on her precious bike) gripping the handle turned it towards the sky and drove looked around for Harry.

"God." She muttered cursing both her luck and her brothers. Harry gets stuck in-between a group of death eaters he chased. The circle surrounded him like a pack of wolves around a pray. Taunting and snickering go around about how he is foolish and hasty thus falling into his trap. One of them clearly a woman with a strong voice says; "Baby Potter be ready to go to the dark lord!" That voice...she knew she heard it some where but was not sure, that voice was so familiar yet so far.... this was no time to think. This was time to act, she recalled taking a dive down right next to the boy and landed in front of him. Grabbing his wrist pushed him back indicating in her, own way, to get on the bike. He did not need telling twice as he jumped on grabbing hard to her waist. Suddenly her body felt the anger fade away only to be replaced by a familiar peace.

Harry jumped on the bike and grabbed the rider's waist when a strange feeling of calm passed over him. A peace he knew was familiar, like seeing family again...the peace he felt whenever Hermione hugged him. The peace she felt when she spoke to him near the lake with a stack of toast for him, or helped him with some large chunk of work. Suddenly there was a gentle blow of wind as the rider dropped some darkness powder before taking off in the air with Harry. Once they were high enough for the order to see with a complicated hand movement conjured a small white bird and sent it towards the old headmaster and changing directions. "Hogwards all right with ye mate?"

Harry looked surprised as a metallic voice asked him from front, "Yeah – umm what was that you sent Professor Dumbledore?"

"Told the ol' Dumbles that I' ain kidnapping you old been – just taking you to safety." Harry could not help laughing. Unfortunately right at that moment the bike jerked a bit and Harry's hands moved up a little bit.

"S-sorry." He muttered, ashamed realizing this was a woman and he had just invaded her privacy. She snorted, "Let it go buddy you're too down low though chill up. Relax all right."

"Sure miss – can I know your name?" he asked careful to not place his hand anywhere offending, at the question of the name he felt her stiffen up.

O shit – I forgot about that name thing... she thought but smiled when a brain wave hit her, "Rider, just call me that."

Harry agreed immediately, "Thanks for saving me Rider. I was rash."

"You were your self buddy – chillax! There is nothing wrong with it...Griff was a ton worse than yeah if the records are right. His poor life hardly got him to bed with her cuz he was always out fighting." She added seeing Harry smile at the mirror continued, "Course there was always ol' Shal for her."

Harry's jaw dropped at the girl's comment, "Hay ol' man had more little ones running around in other men's homes than his own line. Seriously it was like he was a sperm donor for all those women who's..."

"Will you get your mind out of the gutter?" he yelled shocked, Hermione chuckled, "Sorry sweets forgot yeah aint much into these chaps but you may want to know Shal' was ..."

Harry interrupted her, "I DON'T want to know whom he slept with!"

"I was about to say was the first wizard to master the shainzu magic you idiot." She replied at Harry's confused look added, "Shainzu magic is a form of magic where you control animals. Yeah the same stuff Riddle is using now Harry. You may want to learn a bit about that though."

"Talking about Riddle how come there is no one following us." Harry asked, Hermione sighed, "Invisibility placed on the bike and its riders."

"Hay! My friends the Wesley twins have hat's like that." Harry exclaimed as the castle of Hogwards appeared, "Wow..."

"Nice view hay? I tend to fly some times when I need a cool off." The rider agreed lowering the bike gently on the Astronomy tower, "There you go."

Getting of Harry turned back to the girl who saved his life, "Thanks Rider. It was wonderful meeting you."

"Ditto – just remember Riddle wants to become what ol' Salazar was Harry." The boy took a moment to digest that and nodded, "Yeah I'll keep that in mind and inform Dumbledore. Best of luck." He held out his hand but the Rider brought her hand together in a punch and stuck it out for Harry who followed suet and gave a gentile touch.

"Cooler that way see!" she explained and started the bike, "Say hi to Tumbles for me."

"Tumbles?" Harry repeated moving bag as she took of and waved, "Sweet girl."

Krishi

Next Chapter –

Hermione walked into the coffeehouse with Bill alongside her. She was a step closer to finding who did manage to enter her mind.

“Cooler that way see!” she explained and started the bike, “Say hi to Tumbles for me.”

“Tumbles?” Harry repeated moving bag as she took off and waved, “Sweet girl.”

Turning around he began walking into the school thinking of what the girl tried to hint at, Voldemort trying to become a Slytherin? “Wish Hermione was around she could help me out.”

Running his hand through his hair tried to calm the frustration that had built up within him. Once he reached his room thinking deeply about what happened. Hermione struggling beneath him but calling after him when he was about to leave, the familiarity of lying down next to her when she was scared and crying. The way she sought his warmth like a child when he was near her! He always felt protective about her but never was he so instinctive with her like he was today. Going towards his room he caught two-third years speak – strangely what they said caught his attention enough to stop and listen.

“Are you ready for tomorrow’s training?” A girl asked, the boy excitedly replied, “Am I ever – this will be great. I’ve been preparing for this all summer holidays...I’m feeling so excited.” Harry’s eyes grew wide when he saw Angela joined them. “You should be – she’s got something big up her sleeve not just the weakly training we are giving you!”

“Really?” the girl asked, Angela nodded, “Really – she’s bringing the whole group together for some big time meeting. Really going to get us prepared for some stuff by the looks of it.”

The boy nodded, “Think the captain will start showing us that duelling technique’s and stuff she promised us about?”

“Captain is going to show you that and more. Just remember she’s preparing you for war.” Angela added patting their cheeks and walking away. Harry who stayed hidden in the shadows spoke out quietly, “Captain?”

Hermione smiled as Harry waved to her and took off again, this time towards Hosmade's residential area; slowly she descended into a house with a beautiful lawn, a small garden and a beautiful house within it. Part of the steep roof had a skylight exposing a beautiful bedroom with a beautiful light cream walls with brown flowers printed in and rose wood finished cupboards, dressing table with various makeup products. This was the place she spent her summer holidays in, the home she bought using some of the money she got selling Slytherin products. The home was not much, just two floors and had five bedrooms, and one was converted into a study where she kept all her books. The one was turned into a private gym while the other two rooms left empty. The kitchen was quiet well stocked considering she used to sneak in and out when ever the pressure got too much. This was her home, a home where she could come away when she wanted to be alone and cry or when she needed a place to say this was her home. Quietly pulling away the black clothes and the weaponry that went with it hid them away before slipping on the clothes she wore for going to the club. Club – how strange it sounded it to her, Hermione the goody-two shoes going to a club for the purposes of pleasure.

Goody-two shoes, something she seized being a long time ago. The club's employee smiled when she walked in, "Hermione right on time, Larry hear was asking about you." Hermione smiled back and looked to her side, in front of her was a vampire. Her eyes slowly took him in; he wore leather boots, light brown slacks that covered it neatly with a dark maroon button up shirt and a fine cut brown leather jacket. Yellow eyes with hair that was a mix of golden brown and deep blond some how with a natural smile. Smiling back she placed her hand in his and shook it, "Hermione – Larry is one of our best catalysts and he gives you a bite that releases all you tension."

"Then she came to the right person. I'm an expert with tensions..." he began but she interrupted, "Who much I'm not hear for lectures."

"Five sickles until that's too much for you..." he began with out a word she placed the ten sickles down, "Write me a pass for the floor once I'm done."

The girl quickly wrote the pass in her name and handed it to Hermione before letting her go with the vampire. Holding her hand Larry gently took her inside a room that was painted in light brown with a large white fluffy bean bag in one corner. There were a few candles on a black holder unlit. Letting go her hand he locked the door when she was taking in her surroundings. Suddenly she gasped when she felt his arms wrap around her waist, "What the hell do you think your doing?"

"Hush little one relax I need to cure you." He muttered gently taking her jacket off but she did not let him. "How do you know?"

"Avalon." He said when she slammed him down, "WHO THE HELL IS THIS BASTARD AND WHY IS HE TRYING TO BRAKE ME?"

"Hermione – first of all he is not trying to brake you. All I know is he is appointed as one of your guardians by your ancestor. Please let me cure you."

"Not till you tell me how he contacted you." She demanded the vampire sighed, "That I don't know – suddenly appeared a few minutes after you left and explained the situation to me. Did not tell me who he was or anything...miss is swear."

Taking a deep breath Hermione got off him and let him take care of her, relax her muscles on her shoulder before letting her lie down. Slowly he worked on her back and slowly relaxed her muscles shooting her with his venom. Once her body reached a level of jell-o finally turned her over and took her arm in his and bit her wrist softly. Sleepily she appreciated the act, "Hmm...harder!"

He obliged making her senses go deep into a sense of relaxation and pleasure that surpassed all her pain. The brown barground mixed with yellow and green filling her with a sense of security and peace, slowly mixing till she could hardly tell the difference. Suddenly her eyes snapped open a thought that came to her surprised her, gently she placed an arm on his shoulder. He stopped biting into her and let her go the saliva and bite fresh on her wrist. "Was there something wrong? Did I not give you enough pleasure?"

Gently she smiled and shook her head, "Not the case...it's not you. It's me something just struck me and thanks for the treatment."

"Your welcome miss." He said quietly taking her hand and rubbing it on some paper napkins before applying some yellow paste on it. The wounds disappeared immediately against those thick steel bracelets she wore, picking up her jacket he slipped it on her. "Will you be coming back some time miss?"

"I'm not sure...chances are there that I may come though." Hermione muttered quietly opening the door and leaving, Larry followed her all the way out. "I'm free now – I was wondering if I could get you a coffee or a butter bear?"

"Thanks but no thanks. I need to go-to-go back to school. May be some other time." She waved to him and walked out but her mind still around the one thought that appeared in her mind when she was working.

Harry's Room

Ginny walked in to find her soul mate lying down on the bed casually reading his transfiguration books. He looked casual dressed only in jeans and a white vest, his feet flopped up casually and his hair as usual messy. Walking up to him gently lay down next to him quietly admiring him from her angle, her eyes taking him casually and hoping to be unnoticed till he spoke, "Find anything interesting love?"

"I...I actually Harry." She stammered laughing he pulled her into his arms gently pinning her down to the bed with his body. "So tell me how did it go after Black Rider saved me?"

"Absolutely nothing – they just left once you did...who was he by the way Harry?" Ginny asked confused, smiling he tucked a hair behind her ear, "She it's a girl but refused to tell me anything more about her self. Always talking about Slytherin being a womaniser and how Riddle wants to become everything he was...what?"

He could practically see the wheels in her head turning, suddenly she smiled, "Harry! I can't believe this the girl practically told us what he is trying to do love. Riddle sees that man as a father figure he never had right? So all we need to do is look better into Slytherin acts to determine what he is trying to move towards."

"Ginny." Harry exclaimed getting off her, "You are absolutely brilliant! God wish I had let her speak when she said something about Slytherin and Griffindoor's wife."

"Slytherin and Griffindoor's wife?" Ginny exclaimed looking shocked, shuddering got of the bed, "Get dressed dear I think Dumbledore will be interested in knowing this."

"Your right Ginny – lets go." He muttered, as they got up.

Headmaster's office

A knock on the door alerted the old man some one was there, "Come in."

Hermione opened the door and simply began, "I am sorry for my out burst today morning sir."

His eyes shoot up and he looks at her, there is no twinkle there, instead there is pain and, "Guilt?" she asked before she could stop her self. He looked down, "I-it was quiet strong sir. I felt it even with my power's closed."

"Today I understood the full extent of how my actions affected you Miss. Riddle." He replied she nodded, just then his flames burst to life as a head appeared there. "Albus thank god I caught you. That girl you spoke of Hermione? Think she can take the test tomorrow? Say after brakefast, something came up and..."

"Don't say a word more. Hermione what do you say?" the old headmaster asked turning to her, smiling happily she nodded. The man in the flames looked at her, "O! Hello dreary you're Hermione?"

Excellent sorry but there was some things that came up...so do you think you're prepared to take those exams tomorrow it self?"

"I will sir...not a problem." Hermione assured him, "Well then come in after breakfast and we'll take you up."

"I will sir." She assured as the man unceremoniously popped out of the flames. She stood there biting her lips when the door was knocked. Turning around she found Harry and Ginny marching in with confused faces, Harry stopped short seeing Hermione there, "Hermione?"

"Hay Harry I – I came to apologise to professor..." she began but he interrupted her, "Hermione how many times have I told to call me Albus in this office? Even Harry and Ginny call me that...and Harry finds braking his habit's difficult."

"Sorry Albus, you sure you don't want me to go around calling you as grandpa or gramps?" she asked smiling; he looked confused for a minute before laughing out loud. Smiling she wagged a finger at him, "Got you!"

"That you did my dear. Would the three of you like some tea?" he offered, Harry opened his mouth to agree but again Hermione cut him of, "Mind if I make it?"

"Be my guest, the last memory of your tea is still fresh in my mind." He agreed, smiling Hermione nodded at the small kitchenette at the side of his office near a small garden. Dumbledore let his eyes trail on her a moment before looking back at Harry and Ginny. "Well is there anything Harry?"

"Sir..." he began but hesitated, Ginny sent him a mental message, Hermione is in the room Harry! and his eyes flickered to her as she poured the milk into the jar, the old man noticed this, "I assure you Harry Hermione is entitled to all order information. The only reason she does not attend meetings is because she refused to join when I offered it to her."

"Why?" Ginny asked unable to contain her self.

"I have my reasons Gin." Hermione replied as she placed the tea set on the table, quietly pouring some milk, tea and sugar in it and handing it to Dumbledore. "You have an excellent memory dear."

"Thank you sir." She replied before making Harry a black tea with sugar alone then turned to Ginny realizing she did not know, "Ginny how do you like your tea?"

Harry replied, "She likes hers with not much milk and two sugars Hermione." Smiling Hermione made it exactly the way Harry instructed her and made her own black tea, honey and a dash of lemon as Dumbledore told them to help themselves with the cookies. Harry who was the first to sip the drink exclaimed, "Hermione this is excellent what did you put in it?"

"Basil leaves along with the tea leaves and cardamom." She replied sipping her tea silently stirring her drink and not looking up. Noticing her change Dumbledore diverted the topic, "So what did you want Harry?"

"Yes sir it's about something the biker told me." Harry began and told him everything. Dumbledore sat back and pondered for a moment, "That's quite a valid information Harry, this could give us quite a new angle towards our working than be on mere guesses. I'll see if we can get some more information on Salazar Slytherin from around."

"I could contact my grandmother Sofy's friend for you." Hermione offered, "She's got some important information about the brain-works of the old man."

Dumbledore looked pleased, "Can you Hermione? That will be wonderful."

"I'll see what I can do sir." She replied letting them go back to the discussion, "Harry can you get everyone ready for a meeting today?"

"I'll go alert them right away sir." Harry got up, Hermione too placed her empty cup down, "I'll make a move too sir...I have some work. Have a nice day."

"You too my dear." Dumbledore replied as the two of them walked out. Once outside Hermione sighed, "Harry I've got some work to do I'll catch up with you latter?"

"All right Herms." He agreed trying to pull her into a one armed hug but she moved away, there was tiredness in her eyes. Harry gently took her hand in his making her look at him, "Listen kid if there's anything you want to talk to me about I'm around all right."

"I know big-b, I know." She whispered looking away, over come by emotion or a rush of affection of the new title he could not say what hugged her, "Take care Hermione. I love you sis."

"Love you too big-b." she muttered pulling away too quickly when the door opened again, turning the other side to wipe away a tear, "I'll see you latter."

"By Hermione." Harry called out as she walked away. Turning back to Ginny he smiled as she hugged him around the waist. "What's wrong honey?"

"Just...Dumbledore made me understand," she whispered quietly into his chest, Harry wrapped his arms tighter around her shoulder, "I should have more belief in us. I'm sorry Harry it's just I always wanted to be what Hermione is now and I – I got kind of upset."

"And..." he added running his hands up and down her shoulder knowing Dumbledore there was more, "And he said I should be more careful about not getting pregnant."

Harry chuckled, "Where are you going to get pregnant? I have can't even song you senseless..."

"I'm sorry." She muttered gently tightening her hold on him...Hermione smiled from her corner. Dumbledore did his part, now she had to do her part – it will all be about playing her cards right.

Sunday: Dark Side Head Quarts

Hermione walked down the stairs dressed in black jeans with a slightly long yellow top held in place with a gold chain worn like a belt around her waist. Her hair was left open and well brushed nearly covering her small gold earrings. The heel shoes she had changed into once she got off the bike clicked quietly as she walked. Many passing death eaters stopped and greeted her good morning, one of the top-level members though stopped her for a moment. "Good morning Ms. Riddle the Dark Lord wishes to see you for a few moments."

"Tell daddy I'll be there once I have seen my mother." She replied walking away, the man looked sceptical for a second and walked away. No one else dared to stop her till she knelt down in front of her mother's altar. "I'm going to face my first OWL exam today mum. I wanted to come and see you today. I want your blessings...to know what I am doing is right." She thought, just then a branch of fresh Jacaranda flowers from the tree above fell down to the altar just near the girl's hand. The light movement distracted her enough to open her eyes, jacaranda flowers the sacred flowers of Athena, and flowers her mother loved. She felt an eerie peace fall down to the place within her, as she understood her mother gave her blessings.

"Thanks mum." She whispered, picking them up as a gust of wind blew through her hair the unique scent washing over her senses. Conjuring a cover for the flowers carefully took it with her as she walked to her father's office. Walking in noticed her father standing near the window his back towards her arms crossed behind him. Smiling she walked up to him and wrapped an arm around his waist, "What are you looking at daddy?"

He did not look at her instead wrapped an arm around her shoulder, "Just thinking child...you have your exam today don't you?"

"Yeah – I came after seeing mum." She informed him, he looked at her without a word as she tightened his hold on him just by a degree.

"Were having a private breakfast today." He informed her, she nodded – she hated breakfasts when someone was called for reports. He knew it, he arranged for a quiet breakfast, keeping the arm on her shoulder lead her to the garden where the food was set up by house

elves. Seeing them come in they bowed and curtsied to them, Hermione nodded in acknowledgement. "Breakfast is almost ready Miss. Hermione Riddle ma'am."

"I can see that for my self darling." Hermione smiled, her father simply ignored them looking away, "Tea ready?"

"Almost Miss. Riddle." The elf replied, they were mostly 'gifts' from those connected to him taking care of the place. "Lemons are being sliced and the milk is being heated at the moment. Everything else has been prepared and the table has been set."

"Good." She replied as the other members walked in wishing the family good morning before sitting at the table. Everyone was silent as parent and child munched through some toast and cutting through their fried eggs. "Hmm...they have made a good job of the eggs today." Voldemort commented casually looking at his daughter.

"I told them about my exam." She replied sipping her flat goblet shaped glass of orange juice, "Nothing like a good breakfast."

"Best of luck princess." Rodolphus toasted his own glass to her, "For your wonderful marks."

"Thank you Rodolphus." Hermione replied as he took a gulp then placed the drink down, "Did you contact that man you spoke to me about?"

Voldemort and Not Sr who were drinking their own juice chocked on their drink, Bellatrix who was cutting her bacon dropped her fork surprised. Rolling her eyes she looked at them, "Well?"

"H-he replied Princess and...it's going to cost you a lot. Considering the..." she gave him a look, "H-he said he wants 2,000 gallons for it!"

"I'll send the money you in a week." She replied, her father looked at her confused, "Hermione...do you want me to get it for..."

"Daddy relax only part of my money is in the accounts. I have funds locked away in other places." She answered, Bellatrix looked at her and quietly asked, "Are you sure princess the book..."

"Is worth the amount and much more. Daddy I want a meeting with Boggins." She declared as she sipped her tea. For once the man put his foot down, "Hermione! I am not letting you within his presence unaccompanied."

"Then get someone to come with me!" she stated as though it was the obvious placing an empty up down, "Hermione."

"Daddy I need some information from him – nothing more nothing less." She assured taking up some more of her eggs. "By the way I wrote to Samara asking her to send me a copy of her notes but she replied saying she needed your permutation."

"I'll let her know." He added still upset that she was not being completely free with him. Finishing of her breakfast placed the now empty glass down got up, "I'm done...see you latter daddy."

"By honey." He hugged her as she bent down to kiss his cheek gently, "Concentrate on your exam."

"Will do..." she called walking away wavering as she walked to her room. She felt happy beyond words, a happiness that flooded within her body as she changed into sports shoes ready to get on her bike. Little did she know this was the silence before the storm. A storm that will take away from her everything she struggled for, worked towards crashing it down to the ground...Her heart soured once more that day when she saw her results and her heart pounded. The old man handed her the sealed envelope smiling. Nervously she ripped it open – there it was two of her OWL examinations. There it was - in her hands, with a deep breath she ripped it open and read aloud.

Miss Sofymore,

Congratulations you have resaved:

Astronomy: Outstanding (97.3)

Potions: Outstanding (110.9)

Considering your present marks you are granted a chance to take up another subject exam of your choice earlier than your peers. If you wish to take up this offer please talk to your school headmaster.

Regards,

.... the rest of the words she did not read at all. The second she said the word regards a sudden tug came across her middle. Her feet landed quiet near a crowded area – this much she knew.

Harry was busy in Gryffindor table listening to Ginny very seriously, “So I decided that next Hogsmeade week end we can spend time shopping for some more tracks. Are you all right Harry? Harry?” she asked wavering in front of his face obviously he was too busy looking at her to listen.

“W-what?” he asked coming out of his trance. She smiled, ever since their heart-to-heart conversation followed by a deep (and for Harry) quiet satisfying making out session he was constantly looking at her. Most of the time lost in thought at the same time, Ginny smiled shyly, “Harry I said we should go shopping in Hogsmeade for you next week end.”

“O – yes we should.” He muttered feeling a bit guilty, Ron who was next to him laughed, “Seriously Harry what did Ginny do to you yesterday you seem all shell shocked.”

The rustling of wings announced the owls arriving with messages or the daily papers, when a copy was dropped next to Harry; Dean saw it and asked Harry if he could see it. The next second he exclaimed, “RAPE BRINGS OUT SPECIAL POWERS IN HOGWARDS STAR STUDENT! Shit Harry Hermione did not come back yesterday.”

Neville looked like he was going to be sick, “Read it out will you?”

Dean obliged, “Hogwarts star student and assistant potions professor Hermione Amelia Riddle was brutally raped yesterday by

an unidentified man. The horrifying incident took place in team presentation game in Cranfin stadium near London writes Rayon Stanley. The team members were presenting a warm up drill when a hooded man brought Ms. Riddle to the pitch holding a knife to her throat and chained limbs. Authorities present misunderstanding the man pulled away the team from their spotlight – only three minutes latter this was seen as a big mistake. Throwing the girl down and bounding her to the ground, this was the first indication that the girl was in grate danger.

There in front of the public that had nearly ten trained auras the man conjured a protective bubble around himself and the girl. That is where the poor child's torches began – screening as he launched at her ripping away most of her clothes. Abusing her and kissing her in several places quiet violently, security and aurous present immediately jumped to her aid but alas nothing worked. All spells sent towards him was deflected and the assault continued.” Dean's eyes poured with tears unable to read more placed the paper down; Lavender immediately took it and read the rest aloud.

“...the assault continued till she was nothing but a bleeding mess. The chains that bound her tied her to the ground making a fight impossible. It was at this point that he spoke and to quote his words, ‘I HAVE WAITED TOO LONG DEAR. I WANTED YOUR MOTHER BUT TOM MARVLO RIDDLE MARRIED HER AND TOOK HER AWAY. NOW YOU – HER DAUGHTER SHALL BECOME MINE.’ A vow he fulfilled as he ripped of his under robes and raising the girls skirt beneath plunged into her. Rapping the struggling child who could do nothing but cry her refusal and beg for a help she could not get. Many witnesses express how her earth-shattering scream rattled their hearts before she fell unconscious.

In her unconscious state it seems to have triggered of a strange magic. Ministry official Mr. Diggory who was part of those who tried to save the girl said, “I felt a strange energy from her as body coming...I can't describe it as magic but it was something.” He could not have been more right, just as the shield went down an invisible force threw the rapist into the air before a strong flame released it self from the girls arms engulfing him and burring him completely.

The flames interestingly enough seemed to have killed him though the girl was still unconscious. Photographer Dailagon Roose who took snaps of the horrifying acts for proof said, "When I saw through my lenses I could have sworn a red serpent shot out of her fingers. My intention of photographing was to help her get justice but I hope my shots help understand what was it that she did. The poor child did not have to face this."

A point many people seem to agree about for whatever the accidental magic was the girl has a high potential. The girl is said to have been the brightest witch of her age but is there a possibility that the girl is also the most powerful? Well-wishers pray the girl who is now in a coma stage in 's will survive. She was sent there after forcefully losing her virginity in a pool of her own blood, a seen not everyone can forget easily. (More about Ms. Hermione Riddle in Page. 3)"

Lavender looked around the table many were in tears. "Think she's going to be all right Harry? Harry...where's Harry?" she asked looking around the boy who lived was not in sight of the table, nether where his girlfriend or best friend.

The rest of the words she did not read at all. The second she said the word regards a sudden tug came across her middle. Her feet landed quiet near a crowded area – this much she knew. Looking around trying to figure out what happened she felt a hand hold something to her mouth and nose...the world went blank. What else happened she did not clearly know, flashes of him slapping her kissing her...again like in those old memories. She could not make out, but fight she did struggle...the skirt she seemed have worn was taken up...a pain she screamed getting up.

Her eyes roamed around...she were in what looked like a small hospital room. The bed was in the corner against a large window that was closed, a few armchairs and a coffee table on the other end. A cupboard of what looked like personal items and medicine cabinets on her right side followed by a door. The door was closed she guessed it was the bathroom...the light started into her face. What happened, her body was hurting...her mind was not very clear at that point when Dumbledore walked in. His eyes filled with sorrow suddenly looking ancient, "Ms. Riddle I'm afraid I have bad news."

Her eyes grew wide with understanding and recollection flooding though her mind, as the fog lifted, "N-no h he did not get me please tell me it's not true..."

Her brown eyes filled with pain and hurt as what happened hit her, she lost her virginity in a rape. A rape not in private or in a cornered room but in a place filled with people. He – the man she vowed to take it away since she was a child did it – he. The pitch filled with wizards, the world cup, her mind reeled, "P-professor please tell me this is not true."

"I'm afraid it's true dear." Came a voice from behind the man, she looked over his shoulder as he moved away. Rena stood there dressed in a soft blue knee length skirt with the usual white cloth and bracelet. Her eyes though were dull and her face filled with pain, "Hermione you were drugged and then raped. It was a pre-planned act my dear and there is nothing you can do about it now."

Tears sprung in her eyes angry with her self, angry with her rapist she held it back just for a moment. A squeaky voice thick with

emotion asked, "Miss Hermione shall I get you the toy your mother got you?" Her voice was too thick with emotion as all she could do was nod. Dumbledore gently reached out and removed the hair that had fallen on her face. Tears were just refusing to fall, she looked at him lost...the same pain he had saw when he first met her all those years ago. His thought flow was cut away by a crack, Winky had arrived holding an over sized pink teddy bare in her hands. Quietly handing it to Hermione who clung to it weeping away all her pain and tears. She had lost it...lost it to the guy who she did not want to ever share that part of her with ever. Tears went down socking the stuffed toy, the very one first toy her parents had got for her or so her daddy her said. Rena sat next to her gently rubbing her shoulder and letting the girl cry, the pain slowly ebbed away as she cried and cried till there were no more tears in her eyes. Slowly falling into a deep sleep in a lonely hospital bed.

Hogwards

Harry marched up along with Ginny to the old man fuming. "Good morning Harry. I dare say you have seen the paper?"

"Professor is Hermione really his daughter?" Harry demanded, Dumbledore only nodded. "YOU DID NOT FIND IT IMPORTANT TO TELL ME?"

"Harry she wanted it to be kept a secret for many reasons." He informed him quietly, Harry did not buy it at all. "I – we want to meet her."

"I'm afraid I can't permit that Mr. Potter." Narcissa informed him, "Any of you even Mr. Wesley and Ms. Black her condition is quiet serious. Headmaster you are needed in the hall." She added looking at the old man who nodded and walked away. She lingered for a moment longer before speaking, "Mr. Potter could I have a word with you?"

"I do happen to have Divination consoler – is it something urgent?" he demanded, she was not flattered from the image of perfection. Up from the neatly cut blue trousers and jacket to the dark blue tank top she wore inside and the neat bun her hair was clipped up in. "I'm afraid it is Mr. Potter. I will write you off your first class this morning.

Please step this way, Mr. Wesley, Ms. Black. Have a nice day, good morning.” She wished steering Harry away.

Grumbling to Ginny walked in but gasped at the sight of her ‘office’ the place was set with a low glass coffee table with bean bags set all around it. A small kitchenette in one corner and some shelves is another, in other words, the last free wall filled with books, in other words – cosy. This is the kind of place Hermione will like. He thought to himself but firmly corrected his thought, Riddle. She is Riddle’s daughter Slytherin line, dark wizard’s daughter.

“Take a seat Harry? Hot or cold?” she asked smiling at him, “Cold please if it’s not too much trouble.”

“Butter bare, milk shake, ice tea or cold coffee?” she asked smiling at him he cut her off again, “Ice tea please.”

“Ice tea it is son.” She smiled walking up to the kitchenette and picking up a can of ice-tea and a can of cold coffee. “Take a seat...Mr. Potter I’ll come straight to the point. It’s about Ms. Hermione Riddle.”

“Consoler if I can handle the father I can handle the daughter.” Harry replied knowing fully well that she too was close to them for knowing. His suspicions were confirmed when she smiled and nodded, “Yes Mr. Potter I agree you can handle the father very well and not escaping due to sheer luck. The daughter though may I say has too many tricks up her sleeves and sees what the father ignores. Harry be watchful Hermione is even more insightful than the headmaster himself. Watch out for her Harry...all is not what it seems.”

“I will consoler - I will.” Harry replied, misunderstanding what the woman said completely. Walking around saw the time; only five minutes left of class no point going...he decided walking down to the potions dungeons. To his surprise there was a note stuck on the door –

Class cancelled today. Will be made up for during the weekend.

Severus Snape

- it seemed to fit. He had gone to meet Voldemort; this man was protecting his 'lord's' daughter.

London – Hospital

Hermione was left alone finally wiping her tears, slowly getting over her wounds. That was how she was rational and practical. This was not a time for tears; this was a time for jumping in and making the wrongs better if not right. She had to work this out – but before that she needed a shower and a mug of strong coffee only then could she think properly. “Winky.”

Fifteen minutes later walked out of the bathroom, and back to the normal Hermione Riddle, dressed in a white fluffy knee length bathrobe. Her wet hair being rubbed with a warm towel as she stood in front of the mirror she conjured with her magic. A knock on the door called towards her, “Come in.”

Two identical looking red haired men appeared in her mirror. Their expression unreadable, with out word she simply said, “I’m not crying any more over him.”

They nodded and walked up to her, George gently took of the brush from her hand she had taken in her hand. Freed sat down in front of her gently taking her hand in his own, “Found out anything about that flame that erupted from your body?”

Sighed she closed her eyes focusing on the soft way George was brushing her now half-dry hair, when brushing it he gently moved his fingers through them. Freed gently wiped a single tear that was falling down her face, “He lusted for my mother. He knew who I was the whole time...that’s why he wanted me even as a child.”

George let the hair brush slip from his hand, Freed looked shocked both spoke in union, not above a whisper, “Hermione?”

She nodded, “It was him. He had drugged me with a small amount of vampire venom and moonstone. It suppresses the magic long enough to do something to the person who is drugged.”

"You're coffee." George nodded understanding, Freed looked pale, "T-that was why you could not find anything different."

"Your right. He was planning to do even more to me but my powers kicked in the minute my barrier broke." She felt white-hot anger flow through her system from outside, with out a comment she continued, "It triggered of a kind of mechanism I had been practicing for a long time...a very long time..."

Both of them sensed that she wanted to say something, but at that exact moment a knock on the door interrupted them, she whispered, "Shit daddy. Turning you invisible – wards."

They nodded and waited, "Come in." she called, turning back to the mirror, sure enough when the hooded figure threw away his hood it revealed her father. "I've been up for a few hours now."

"Who was it?" he demanded to know, "The same one I spoke to you about. Mum was dangerously beautiful." She added, his face softened so much there was no 'Dark Lord' left there when he opened his arms to her hugging him tightly.

"I'm not going to be a crying mess...I've faced worse and I can go through this daddy. Leave this fight to me; leave the whole thing to me. No death eaters, no giants, no Dementors – just my fight." She requested, rubbing her shoulder he moved away a bit looking deeply into her eyes.

"I will let you take care of this fight angle if you promise me something." He asked making her sit down on the bed next to him, "Never let your self become an orphan dear – even if something happens to me - us. I want to know that you will be taken care of if I happen to die or Severus and Narcissa leave you for some reason you won't be alone. I need that peace dear, promise me."

Her face was calm like the true little angel she was, "I promise daddy I won't let my self get orphaned."

"Thank you." He whispered, pulling her into another hug as she closed her eyes to enjoy the feeling, tears touching her eyes. Pulling

away he wiped them away and kissed her forehead, "Take care dear and any time you want you know where to find me."

"I will daddy." She whispered as they got up, "Love you."

"Love you too Mia." He replied kissing her gently and walking out pulling the hood back on. Making sure he left the building turned back to the twins and removed the charm. Their eyes were tear strained and looked ready to sob, the naughty smiles had left their faces. "H-Hermione..." Freed began but she cut him off again.

"Go – I meeting tonight. Make sure you come." She instructed showing them out quietly, she was going to tell them latter though.... so much she was sure about.

Hogwards Gates –

A black Porsche convertible drove in with it's top on, Hagrid who was talking to a man turned around and saw the car pull up. His eye's lost their warmth as Hermione stepped out of the car and so did the eyes of the man he was talking to, Mad-eye Moody. Using his magical eye looked through the girl's attire. She wore her usual denim black skirt with a black tank top with a smaller white tank top with small black markings over it. Her make up was as usual but disguised her really broken heart and sour body something her body language did not hide completely. The usual pep and smoothness was a degree lower with her simple metal bangles dangling but only lightly when she walked. Her heel shoes clicked on the ground but the magnetic movement she usually adopted when she walked, there was a slight difference only an observer could notice.

"Morning Hagrid." She tried to muster a smile but received none under the cold gaze, "Ahem – umm I was wondering if the headmaster was around?"

"He's not young Riddle – is there anything you need?" he demanded, she stepped back at the harsh words another movement the auror did not miss. A strong wind moved back her thick brown hair with the light dangling on it. The ex-auror gasped when he saw her neck just below the drop earrings she wore were deep red marks made when she

was abused. A sight she desperately tried to cover with her hand but the half-giant too noticed it. Just for a moment losing his control moved towards the girl but her uncle did not even give him a chance.

He stepped up still dressed in his brown trousers and a white turtleneck top; his eyes were warm and soft as he wrapped an arm around the girl. Hagrid's eyes narrowed as she fell into his warmth and affection, "Hagrid I was asked to give this letter from the healer who attended her."

"I'll take care of her from now Mr. Snape or would you stop to meet your brother?" he asked remembering his manners. The young auror shook his head, "No thank you – Hermione may be going to settle some legal issues though. Would you mind keeping an eye out for her?"

"Yea don't have to worry." The half giant replied half-hearted, something Hermione did not miss and was hurt by.

"Thank you – Hermione use my car for now will you? Healer said you're still not up for that bike of yours." Smiling he handed her the keys, "You know how to drive it don't you?"

"Yeah I do...thank uncle Jas." One last hug he walked away from her, she watched the space he occupied when Hagrid interrupted her reading the letter, "It says yeah are not feeling too well and be excused from classes for the day."

"I know." She replied unconcerned, he continued even otherwise, "It also says yeah have to take some medicines."

"That part was for the headmaster." She replied idly as the half-giant folded and pocketed the note, "I keep this – you come along. Dumbledore asked me to keep you in my hut till you return."

"Sorry but I need some sleep. I'll meet him once I've had some sleep." She muttered walking away feeling disturbed. Tears still begging to fall from her eyes but she did not give them a chance to do so, she never will. Her body stiffened for a moment as she bumped into someone, "Sor..."

Her words were cut off when she saw Harry, a shadow of a smile lit across her face but disappeared immediately. His words sent a heart stone to her heart, "You should be Riddle."

Ron sneered, "Your right Harry – girls like her should not be going around. What do you think is better a whore for a mother or a mass murdering psycho for a father?"

Harry laughed at Ron's statement and exchanged high-fives making them miss the anger in Seamus' eyes and Dean's wrist clenching as they heard what was said. Hermione warned them with a look enough for them to go away. Turning quiet passive by the time they finished, Harry placed his elbow on Ron's shoulder and grinned at Hermione, "Any ways sweet heart – why don't you leave us nice guys to our war and go cuddle with your books some place?"

Sighing dramatically, plans had to change – she could have to play her part as his enemy, "You know what Potter why don't we just part ways with out hexes and arguments. I really don't want to do this – adios."

She began moving away but a strong arm pulled her back slamming her against the wall, Harry. "No you bitch I know you're with your dear daddy." He spat, o shit, he saw the memory she thought to her self as he continued, "Trust me darling I will make you an orphan the minute I'm done with your old man. Come on Ron."

He added to his sidekick leaving her shell shocked against the wall, waiting for a lone moment before braking down to tears. Slowly a pair of arms wrapped around her another touched her knee. She looked up to find Cho Chang and another friend of hers; wrapping her arm around the girl she had grown close to wept. The pain in her heart threatening to take over slowly flowed out of her eyes, the older girl kept rubbing her shoulder and back letting her cry her heart out. The tears tumbled down her eyes till slowly it was only hiccups, "I'm scarred...w-what if I loose Harry like I'm going to loose daddy?"

Cho pulled her away holding her by the shoulder, looking into her eyes she saw the pain and suffering, "Hermione." She began firmly,

"Your sacrifice is not something ordinary. People will understand. They will see what you are truly are. They will see what you are truly capable of and more Hermione. They will see you for the sweet girl you are. Just keep hope one day even Harry will see."

A slight smile lit her face, "You're right. Thanks Cho I'm clear on what to do now." The girls smiled and parted ways; a new plan began forming in Hermione's mind as she walked up to the headmaster's office. Light warmth in her wrist attracted her attention enough to tap it:

Urgent: problem call meeting. N.L

Tapping her wrist sent a note to everyone Meeting at 7.00 password: black. H.A.R. Another message she sent to just a few alone, Pr. Lunch. Say mark discussion. H.A.R. and went into Dumbledore's office where he waited with two hot coffees with cream on top. Handing her a cup with the sugar bowl, dropping one into it began stirring her drink. "We need to talk about this princess?"

She choked on her coffee, "Excuse me – who gave you the right to call me princess that is only for family sir. I think it would be best if you address me as Ms. Riddle or Hermione."

"Apologies my dear Ms. Riddle, I need more details on what happened with you." He added nodding she began all about the supposed drug in her coffee to the password port key that took her away. The man being none other than her childhood guardian who abused her and always wanted her to the surge of power she felt. He heard her out, word for word before looking at her strait in the eye. "Are you sure that is all Ms. Riddle?"

"Yes I'm sure. The snake is nothing new headmaster, only in a much more powerful way." She replied he looked surprised, "Excuse me but you mean it's happened before?"

"Each time I kill and destroy a body. Thrice so far." She informed him, he looked at her with surprised, "Your soul is intact Hermione how did you do that?"

"I don't kill with the curse sir. I use daggers sir." She explained, he nodded quietly falling into deep thought. "A cobra? Could I see your..." she did not let him finish the sentence but said the spell calling upon her guardian. His eyes grew wide with shock for some strange reason seeing it but before she could try to call upon her powers dismissed her saying he would get back to her.

"Crazy old man." She muttered loud enough for him to hear banding the door as she went down. Indeed he was a crazy old man as he called upon several books and began reading through them frantically. He knew that he had to understand what it was; only one question rang through his mind. "Why her?"

Unknown place in Hogwards (For some-time)

Hermione, Neville, Dean, Seamus, Cho and her friend Matilda were seated down around a low round glass table on various coloured bean bags. Few were left empty just as Draco, Pansy and Blaise walked in explaining, "Sorry guys Potter's girl caught us on the way."

Dean who was almost second in command smiled, "Chill Drac – grab a bag lunch is on it's way."

Seamus smiled as the plates filled in finally and stretched, "What's up captain? You send out a red alert for lunch?"

"Better ask Nev, he's the one who called upon this." Hermione replied looking at the boy who blushed under everyone's attention but spoke anyway. "Hermione Shalaka wants in with us. I don't know who leaked about us..."

"No one did, Shalaka is the daughter of a man set to protect me from those people." Hermione explained, "My rapist was one of them – it was his orphanage I was raised in."

Draco looked sick, Blaise (who was told by Draco) looked angry and Pansy's eyes became wide, Seamus whispered, "T-this could be dangerous Hermione."

“Not if I can play my cards right...We play our cards better...teams will be brought up and we start preparing for war. Dean pull up the charts and I want all the specialists developing reports on what we can use in war next Saturday. Draco – Blaise I want the two of you to study Hogward’s map and start charting out points of that need protection and potentials of danger. Wednesday, Pansy I want you to start working with Lavender and Parvathi on the clothes for possible fights. I’ll talk to them latter about this – now Cho I need you to start working on the ground watching and safety work out. Two weeks – make sure you’re plans are strong. Lunch is over get back to classes. Any one asks say I wanted a discussion on potions and tutoring.” She added letting everyone go back to classes via port key again then leaned back tiered. She felt sick, used and wounded but one point made it all better – those cowards drugged her. A smile lit her lips, sadistically sweet, “Cowards those men. I know how to deal with them...” she whispered to her self picking up that letter Dumbledore had shone her.

Croshakes marched in looking devastated, crying her name launched his body on to her tears flowing down his eyes, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry love I should have protected you not hurt you like this!”

“Shakes.” She whispered, hugging him back, “It’s all right. It’s only made me stronger now I know I can beet the shit out of them. They are nothing but a cowardly bunch of bastards who know nothing but hiding under the covers trying to scare people. They are nothing against this ex-Griffindoor!”

Pulling away he smiled at her, “I like your confidence darling. I like your confidence enough to train you my self.”

She looked stunned for a second when she understood the significance of his statement. Never had an Elvan creature trained any one else in some of their ways or fighting. The whole thing was to strengthen her from within her very soul. Emotionally she hugged him, this was the strength she was looking for to fight those people who worked against her now her plan could truly work. Now there was a reporter she had to deal with to set out her little trap.

Dungeons

When the reporter arrived in the empty classroom set up like a workout gym he found to his surprise not a girl who was holding tissues to her eyes. She was dressed in a set of white knee length tights with a red tank top and white-red sports shoes. Her hair was pulled up into a high ponytail again as she wrapped a set of white crape bandages over her hand and wrist fastening them with a white sweatbands with a red layer in each end. Her body language with each punch on the black hanging bag was of anger and frustration – not helplessness or self-pity. When she lifted her feet up in a firm kick there was nothing girlish or soft about it, her limbs were fit for lack of better word. “Ahem – Miss. Riddle?”

“Yes?” she turned around stopping the bags movement with one hand. Her brown eyes studied the man in front of her, he had a smallish build-up and slightly plump features with soft grey eyes with dull blond hair that fell all over him. She smiled holding out her hand, “Um...you must me Richard Jones from Witches Weakly right?”

“That’s right miss so think you’re up for an interview? We would like to cover your...” She interrupted him, “My personal life, how does it fell like to become a rape victim and what do I feel about my new identity. Right?”

“Right on you are. So shall we get started?” he asked casually but looking at her carefully. She nodded offering him some butter beer. “So Miss. Riddle lets...”

“Hermione.” She corrected getting back to her punching, he nodded, “So Hermione I would like to start of with something that is light and casual. You know – getting to know you a bit personally. Many of our readers would love to know the girl like you under such levels.”

“Sure – go right ahead.” She prompted as he set a quill and parchment on the table near him, “What would you like to know?”

“What are your interest?” he shot, always the first question, “My interests...that’s quiet a long list. Well starters I love reading. Quiet a bookworm actually so do tend to read a lot then there is physical

fitness as you can see. I tend to run in the morning, yoga, kick-boxing...you know the whole package.”

“So by physical fitness would you be interested in Quidditch?” he asked as his quill wrote with top speed, “Me? No ways. I’m more into paintings...that are something I love. They help me express my feelings and emotions.”

“Can I see some of your paintings?” he asked her, she promised, “Latter.”

“Wonderful. Actually that’s quite a surprising combination you’ve got there. Art, dancing and physical fitness?” he questioned looking into her eyes a smile lit through them again, “I have been told that you are quite a potions brewer.”

“You have been told right. I can whip up potions quite well...used to in a great part of the summer apart from practicing my kick boxing.” She replied, “Coming back to kick boxing – many wizards don’t know about the idea of kick-boxing much so how do you explain learning it?”

“Actually to make the long story short – it was mainly because I had to help myself in tight spots. Magic being banned outside school I needed an alternative so kickboxing helped and many wizards are wrong about the art. It does help a lot even with your magic.” She added, “Especially when it comes to duelling and fighting it helps keep in control of the situation.”

“Quite an interesting point. So does your family know about this?” he asked fidgeting with his light blue robes, “My family as in my uncle and aunt learnt it the hard way by seeing me in action. My guardians family all ready knew about it before the guardianship was shifted.”

“Actually that brings us to a slightly more specified point of today’s interview Hermione. This is about your change in guardianship – many question why you opted for Severus Snape against your own uncle?” His eyes avoided hers as she took a deep breath, “Richard let me make one thing clear. My uncle was busy with his work and so was my aunt and hardly understood me. Papa knew me since I

entered the school and had been keeping an eye out for me better. I was in better hands with him than my own family and I don't regret the decision at all."

"Really – even with sharing a father figure with Draco Malfoy who if I'm right was your enemy in the first years of school?" Richard made the biggest mistake of them all, and he knew when she gave an extra hard kick on the bag.

"Listen up good. Richard the feud between Draco and me was a childish act based on prejudices and pressure. Today I'll trust him with my life if the situation arises." She replied fiercely, "He is one of the people I know will watch my back like I watch his if there is any danger."

"Did not help - did it Hermione? You had been kidnapped when you gave your exam and brutally raped in front of a large set of wizards." He shot back, she turned and looked at him strait in the eye, he was exactly where she wanted him to be. "Richard the man who raped me was cunning yes but did not have the power to beet me. What he did was a cowardly act of drugging me nearly unconscious and then raping me in public. He knew well that if I was conscious I could have taken him on with my left hand behind back. That man was nothing but a coward who made a big show of tacking candy from a sleeping baby. Let them try taking me on with out the help of drugs and I'll like to see them winning. I'm not a baby who cries onto a tissue paper. I'm a woman who puts up a fight."

A flood of emotion hit her, bulls-eye. "Quiet impressive Hermione. I'm impressed at your confidence with your self. Now one more quick question about your rape then we can change topics all right?"

"Sure." She prompted folding her hands on front of her chest, "Was he a death eater? The man..."

"No – it was not one of them." She replied firmly, "I know for a fact that they go only in gangs. Can't move alone those people."

“Agreed. Now about your new identity.” He began sounding very glad that the storm was passed with out any water works. “How do you feel about this?”

“It’s nice not to be seen as the daughter of a whore born to just anyone.” She replied sitting down for the first time, the rest of the interview moving smoothly till he got up and held out his hand. “Thank you – it was a wonderful interview and best of luck with your future.”

“Thanks and do have a good day.” She replied shaking his hand firmly and waiting for the man to leave before crashing down. Quietly from the shadows the headmaster stepped out, “Good work Ms. Riddle. I trust everything went well?”

“Thank you headmaster. Yes it did...the trap is set out.” She explained with out even turning around, he smiled his half-moon glasses and twinkling blue eyes, a flow of pride that was not her’s flowed through her.

“Step into my parlour.” He started, smiling she finished it, “Said the spider to the fly.”

A laughing chorus of three voices where heard, “Is this what it is all about Ms. Riddle? Revenge?”

“No Professor McGonagall – it is about teaching them a lesson never to mess with children’s lives again.” She replied the smile fading of her face, the deputy’s face too shone with fresh forming tears, “I have not forgotten my pain and never will. Not today – not till I die. If you excuse me – I need a shower I’m sweating.”

She answered picking up her white jacket and slipping it on as she walked out with her gym bag. Action nether adults missed, the twinkle disappeared from the old man’s eyes and best friend turned to face him, “Do you think she will ever become truly happy Albus?”

“I don’t know my dear – I don’t know.” He replied tears flowing down his own eyes.

Some unknown place

The dark room has only a small window as a source of light that too is not much in the half moon night. There is not much room around in the cold floors set against the soft white bed covered with some warm blankets. The thick door opens with a bang; a man dressed in dark red robes and low hood walks in...his body language is enough to know he is angry. Very angry enough to make an old woman dressed in bluish grey robes nearly in rags step back even more against the wall. Fear filled in her sea green eyes that had long lost its bright glow, her once shining and beautiful golden blond hair of bouncy curls now nothing but a mess. Beautiful skins masked under marks of abuse, wounds and dried blood clearly due to lack of interest than natural beauty. Her body though due to forced feedings continues to hold the stunning beauty when revealed, if done so.

A handset under red-dragon hide gloves throws forcefully at her face; she shudders as though it is a cyclone knife set out to wound her more. The top fell facing her enough for her weary hands with slender fingers picking it up cautiously least he crushes her fingers under his feet like he did so many times in the past. The picture of Hermione Amelia Riddle in the front with the words below, An Exclusive Interview with Hermione Riddle – a true warrior in every sense of the word.

Pride flooded through her fragile heart a true smile lit across her lips, the man commanded, "Read the bloody article woman."

Shivering partly with anticipation and partly with fear opened the magazine and read each and every word.

A new 'victim' of fate is the description given for Hermione Amelia Riddle. Anyone who has met her would beg to differ about the girl. The 'victim' of such a horrifying rape where she was not given a chance to fight Ms. Riddle is nothing of that kind writes Richard Jones for Witches Weakly. When entering the dungeons of Hogward's castle half expecting a girl who was broken and had tissue papers to her eyes it was surprising. There she was dressed in a white cotton shorts and a red tank top with matching shoes and sweet bands a white crape bandage to her wrist and hands practicing Kick-Boxing. A

physical defence form that does not hold magic as part of it, something many wizards tend to ignore. The girl sees differently, "Actually to make the long story short – it was mainly because I had to help my self in tight spots. Magic being banned outside school I needed an alternative so kickboxing helped and many wizards are wrong about the art. It does help a lot even with your magic. Especially when it comes to duelling and fighting it helps keep in control of the situation."

Tight spots are something that has become a part of the girl's life for she is being hunted by not only he-who-must-not-named but also another group for different reasons unknown as yet. She mentioned in the interview that, "I know some one is after me and the kidnap, drugging and rape sounds more like a set out plan than a single man's act. I just wish I could know why they are after me."

About the rapist though she did say, "the man who raped me was cunning yes but did not have the power to beat me. What he did was a cowardly act of drugging me nearly unconscious and then raping me in public. He knew well that if I was conscious I could have taken him on with my left hand behind back. That man was nothing but a coward who made a big show of taking candy from a sleeping baby. Let them try taking me on without the help of drugs and I'll like to see them winning. I'm not a baby who cries onto a tissue paper. I'm a woman who puts up a fight." Indeed bravery runs through the girl's veins for she is none other than the granddaughter of valiant warrior Leo Sofymore.

Leo Sofymore or better known as Slither was the best known auror for his knack of mass killings of Dark Wizards in the time of Dark Wizard Gillywand. More is known about his history for being one of the first men to re-write history with his knack of sword fighting only Scalar Slytherin and Gordric Griffindoor have known to have mastered. "Hermione Riddle herself is a talented in duelling and fighting strategy. I watched her fight a few times and her talent is beautiful." Says Shalaka Martin the girl's Defence Against The Dark Arts Teacher, there are reasons to believe that that Hermione is more than just a sheer talented dueller. The girl is a wonderful artist with a keen eye for details and facts with a surety that makes her say her

attackers was not a death eater, "I know for a fact that they go only in gangs."

This unfortunate incident through has left several marks on the girl, both physical and emotional. Several fresh wounds lay all around her body especially her shoulders. Emotionally though there is a scar that she lost her virginity in such a brutal form, "My virginity was something I carried from my childhood to now intact. Loosing it in such a terrible manor does hurt but I have to move on. I have a whole life to live as yet and not stop at this point alone. Even though it's there I know my mother will take care of me. She's up there looking out for me...taking care of me." By the looks of it her mother is not her only guardian angel. Her once sworn enemy and now close friend Draco Malfoy the only living blood heir to the Malfoy estate said quiet clearly, "Don't print any nonsense about Hermione or her mother or I'll make sure that your magazine goes out of print."

A fierce affection they seem to share for the girl did mention she trusts him with her life. This is something both of them seem to share. Is this only affection or something deeper? Even if Draco does feel something more towards young miss Riddle he is not to be blamed for many boys have commented that they find Hermione beautiful and classical. Some of her female friends Parvathi Patail and Lavender Brown agreed to it completely. Lavender Brown a girl who shared a schoolhouse with the girl for the last few years said that, "Last year she was nothing but a book worm. The summer has done her well and she looks beautiful now with her new clothes and make up."

Parvathi Patail added, "Yeah boys are practically drooling over her when they think she's not looking but she has not changed completely. Still the same bookworm top of her classes and all, giving us good advice whenever needed." This is something to be noted for the girl is not only the daughter of a dangerously beautiful woman she herself is a talented witch. Some of the factors many eligible single men tend to look for in a potential wife or girlfriend and can be used to gain a big fat ring added with her family background. Hermione though surpasses all that and works hard for her school fees by working as a freelance consultant some companies apart from her Teachers Assistant position. The money she uses to pay for her school fees and practically living of a combined income of her work

and inheritance interest. It is clear that she is no 'pomp and show' rich girl with an ear only for gossip but a woman of intelligence and brilliance. When asked about what she is looking for in a husband, "A man who loves me for who I am and not what I Am." Came the prompt reply, "Some one who is intelligent and I can hold a conversation with...most importantly a man who is ready to give me my space in the relationship. I don't want to become a dotting wife who goes to kitty parties and showing of my latest gifts discussing other people's lives. I want to become a woman of independence and work for my living and I need a man who is ready to support that. A marriage based on love and understanding not agreement or lust."

When she was asked about her favourite item the in the whole world she replied picked up a fluffy pink teddy bear and holds it close to her heart. "This...my very first toy that my mother go for me. I shall treasure it forever...for me it holds everything my mother wanted to give me. Love, affection, time, attention, protection everything." Her brown eyes most with tears that are unshed, "I know that some where out there she is watches over me like a star. You know any time I miss my mother I look at the stars and some how I know there is someone protecting me from above."

When asked about the her father and the whole new identity she said, "It's nice to know that I was born for love and not a one night lust. I guess that it really matters that I'm not an illegitimate child in a way. I guess it does hurt when people speak of you as some one who was born because of the mothers carelessness." The hurt was evident in her eyes though she tried to avoid the topic all together. Clearly she loves her mother greatly and always will as she captures her in a beautifully on canvas.

Hermione's painting of her mother was below; the woman touches the painting and the picture of the girl with her favourite toy when both are grabbed away from her with force. His hands crush hers tightly, "The girls got gut. Get ready and come down."

"Y-yes sir." She whispered falling down on the ground nearly choking in tears.

Mean time at Hogwards

Hermione started packing up her bag for the day making sure that all her assessments were in order before picking up her over-robies and slipping them on before walking out. As she walked up the stairs many eyes followed her wishing her good morning or asking her if she was better now. Politely replying all of them marched towards the hall for breakfast, half way through bumping into the headmaster. "Morning sir."

"Hermione – good morning. Lemon drop?" he offered, she sighed relieved, "Thanks I really needed some instant sugar in my system."

"You're welcome." He popped one into his own mouth, "Long exercised today?"

"No...nightmares headmaster." She explained walking towards breakfast hall with him, "I think I should brew some potions and get some sleep tonight."

"Did Severus inform you about Sirius?" he asked, she nodded sounding a bit washed out as they walked into the Great Hall for breakfast. "Well then I shall take your leave and have a nice day."

"You too sir." She responded before flopping into the seat near Draco and Goyal. "Morning guys."

"Morning princess." Draco replied pouring out some fresh juice for her, "Saw Pans by any chance?"

"Having a little extra time with her make up." Hermione replied serving herself some scrambled eggs and fresh fruits with whipped cream. Blaise passed her the tea and lemon she asked for and turning back to his own breakfast. "Mmm...excellent. So Goyal done with your charms essay for today?"

"Yeah – I have made those changes you told me to make." He added serving himself a second helping of eggs and juice. "I read about those books you asked me to look at by the way."

“Good. You think you can come today?” she asked, taking a bite of her toast, “I have some free time to help you out with your homework.”

“Wonderful – I still don’t understand that transfiguration thing.” Crabbe added looking sour she laughed and served him some more fruits, “I’ll tutor you don’t worry. Morning Pans.”

“Hey Hermione – why are you not taking your coffee today?” she demanded sitting in a nearby seat, “Needed a softer drink. Hush.” She whispered as a tinkling of glass could be heard and the headmaster got up in his seat.

“Sorry to interrupt your breakfast but this is about a few changes in the teaching. Due to an unfortunate incident we now do not have a Arithmacy teacher so Professor Martin was kind enough to take the place.” He announced as a great applause struck the room before he could continue. She stood up in her baby green dress and took a bow before sitting down, “Her place as the defence against the dark arts teacher is take up by none other than auror Sirius Black.”

The applause was thunderous especially from the Griffindoor table and Harry who knew the man personally. Hermione applauded politely but her heart was beating fast anticipating the trouble the man would cause. Draco reached out rubbed her shoulder reassuringly, she smiled back at him nether noticing the dark look that passed the new ‘professors’ eyes that noticed the act. Dean catching her eye gave a subtle wink she smiled back happily. The announcements over he or she returned to breakfast, everyone did except Hermione who pushed away her food. “I’ll meet you guys in class.”

Grabbing her bag walked away quickly going into the girl’s bathroom dumped her bag and threw up her entire breakfast into the washbasin. Her head was spinning and she looked slightly green but managed to clean it with a wave of her wand. Cleaning her self-up and reapplying the make up walked out and going to a far end corner seat of the defence class. Her eyes wandered outside for a moment before picking up her sketchbook and began sketching casually there was nearly fifteen minutes left for class to begin and she had the time. The strokes where casual and calm nothing too strong...nothing too light

but perfect, precise and horrifying as she worked through her rape with the man on top of her. This was in different circumstances though...her body was completely necked but the face was not shown. Her rapist had raised his robes just above enough to keep what he pushed inside the struggling girl as she desperately tried to scream beyond his gloved arms. Her hair was all over ragged, messed with her body wounded, scarred...her breasts limp with the prints of his fingers pressed in them. The only closeness to identifying the body as hers was it's structure and the birthmark set on her shoulder. No viewers no pitch anything she placed her sign marking the work as hers when the teacher snapped walking in.

"I was wanting everyone to sign the register then come in 'Moine.'" She looked up from her work to find the man dressed in dark blue jeans with a white with blue checks, button down shirt with the first few bottoms left open and a formal white jacket for an extra look. His hair was set on with jell giving him a cool look set against the tick metal watch on his hand. A sight that could make many women and teenage girls swoon but had no effect on Hermione except make her even angrier at his bold approach. Her brown eyes flashed, raising an eyebrow she corrected him.

"It's either Hermione or Ms. Riddle professor Black even in private." She corrected getting up and walking up to the book he handed her and sighed under her name before handing it back to him. "I'd prefer a professional relationship with my teachers sir."

"That's not what I heard between you and Professor Martin Hermione." He stressed sighing she looked at him strait in the eye, "Professor Shalaka Martin is my teacher only in class. I address her by her name outside the class period."

"Only her?" he asked sarcastically as Dean and Seamus walked in with a few other Gryffindor students.

"Only her sir." She replied walking back to her seat and picking up her parchment for class as Professor Black got their signatures for class. Neville came and boldly sat down next to her whispering a hi, when Pansy with Draco and his two bodyguards walked in Sirius and the

few who were in the room (including Harry and Ron) held their breaths as and watched as they walked up to them. Neville was busy finishing some notes for the class on the set chapter when Draco came next to him and took the quill of his hands. Sirius opened his mouth to give a telling of but to everyone's surprise Draco made a correction in the boy's notes. "This is how it works – keep an eye on his notes Hermione."

"Why?" she asked taking his notes and looking at it when Draco sat down in the seat next to them much to everyone's surprise. Sirius' jaw nearly dropped, "Yeah – sorry Neville he's right about your conclusion."

"Thanks Malfoy." Neville replied casually the boy simply nodded, Goyal who had sat on the desk in front of them back facing the class asked, "We are meeting in the green house right?"

Neville nodded, "We are – Professor Sprout said we could."

Pansy who was taking out her books looked at them casually, "Make sure all of you finish your work. We have a study work latter." Blaise walked in and sat next to Crabe and Goyel with Sam and his Lavender on the tables joining in the conversation. Harry's eyes narrowed at the sight but could not say a word as many people walked in and took their seats and Sirius was forced to begin the class.

"All right I want everyone to be stated properly now. Thank you." He added as everyone quickly sat down, "I am Sirius Black your Defence professor. I was told that you were going to get an introduction to some of the dark spells and their defence today. So right let's get right in to it – can some one tell me how the Dark Art spells tend to work?"

Some hands shot up, surprisingly so did Neville. Knowing the boy's reputation Sirius decided to give him a chance to answer and raise his confidence, "Yes Mr. Longbottom right?"

"Yes sir. Most of the dark arts spells tend to work based on emotion and the want to do something sir. You should really want to hurt

some one or something to use them successfully.” He answered, Sirius was impressed with him and awarded him 20 points, “Excellent – can some one tell me why Mr. Longbottom said most of the dark spells and not all.”

A few more hands shot up, surprisingly so did Lavender’s, “Yes Ms. Brown do tell me.”

“Sir he said most because even if a spell is based on the dark if a person uses it to self-defence or to help some one in need then it is not a dark spell. It is all about how you work it and not the spell it self.” She replied with an after thought added, “It is why you use for that matters and not the spell it self sir.”

“Right again – quiet a bright group.” Sirius smiled and went about telling them all about how the Dark Arts are about emotions, “Unlike any other branch of magic it’s not merely spells and waving of wands it is about really wanting to do something. Fighting it works the same way – you want to fight something and only then can you fight it. A simple logic in writing but very difficult in practice, now many of you know about the story of Dark wizard Raiston? No one then it would indeed be a fascinating story. Some years back there was a dark wizard by the name of Benjamin Raiston and it is said that he was one of the worst to ever develop. The man showed no mercy for anyone especially muggles usually went about ransacking muggle landlords, rapping their wife and daughters. Some of them even took up the beautiful ones as slaves and it is said that they went about performing repeated sexual assaults on them till they crumbled. They where the very first people to commit homosexual rape on you young boys as well...some of their ceremonies included rapping of young virgins who just attained their puberty. Yes Ms. Riddle? If this is going to the bathroom just walk out and come back – don’t go around asking me.” He sighed slightly irritated when the girl raised her hand interrupting his lecture.

“S-sir did I get your right?” she asked ignoring his comment, “Rapping the girls right after the attain puberty?”

“Yes an now – yes you heard right about the rape after they attain puberty but not right after. They usually rape the girl on the next full

moon once her first cycle is completed.” He told her giving her strange look, “Gang rapping her professor?”

“Yes.” His eyes narrowed, “You seem to know a lot about this then why did you not answer when I asked?”

“I – I did not know this was a group work sir.” She muttered sitting down looking visibly disturbed, Sirius nodded and continued with his lecture, “So where was I yes. Rapping young muggle born girls after they attained puberty in the moonlight was considered a great way of attaining power. His followers committed such acts as a ritual constantly many times using the full moon as a witness. They relished pain and had many young slaves perform sexual acts on them or wiping them. This went on till a point that a secret cult of wizards began fighting them and pushing them out of the way...by using their own weapons against them. They where the first one’s to prove to the world that there is more to the dark arts than just destruction and can be use for helping people as well. This was the very first resistance created against the Dark Arts as an organized group.”

Sirius finished his story and many students fell into a stilled silence except for the scratching of quills to take notes. The first to drop the quill was Hermione; her eyes in a daze looking outside the window Neville gently placed an arm on hers. She looked at him and smiled, she was all right now. Back in front of the class Sirius cleared his throat, “Ahem – so that brings us to the main point of the class. It is not about the dark arts but it’s usage and attitude towards it that really matters. I want a five-foot essay regarding the dark spells used in duelling and their potential damage as well. Try listen today in your history class Professor Bins said he’s covering the group as part of many. The essay is due on Monday – for your next class come prepared to learn about dark creatures: werewolves to be exact. Dismissed.”

The bell rang drowning the last word as they packed away and got up for their next class. Hermione though was quiet slow through her work her mind’s wheel still turning quiet fast. Harry and Ron hung back a moment ignoring her presence, “Good job Sirius the class was wonderful.”

“Thanks Ron.” He smiled handing the boys some books to Harry who added, “Yeah the way you narrated the story had everyone spell bound Sirius.”

“I hoped it would Harry.” He smiled but his eyes darkened a bit seeing Hermione walked past the boys with out even giving them a glance. “Ms. Riddle stay back a moment.”

“Yes sir?” She answered fighting with her robes; she did not want to stay with Sirius alone – not after their last encounter, feeling her wand for safety as Harry and Ron walked out. Harry turned back and gave him thumbs up and closing the door. “You wanted something by any chance?”

“It’s your free period now right?” he asked, she nodded feeling slightly sick again, “Good – a crash of free periods today by the looks of it. Any way why don’t you sit down so that we can have a heart to heart chat? Can I get you something tea perhaps?”

“I’m sorry sir but there is some work I need to complete now. If you could just tell me what it is you want because I really have to go.” She asked, he sighed, “Why did you ask such a crazy question in the middle of class Ms. Riddle?”

“I have some personal reasons sir and no it’s nothing to do with my father.” She added for emphasis, “Even as a teacher I’m afraid my personal life is none of your business. Have a nice day.”

Just as she reached the door she felt a hand on hers and a body behind her as an arm wrapped around her waist, “Hermione...” he whispered in a soft whisper, “Where do you think your running away love? We are going to have this little ‘conversation’ quiet soon. In my bedchambers.”

He added gently running a hand over her right breast scaring her enough to open the door and walk away half shaking and half crying. She could practically see him leaning against the wall smirking at her with an achievement, she told her self to breath and walked on. There was no mistake about his intentions that man was used to getting

what he wanted; she needed a strong defence now. Some how all the abuse that she faced some how gave her enough strength to face this – he was not going to have her. Her instincts yelled out danger suddenly making her turn around, sure enough he had begun following her. “I just came to add something dear keep away from my godson. As much as you would like to sleep with him he is out of your bounds. He loves Ginny too much for that.”

“Professor I have all ready told you I don’t give a dam about what your godson does or who he goes out with. As far as you are concerned I think it would be best if our conversations stay within the limits of your subject.” She added waking away irritated down the stairs leaving a stunned Sirius behind her but just as she was going down. Once reaching her room sat down with a huff and began working on her essay, from tomorrow work will be even more difficult with working with the group. The two hours were more than enough to complete her essay notes and write nearly half of it. She was writing the third foot of her work when the bell for Care for Magical Creatures got her. Two more weeks and she could write the exam for this subject as well giving her even more free time. The look on Hagrid’s eye made her take the decision, she did not regret it. Three subjects down would give her a lot of time for her research and development plans. Sighing she pulled the bags up and went down to class waiting for the others to arrive, suddenly a great dog leapt on her and began licking her face. She laughed, “Hay Flang down....”

“Flang come here.” Commanded Hagrid in his don’t-argue tone, the beast whimpered going to his master who continued to glare at her. Pretending to wipe away her face wiped the tears that where forming in her eyes, she had made the right choice about her exam. “What are yeah doing in this place Riddle? I heard you’re taking up the exam. Are you not preparing for it?”

“I - I thought I should attend classes sir.” She answered looking down, “Well yeah don’t go prepare with those books. I excuse you from all my classes now on.”

“T-thank you sir.” She answered picking up her stuff walked away again hiding her tears. On the way she bumped into Dean, Seamus and a few other friends, “Hay Mia – not coming for class?”

“No – Hagrid excused me from his classes so that I can prepare for my exams.” She replied, “It’s good then I can work better for my exams as well.”

Padma gave her a stern look that was one girl who could read her like a book, “Hermione.”

“No seriously I need to go work. See you guys around.” She waved walking away from her friends before the smile slid off her face again. Why was this happening to her? The one man to whom she was grateful for did nothing but hurt her. Another man who was once a friend dumped her for her family, Ron and Harry...well you could not really say much about them. The only people who truly cared were the top people of her group. The ones who knew the whole truth – she was alone in a world of people. She was all ready feeling quiet low at the moment because she had no one to speak to or share her feelings with! No one cared for her as such; Sam was the son of one of her protectors likes Shalaka both keeping an eye out for her. Draco, Pansy and the others saw her as an escape from the fate they awaited, she knew that much. Agreed they cared for her but in a more ‘hero-worship’ way, they should not lose confidence. Papa had enough trouble in his life all ready so she could not speak to him and Mummy she was pregnant so again out of question. She had to learn to live alone with her troubles. There was no one for her, no one to take care of her and hold her when she cried. Except for her mother – her teddy. She was crying bitterly for the whole hour holding the fluffy pink toy rubbing it with her arms holding it closer. Thank god no one was in the common room and she placed a silencing spell on the door. A part of her wanted something more like her real mother holding her and cuddling her, she wished. Working through her troubles with her...

Avalon looked at her sadly but whispered to the air, “I wish I could do something my dear. You have been wounded greatly but there is nothing I can do but watch. After all the one to aid you is against you now.” With these words he floated away above the great hall before taking a ‘stole’ towards the forbidden forest pausing a moment. Hagrid was showing them a grown black mare and teaching them about it...the child would have enjoyed this lesson. He knew for she

loved ridding greatly and her passion for them. Poor child, she was denied everything she loved so much. A family, a person to talk to, best friends, love and a happy teenage – all that others had and she did not. There was nothing for her in their world of happiness or bubbly laughter. Sighing he walked towards the forbidden forest looking around till a voice behind him called out, “Welcome again great warrior Avalon. What makes you come in search of us centaurs?”

Turning around bowed down benign his back and raising his hand, “A hero’s salute great centaur Frieze I came seeking help regarding the little one.”

“We centaurs noted that she is ignored by her kind as well. Astricus has decided to call her for a seeing despite her lack of enthusiasm.” He added sighing, “The girl is not in good health is she?”

“No cholesterol is still affecting her stomach she needs to go on a diet.” Avalon agreed, “Have you had a chance with Gwap the young giant?”

“We can do nothing with Hagrid making his pet go away from her like he did today. What they are doing is greatly wrong this rate they will loose her.” Frieze told him, “To the dark arts?”

“As a friend.” He corrected glaring at the man, “I’d like to see the day she goes into the dark arts like her family.”

“Ronan is quiet found of the girl is he not?” Avalon asked ‘casually’ something the centaur did not miss, nor did he answer, “I hope you protect her from some of the dangers she’s going to face from the hands of Sirius Black.”

“She has to save her self – not us. Our boundaries lie in this forest the school is beyond our control.” He answered looking sad, “Her mind is wonderful though for a child.”

“She is...I must take your leave now for a short while please keep an eye on the child.” He added taking a low bow and walking away. Back

at school Hermione suddenly felt very exposed but pushed the feeling away getting back to her studies till lunch bell rang.

After Classes

Ginny walked into her room after a charms class when she heard the shower running. "Must be having a shower. O – no we have training in half an hour with Amelia."

Knocking the door she remained Harry who yelled back he remembered and was coming out. She turned around and picked up their clothes when she heard the door click open. Turning around smiled at him and tossed dark blue tracks with white sleeveless sweatshirt. Catching them smiled at her, "I fixed your bath when I was drying of...you look beat."

"Thanks love – I feel beat." She replied taking of her over robes and picking up some white tracks with a light green tank top as she left. Harry picked up the over robes Ginny left behind and held them to his face taking her smell in, he was becoming a maniac in love and enjoyed every moment of it.

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"Yeah let's go...where are we going today?" he asked picking up gym bag heading down to the path of the Shrieking Shack. They walked in to find Amelia seated on the ground next to Remus deep in conversation about something, "Moony I swear I don't know what's going on there. She still...o hi brother, sister-in-law comes on take a seat. We're going to teach you some physical forms of endurance today."

"Great." He exclaimed and began learning what Amelia was teaching him but ended up having his face turned away from Ginny five times before the work out finished, "Potter in this rate I need to separate the two of you during war."

Remus was laughing hard seeing the two of them that he did not even give Amelia a telling off for her joke. Harry scratched the back of his head and Ginny turned red. Finally stopped laughing Remus asked if they were up for a drink in three broomsticks saying it was a treat for his work becoming successful. "Sounds good. Will dad join us?"

"He said he will Ginny come on..." Amelia gave her hand up as they walked out to the drinks shop, Harry busy listening to Remus telling him about his parents. Ginny who was about to open the door stopped short, "Hermione?"

"What about Hermione?" Harry demanded his attention turning back to her, Ginny pointed inside. Sure enough Hermione sat there with Bill, Charlie and an odd looking man. He had his hood down over some green sweatshirts and black trousers. There were some strange marks on his wrist as he spoke then got up and shook hands with Hermione and Charlie. He gave Bill a shake-n-hug before leaving walking away, Ginny decided she saw enough and decided to confront her brothers. "Hi Bill, Charlie think I could have a word with you in private?"

"Sure Gin." Bill replied, Hermione got off her seat; "I'll be seeing you around Wesley and thanks for the help Wesley."

"Whatever Riddle just don't get into trouble Albus will have our heads in a golden platter." Charlie added, Hermione only rolled her eyes, "I won't – see ya round teach..."

Harry glared at her (something she comfortably ignored) while Remus and Ginny were giving her curious looks. She moved with confidence dressed in her white skirt with a silk green tank top that held on to her body quite strongly. Over it was a white silk quarter top that had small green spots in the same shade as her top. She wore a set of long earrings made of silver with emeralds as a base, her make up looked stunning enough for the Remus to keep staring at her as she left. Ginny turned to look at Charlie, "Teach what is she talking about Charlie?"

"Some other time Ginny." Bill shut her up, "We need to leave now...See you latter champ. Remus dinner tomorrow your place right?"

"See you Bill." Harry wished when Remus nodded as the brothers left the building and into the village. "Remus you all right?"

“Harry since when was Hermione into clubs?” he asked his old friends son who shrugged, “God knows why anything bad about it?”

“Umm...Harry did you read her interview in Witches Weakly today?” Amelia asked as they sat down on a table, Harry shook his head. “Well then you should...”

Remus handed him his copy and Harry read it, “She’s sending an open challenge to these people – what’s with that and the disco thing?”

Amelia sighed, “Ginny have you covered powers and incantations in Ancient Runes as yet?”

“Yes...of course there are certain protections one can place on some place to protect it for one single event. Er.... why?” she looked confused, Amelia reached out and got a very old looking battered book. “Read this book...you will understand why I told you this.”

Sirius reached them this time dressed in brown camouflage trousers with a light brown half slaved muscle t-shirt. “Hay everybody – ordered anything?”

“Not as yet dad.” Ginny replied, “Great class by the way.”

“Thanks sport.” He replied pinching her cheek, “Harry heard Hagrid chucked Hermione out of class?”

“Yep. It’s better with out her hopping up and down in class Sirius.” He laughed, “We won’t have her in nearly three classes now.”

Remus looked shocked, “He chucked her out of class?”

“More like told her to study by her self Moony – she’s taking up the exam early.” Sirius explained, “Charlie will be tutoring her for a week and a half. Bill and Charlie are going to observe her for a week in reality though order felt it was best. She is quiet influential with the students after all.”

“Sirius she achieved inter-house unity. Something even Dumbledore could not achieve.” Remus told him quiet furiously, “Don’t get on her bad side Padfoot she’s all ready has a lot against you.”

“Moony what would she have against dad? That girl is a major attention seeker and nothing more.” Ginny laid down firmly, “Let’s not spoil our evening talking about her – lets eat. Tell us about your developments that you are treating us for.”

At Ginny’s urging Remus they changed the subject and spoke about everything over a nice cosy meal. Remus, Sirius and Amelia had some fire-whisky when Harry and Ginny their usual butter beer. Laughing cracking jokes about ‘old times’ and various pranks. The war, Hermione, bitterness, training and pain were placed aside for the night.

Salson Club

The music was loud and many people were dancing, drinking, smoking or being (ahem) explicit with their affection. The lights were dim with a few flashing around all the time Hermione was on the dace floor dancing with some random guy she ‘happened to know’ again. Laughing as he twirled her around or dipped her on the floor. The song was fast making her forget all her problems she relaxed visibly every limb of her body did so as she danced to the beet. Finishing the dance she walked away from him towards the bar slightly tiered, “Tomato juice with vodka...two ice cubes.”

The man handed her the drink with a smile, she took the glass and sipped it looking around the club and what everyone where doing. Some one took the seat next to her as she sipped her drink, “Are you not suppose to be at school Ms. Riddle?”

She glanced at the man next to her dressed in light blue jeans and a white sleeveless top that gave a casual appearance to him. His sandy light blond hair and deep olive green eyes always reminded her of Julian from Famous Five. Something she was introduced to in her stay after Derrick’s murder. “Does not matter for them Julius – does not matter for anyone.”

"Hermione as your healer I should say that drinking and smoking is going to affect your body even more. As your friend I would say you are special girl...Hermione many people are out there who need you. Don't go back on them take care." He added kissing her forehead gently before leaving her, she lay back on her seat and picked up a cigarette and lit it. She was about to take a drag when it was practically grabbed out of her hand and destroyed.

"Charlie." She winced opening her eyes, "I did not even have one the whole day!"

His anger calmed a bit but did not go away, "Does not mean you need one now Hermione."

"I don't know why you even bother with me some time Wesley." She muttered taking a large gulp of her drink, "Did the bloody order set you to up on my duty tonight?"

"Hermione." Bill chastened her, shrugging she tipped back and drank some more of her juice, "Anyway you better go, surely you have better work than babysitting a fourteen year old."

Charlie tried to reason with her but she placed an empty glass down and walked away from them, "We have to talk to her."

"I know...but give her some time. She's not happy with the whole keeping an eye on her thing." Bill convinced him watching the girl talk very happily with another guy of her age. Then shook hands with someone he introduced to her and chatted for some time. One of the boys asked her for a dance when a slow tune struck, she agreed immediately. They were dancing for some time before Hermione got tiered and decided to go back. She walked out of the disco-bumping strait into Larry, "Hermione?"

"Hay Larry." She smiled, "You hear?"

"Came for a drink...and meeting some one." He added in a low voice, she understood and nodded. "I better go home. Can we meet some time soon?"

“I’ll write to you.” He told her and gave her a light hug that she returned before walking away. Her mind was wandering as she took the long walk from the disco to her house.

Back in school: Night

Sirius felt his mind revolve around what the headmaster had said in the morning. Did the girl have a crush on him? It did not look like it; hell she ran away from him at every chance, the best solutions were a nice walk down the gardens of the school. That’s what he did – dressed in casual full-length track suet, moving his arms and warming his body when a voice attracted his attention. “The charm is quiet easily done but remember the wand movement – the trick is to understand the theory.” Looking towards the direction he found Hermione with Crabe and Goyel. The girl her self was dressed in from what he could see the same outfit she wore for Hosmade. Her hair was left completely but wore long silver earrings with pink stones on them. The wind waved through her hair falling lightly on her face, her hands where decorated with pink and white bangles gingering with the movement of her hand. He watched curiously as she instructed them about their essays and handed it back, they wrote what she told them. Her own hands working her way through the projects again the bangles did not seem to disturb her work. He watched quietly from behind as they packed away everything and went away from her, “How long are you planning to hide behind that pillar Professor Black?”

Slowly he moved away facing her looking quiet shocked, “How did you know I was there Hermione?”

She raised an eyebrow, “No more Ms. Riddle sir? I noticed the moment you began walking and then stopped. So tell me...” she lingered getting up revealing her white thigh length skirt his eyes lingered on her fingers for a moment before going back to her eyes, “...why are you spying on me?”

“I’m sorry.” He muttered looking away, “You’re sorry you did not understand what I said sir or you’re sorry for invading my privacy?”

"I'm sorry for invading you're privacy Her...I mean Ms. Riddle. Would you be coming to dinner with the school today or can I steal you away for tomorrow night?" he asked casually, her eyes narrowed, "Sir are you trying to get me to go out with you?"

"Not at all Ms. Riddle – just a casual dinner in a public restaurant between two co-workers." He claimed, sighing she folded her arms in front of her chest, "What's the catch Black spit it out?"

"That will be Professor Black to you Ms. Riddle." Said the head master walking up behind them, rolling her eyes she muttered something like, "Perfect – all teachers in this school are against privacy of students."

"Quiet the contrary my dear child." He chuckled, "I was coming to tell you you're aunt and uncle have sent a letter to me requesting you audience tomorrow night in LaRaushal for a quiet family dinner. They wish to talk to you about something important."

"LaRaushal – family dinner." She muttered looking confused for a moment, "Either they want some money or they want my presence to pull a few strings. What's your bet sir?"

"They want you to pull a few strings my girl. That's the picture I got from you're aunts words." Dumbledore replied, "A formal dinner by the sound of it..."

"I'll be present sir." She replied groaning, she hated this whole 'family picture' they tried to present. Sighing she dug into her pocket and pulled out her cigarette case and lighter. "Smoke headmaster?"

"No thank you." He replied, she offered one to Sirius who shook his head but his eyes still looking quiet disturbed, "Let me take you're leave. I dare say both of you have a lot to clear among you're selves? Ms. Riddle Winky said she'll pack your bags for you."

"Thank you sir." She replied taking in a deep puff, her eyes rolling back for a moment with the drug. "I don't understand what they want from me though...Have a nice day professor Black, headmaster."

Sirius watched her walk away before turning to the headmaster, "She smokes?"

"There is a lot you don't know about her Sirius." The old man muttered, "There is a lot you don't know about the girl Sirius."

Hermione was walking down the corridors thinking about her fate. She had a handful of people who truly cared for her. Others where either looking at her as a teacher, saviour or tool to work through problems – there were no one she could sit and talk about all her problems to. At all times keeping up images, making sure those who trusted her were safe, those who loved her where not worried about her...those who tried to use her. Well make sure they knew she was in power...the pressure was finally getting to her. This was how she felt at the moment dragging her drug when Ginny and Harry broke away from a lip lock. She could never forget the look in his eyes – she half felt as through a slap was on its way. A part of her wished he slapped her but he did not. She stood there dragging her cigarette and sighing, "Anything you want Potter?"

"Why Her-Riddle?" Ginny asked, Harry's eyes reflected the same question she shrugged. In really she only wanted to run and hug them, cry her eyes out as they consoled her. Instead she shrugged, "Have a life to live don't I? Need something to keep me going in this place."

Her eyes wandered around looking at each stone like it was the cause of her problems. Her body nearly limp and washed out, taking another puff gave a dull smile. "Why so worried Potter? I'm your enemies daughter...even if I die out of a heart cancer you should not have a problem would you?"

"Yeah why would I." He muttered as through trying to convince him self going away pulling Ginny along. Her eyes trailed on her are steadily on the girl she saw as a sister once. Hermione rolled her eyes and walked away. The walk back to their room was silent – Harry changed in to a pair of white full-length pyjamas for the night. He sat on the bed leaning against the pillow thinking when Ginny walked in dressed in pink nightshirt that looked so cute on her. Her eyes trailed on him a moment noticing how he seemed lost, gently

walking up to him leaning against him. He wrapped his arm around her waist and began rubbing her body lightly. "Why did she do this Harry?" she whispered taking his hand and kissing it.

Without a word he slipped his hand out of hers and began rubbing her neck and shoulder, the bare skin against his. She tipped her neck to the side giving him more space he rubbed her some more before bending down and kissing her neck gently. Slowly moving towards her shoulders his lips pressing hard against her bare skin sighing she turned around and gave him a rough kiss on the lips before trailing light kisses all over his face practically kneeling on his lap. She felt his hands wrap around her tightly as his tongue rubbed against her lower lips, kissing her softly and sensually. Some were in the air around he heard a bike's rumbling but continued to kiss Ginny like his life depended on it. A loud band jerked them away from each other as Sirius called out to them, "Kids – head quarts in fifteen minutes emergency."

"Be there dad." Ginny yelled back as Harry pulled out some of their clothes, "Where are we meeting?"

"Dumbledore's office." Sirius replied as Harry walked up dressed in black jeans and a black sweatshirt with some gibberish printed on it. Handing Ginny a black jeans and a yellow sweatshirt and sending her off to change. "May go out – this sounds like it's bad Harry."

"Running shoes it is." Harry muttered pulling some on with his socks when Ginny walked in pulling on her own, slipping on the black light jacket took out a notepad and pen, "What's the case Padfoot?"

"Not sure – Dumbledore did not hold on to explain only this that there is someone on campus." Sirius explained through the mirror pulling on his own leather jacket, Ginny came up pulling her hair into a ponytail, "We're coming out dad. Stay clear – wait for the team."

"Bring the map." Sirius instructed as the mirror turned blank. Summoning his father's map Harry rushed out stuffing it in his pocket. Soon they skid into the headmasters' office panting as several other order members gathered around, "What's the issue?"

Dumbledore looked up, "Harry someone is in the grounds. This looks dangerous. One of the students is in his or her clutches."

"Who?" asked Remus as he walked in looking quiet pale Harry's breath caught at the name, "Cho Chang."

"I'll check the map." Harry answered opening it and looking for the girl in question. He found her, "Near the west gates sir, moving – another woman pulling her out. Betty Leila Glass by the label."

"Betty Glass?" Sirius repeated it but did not ponder it as Dumbledore announced that most of the order except some should go searching around the school any sign of problem apart from this. The few who were coming had to keep their wands ready, "She's dangerous." He added for emphasis as the fifteen rushed down the hallway to meet the woman. Dumbledore leading with Harry, Ginny, Ron, Bill, Charlie, Sirius and Remus, Severus and the twins alongside him – in other words the defence experts. Mad-eye, Flickwick and the other professors were busy gathering the full school search for any potential problem. The scene they faced was pathetic. Her attire was once a simple three quarters blue pyjamas with a white stripes and a dark blue tank top and an over shirt like the pyjamas. Now her over shirt was nothing wearable her t-shirt was ripped exposing a part of her breasts considering she wore nothing underneath, her pyjamas were ripped so badly making her nearly naked. Her face was a mess from crying and several wounds she got when fighting the woman off. Her hair was a mess and her lips were bruised quite badly. Most of the men would have closed their eyes at the sight had it not been the danger she was in...the woman who was dragging her though was dressed in thick robes. Her cloak pulled up around her but the hood was down exposing her face. She had dark blue eyes with a tint of silver in them so cold that they could be mistaken for daggers. Her curly short pale hair had red highlights that looked practically scary. The glint in her smile added to the picture, Dumbledore softly spoke, "Let the girl go Betty she did nothing to you."

"Why Dumbledore – the brat is much more useful to us than you." She replied holding Cho by the back of her neck, "Come on I don't have all night."

"We don't either. Now." Sirius replied sending a stunning spell at her along with five other from Harry, Ginny, Charlie, Bill and Remus. As fast as wind a yellow bike and its rider came in the way blocking all of them in one stroke. Moving towards the side stopped the bike at the same time and jumping off letting the bike fall on the ground. The wand less hand removing the helmet and tossing it away some place casually. Her brown hair that was not held up in the ponytail fell down on her shoulders, with brown eyes dancing with amusement.

"Hermione Riddle." The woman rasped, it was not a question, "Knew you would want to play hero dear."

"Looks like you enjoy stripping people umm Betty right?" she asked conversationally stepping towards the woman, "Right you are young one. The old man was right about you. You do have quite a body."

Her words were punctuated by her eyes trailing down the girl's body despite the black leather jacket that now clung to her body and the black jeans on her side. A set of jeans-chains hanging of her hips to shoes she wore, there was no fear in her eye at the wand either. There was no mistake of her intention in the next words she spoke.

"Actually between two of you you'll become a better prey." The faces of Dumbledore and some other people who understood paled. Hermione's face did not even change but with a swift movement pulled Cho out of her clutches and tossed her towards the order. The woman did not even move her eyes still set on Hermione, "You are the one I want now though...she was good but she's not you. The men will love to have you especially after you're challenge. The girl lost is nothing compared to you."

Her smile suddenly turned menacing – just a degree but it was there. "So you're part of those women – should have guessed."

"You sure should have doll." She muttered sending a spell towards Hermione – she dodged it easily. "It was your dear mommy who threw water on our plans with you're daddy dearest."

She did not question whom she spoke about. Cho who was wrapped in a thick blanket, crying gently stopped and looked at the girl. Her

eyes filled with shock and worry, some of the order members felt their eyes automatically narrow. Understanding dawned on Hermione's face, "It was you was it not?"

Her voice was in a low dangerous whisper, "It was you was it not? The one killed my mother? You tried to create a difference between my dad and her. You wanted to make her look bad did you not? So that you could have him in you're clutches?" Slowly walking towards the woman and grabbing hold of her outfit, "It was you was it not you fucking – whore who wanted to separate my family?"

Severus, Dumbledore and the twins who knew how angry she was when she swore winced, "You and you're little groups was it not? TELL ME." The last words were yelled suddenly that the woman jumped a bit but regained her composure in a minute. Her smile grew again as she spoke again – little did she knew she was digging her own grave.

"Temper. Temper. Temper May!" she teased, the name made Hermione wince but went unnoticed, "Yes it was me who tried to destroy what you're daddy and mommy had Ms. Riddle. Too bad you slipped us when you did...could have made a good concubine with our training. May be you could have even become a good sale with a body like that. Strip selling you could have been wonderful."

"Enjoy strip selling women do you?" she asked casually, her voice steady and cool but slightly loosing control. Her action of picking up some chewing gum from her pocket and tossing into her mouth casually. The mint travelled through her system relaxing her, "Hmm...must have been nice I think selling of girls of fourteen and fifteen to men of sixty. Them being used for sexual purposes."

"Nope – not fifteen sixteen. They don't develop a good filled out body before that dear. Then they can be soled away...of course skills also matter." She replied good-naturedly as if Hermione was asking if she liked one or two lumps of sugar in her tea. Her eyes looking towards the sky as if she was telling a casual point like the possible shower of rain. "You should know...considering you are a kick-boxer and all. Anatomy is one of the first points they tend to look at don't they?"

“You’re right. I think I understood you’re err...philosophy wrongly.” She replied as though saying that the rain was not going to affect their little tea party, “I apologise.”

“Accepted darling – it does take lot of guts to admit you’re wrong as a very brilliant person once said.” She replied smiling, Hermione nodded casually her smile slightly very ‘casual’. The only ones in the team who knew what it meant were the twins and Severus Snape. This meant red! “You could always come in with us you know. Have a little fun with those midgets if you know what I mean.”

“Perfectly darling.” She replied giving a light smile, this made Severus gulp, poor woman. “Actually...let’s see how much you like the same treatment.”

Before anyone could say a word she moved swiftly removing the thick cloak she wore – the woman exposed much more than any one would have liked. Dressed in flat black boots that reached her knees a black knee length wrap around black skirt. Another piece of cloth that was wrapped around her breasts twice before being tied up like a halter neck at her back head with some kind of a metal ring. Around her waist as well were a similar several layer metal belt. On her left shoulder blade down was a green and red mixed tattoo that retched her elbow on her right shoulder was a simple David’s star in black with a blood red snake around it. The message was quiet clear – the snake seamed to be eating up the David’s star. Around her neck was a metal amulet with some markings and a black thread hanging from her neck. Both her hands had some thick metal bands that extended in a pointy pattern towards her fingers. Her eyes were filled with humiliation and outstretched arms – it was great dishonour to be exposed to men who were not in the clan. Especially in a way that showed her markings and brandings, the young girls brown eyes seemed to be looking for something – not exactly taking in the situation. In her arms as a bundle was the cloak the ‘victim’ wore a few minutes ago.

“I was right.” She muttered her voice low, snapping out of the trance as suddenly went into it, “You were one of them were you not? The one who killed my mummy?”

“Mummy?” the woman snorted, “Aaw the poor baby still wanting mommy and her boo-boo?”

Those words struck the cord, Hermione’s eyes blazed with anger. The wind suddenly picked up making the woman go up along with it, she screamed as her outfit caught on fire all by it self. Twirling it self around her engulfing her in the flame as a scream let out of her body as she turned into ashes. The whole time Hermione seemed to be in some kind trance her face pale her eyes shining with tears – frozen. Her fleur-de-lis mark shining red, Sirius’ eyes trailed on it. Red bright red like rubies thumping against her hand as the woman turned to mere ashes that flew away in the wind that disappeared as suddenly as it came. Only the woman’s jewellery survived the sudden flames. The flame moved through the air and into her body with such force that the girl fell down on her knees. Freed and George stepped up grabbing her in their arms. Freed’s arms wrapped tightly around her waist and holding up her neck when George balanced her on his knee tapping her face and checking her for a pulse, “Hermione ...”

Her eyes were closed and her face pale due to lack of blood, her body limp and tiered, her breathing shallow. Her eyes closed partly in frustration and partly in tiredness, her pulse unusually fast the mark blinking brightly. Harry watched confused as the boys tried to do something. The potions master announced, “Move aside – I’m taking her inside.”

They did not telling her twice as they immediately moved away as he hoisted her up in his arms moving away with rapid speed.
Hospital ward –

A very pregnant looking Narcissa Snape and a very worried looking Severus and Jason Snape dressed in their normal clothes. A scene not many people would have anticipated, as they waited for the healer to come out after checking their ‘little girl’. His white robes hung loosely like he just fought a war, his dark red hair was looking messed as though he was constantly running his hands through them. His grey eyes looked relieved and a hint of warmth reflected in them. “Severus Snape? I’m healer Ned Rogers.”

"I'm Severus – this is my wife Narcissa and my brother Jason. How is she?" he asked worry filling his face, the healer smiled.

"She's much better now. There was a hike of magic all of a sudden due to stress – it's like what happened the last time. Never seen anything like this before sir, you're little girl must have been quiet a fighter there." He smiled, "Young miss Riddle there fought more than us to save her self. She'll be fine in two days but you can take her away today it self. Is she athletic?"

"Pretty much." Narcissi replied, he smiled, "Perfect because she's got a lot of extra energy that needs to be taken out of her body. More importantly there is a need for a good meal and total rest. Mrs. Snape is there any place you can keep her apart from school?"

"Snape manor is there – I stay there now so I can take her with me." Jason assured, the healer smiled, "Excellent."

"When can I take her?" he asked, the healer looked at some papers a helper handed him then turned back, "Right now if you want. She's all ready a registered patient so payment will be taken out from her previous account. When she wakes up she can just sign the formalities and walk out – quiet an organized girl she is...must me up in another hour."

"Good – Sev you and Cassia go back to school. I'll take her home with me." Jason instructed, the couple only nodded before going back to Hogwards. Turning back to the healer demanded, "What's the truth Ned?"

"Some place private Jason." He instructed taking him away into a corner room and placing a silencing charm. They spoke in hurried voices about the whole thing till finally Jason flopped down on the seat tears in his eyes. Finally he looked up, "Is there any way to save her?"

"After what happened? I'm afraid not...only something she does will cure her Jason. Do take care of her give her lot of love. Nourish her with lots of love and care and there are chances that..." his voice trailed off looking at him sadly. The auror nodded then shook the

healers hand before leaving to collect his niece. The girl was changed into black tank tops of her pyjamas deeply sleeping due to some heavy potions given to her for treatment. Her hair was wet due to the perspiration during treatment her face was strained with sweat. Sitting down next to her gently moved a hand through her hair tucking the charmed ice-cold blankets to her chin. Softly she shifted holding his hand in the process; softly she muttered some thing like mummy in her sleep. He felt his eyes prick with tears as he gently moved some of her hair away from her face and kissed her forehead, "Sleep well kid...I'll be back in a few moments."

Closing the door softly making sure she was still sleeping apirated quickly to the auror head-quartos, he had to see his boss. He had to update him on yesterday's happening and also let him know that he won't be available for some time since his family needed him at the moment.

Auror's office

The place was neat despite the constant inflow and outflow of the people. The receptionist (a part time girl) was busy reading when she was not attending a query. The girl was nothing close to attractive, instead quiet dull looking and wore clothes that attracted least attention, "Morning Lucky."

She looked up ready to face a smiling face and a flirt but the man who looked back looked tiered, worried and in need for a brake. Slowly the woman's smile faded, "I need to meet Kingsley Shacklebolt."

"Jason Snape just the man I was looking for." Boomed the voice of the man in question; "There was a attack in Hogwards..."

"Student Chang I know. Shacklebolt I need some time out my niece is in trouble." He rushed, his boss eyes narrowed, "You know and still you want time out? This girl Riddle..."

"IS MY NIECE SIR." He stressed, "My brother's charge."

"O- o yes of course sorry." Kingsley muttered, "Go during duty it self. Keep an eye on her and keep me updated."

"Thank you sir." Jason muttered logging him self in and getting a 'written permutation' for the assignment. "Let's hope you're niece is fine. Looks like she knew the woman."

"Let her get up and I'll let you know sir." The man muttered dashing out.

Hospital: Hermione's room

A dark hooded figure with pale fingers gently rubbed her hair. She was much better now with due rest, bending down to place a gentile kiss on her forehead before moving away. Slowly opening the door and sliding out before flowing down the stairs so quickly one would have mistaken it for the wind. Jason Snape did think so as the hooded figure passed by with great speed before he entered her room again. There she was still fast asleep this time on her neck was

a small thin long gold chain with a small gold pendent decorated with some patterns of diamonds and emeralds. Next to her bed was a small note addressed to her. He did not pick either up instead moved his hands to pick up her hand and pressed it to his lips. Slowly she came to consciousness, smiling at him moved the other hand through her hair. "Uncle Jac?"

"Hay baby – ready to go to the manor?" he asked helping her up, she nodded sitting up. "Yep let's go home. It's quiet dull in this place."

"As you wish my dear." He pulled her up from the bed and helped her down. "Mummy – papa have gone back to school?"

"Yeah – they have." He replied handing her some clothes to change, "Put these on, we can go back and you can have a nice hot shower."

"Will do." She replied picking up the clothes and going to change, he yelled that he would wait downstairs. "All right!"

Walking down the stairs he thought of the things Severus told his about her attack[Flashback Jason stopped outside the hospital wing as the matron spoke of Hermione's attack. "It was like the woman knew Hermione."

"What was her name?" Jason asked, "Betty Leila Glass."

"Betty Glass?" Jason repeated, Severus nodded, "You said she was the one who killed Hermione's mother right?"

"Yeah she said so before that..." Severus began the expression on his brother's face made him think, "You know her?"

"Went to school together. Severus if this woman is who I think she is then it would mean there is a spy in Hogwards. Watch out for her will you?" he asked, his elder brother nodded feebly, the headmaster and deputy headmistress walked out. Both of them looking quiet scared.

"She needs to be shifted to the hospital Severus. Her prior health issues...and habits." He muttered, the guardian nodded moving into the room to make necessary arrangements. Sirius looked intently at

Jason who made eye contact with him and nodded. Quietly and swiftly they walked into his office and closed the door warding it, "Can you give me a better description Sirius?"

"Betty Glass – she's the daughter of Stephen Malfoy and Katherine Glass. Born some time after his first wife died. You know Katherine's reputation?" he asked.

Jason nodded – the woman was notorious for 'looping up' rich married men some how and milking them for money or 'favours'. At the same time she was the most respected, influential and powerful woman of her circle where people were not willing to speak against. Well known for her beauty and easy charm two things that gave justice to her acts...when she was alive it was common for fresh widowers to take her up as a 'mistress' openly. She stayed with them, milked them till they found some one to 'settle down with' before finding another man. Never single and beautiful despite her five or six children from various men – some whose father was known and other's who were not. Even in her old days there were men hovering around like bees in parties, her three daughters had lived up to the reputation. Her sons 'took up' the family business; always making money when they were not charming attached women into their beds. Making them feel special, wanted and happy in return of valuable information of their husbands' business.

"I'll be keeping her with me and send her over to the Weasley's flat after two days. She should be fine by them." He muttered praying for the girl who had become a great part of his life. [End of Flashback]

"Ready?" came a peppy voice behind him, he turned around to see Hermione standing there dressed in a set of brown three quarters and a simple white and brown vertically striped top. Her hair was set down casually. He looked at her one more time and nodded, "Great, I'm starved."

Snape Manor - Half-n-hour latter

Hermione emerged from the bathroom dressed in a white bathrobe; her luggage was all ready unpacked for her. The coffee table was set up with a plate of warm French toast, a tall glass of orange juice and

a bowl of mixed fruit. Her hair was already dry and set in a plait and clipped up. She opened the cupboard door pulling out coffee brown silk pyjamas with a similar tank top and over shirt. Closing the door noticed a new person in her room through the mirror on the door. The man standing there was not very much above her age with golden brown wavy hair set up with jell. His brown eyes and strong features lit under the smooth skin he inherited from his mother and a dressing style that would make any woman go down on her knees. Casual olive green trousers with a white button up shirt with olive green checks his smile lit in his eyes with a complimenting shine on his face. Paul Sofymore – that was who he was, a man who never wore stuffy robes if he could help it and preferred the shirt sleeves and jacket look.

“What are you doing here Paul?” she asked crossing her hands in front of her; he looked at her quietly before moving towards her and gently hugging her. Surprised she wrapped her arms around him politely but still confused, “Missed you Herms...”

Tears pricked her eyes as her arms around him tightened, “Missed you all through the time. Dad and mum were not right to you...wished you could have stayed with me.”

Pulling away she looked into his eyes, “What is it?”

“Hermione I’d like to talk to the Wesley twins about a business expansion and product marketing.” He explained she smiled. “I’ll talk to them.”

“Thanks love.” He responded kissing her cheek again in thanks, “Now eat fast and we can go speak to them. Dress formally!”

“Will do.” She replied kissing him on the cheek and pushing him out the door. Paul went down and began working on his files. Looking through the new business propositions that had been sent to him for finalization or contracts that needed signing. “Ready.”

He looked up when he heard her voice. The air in his lungs was out for a second, dressed in a white skirt with a green tank top and a white formal jacket thrown over her shoulder casually. Her hair left open but clipped back partially, her white heel sandals added to the

casual but formal outfit she wore. Around her waist was the strangest belt he had ever seen. Silver double layer chain set with some green stones he stared at her a moment before realising these were his aunts.

"Hermione – that's not a belt." He told her, she smiled, "I know but this looks way more cooler."

"You and you're idea of cooler. Come!" she ordered pulling her cosine and his work out with him, "I'll give you an introduction."

Fred and George's Shop:

The bell trickled as the twins were discussing their accounts – a smile lit seeing Hermione. "Good morning Ms. Riddle – good to see you here."

"Thank you Mr. Wesley." She replied, "This is my cosine Paul Sofymore. The one I spoke to you about?"

"Aah yes of course." Fred smiled, taking Paul's hand in both of his own, "Smashing to see you Mr. Sofymore. Come in...make you're self home old boy."

Paul smiled at the warmth; George took his hand in his own, "Nice of you to drop in. Smashing come into our office will you? We can discuss over a cup of hot or would that be a cup of cold?"

Fred who was now hugging Hermione released her and smiled, "Hot obviously George ol' man – we have in our presence an excellent tea maker...Hermione will you?"

"Sure. Tea or coffee Paul?" she asked as they were led into the office, "Hmm...coffee?"

"Coffee it is." She replied closing the door. The office was cosy and more like a living room than anything. Nice glasses table with some chairs set all around, a corner with a small kitchenette and refrigerator. On another side of the room were some parchment, ink and quill apart from some files to do with the business and product

details. Moving towards the kitchen let Hermione set the coffee maker before returning to the group, "So Hermione mentioned you have a business proposition for us?"

"Yes actually this is about your Wesley Wizard Weasels – you have the products but they are open only to a London market." He blabbed on and Hermione got up to fix the coffee partly listening, he summarised his idea drinking their coffee. Fred and George listened carefully and told him to send in more details before they could give the final verdict. Paul immediately agreed, "Thank you then...I'll see you latter?"

"Will do." George smiled, shaking his hand once Fred was done, "Hermione do you mind staying for a few minutes?"

"Sure. I'll see you tonight at dinner Paul." She smiled at him; kissing her lightly he walked away. Turning to the twins, "He's nothing like his father if that's what you're worried about."

"No – it's you we're worried about Hermione." George muttered looking into her eyes, "The whole order is practically against you because of you're dad. We are silent because you told us to but..."

Fred took over, "We don't know how long we can keep our mouth shut with the member bad mouthing you. Especially Sirius."

"Umm...I know." She muttered, the boys gave her a look but she smiled it away. A smile that was false – after the last time she was practically too disturbed to be near the man. [Flashback Hermione was in her old room that she had converted the bedroom into a min-gym. One corner had her treadmill structured in a way that she could read and work out at the same time. A book on defence was open in front of her reading up on any possible material that needed work. She was sweating but that did not stop her as she continues her work out. A knock in the portrait door makes her look up, expecting Dumbledore she gives permission to enter. Looking up from the book though she saw not the white haired headmaster but the dark haired Defence professor – he too had changed into 'casual clothing'. Black jeans with a white muscle t-shirt that clung to his body.

“Professor?” she muttered surprised but did not stop her work out. “I was hoping to talk to you Ms. Riddle.”

Nodding she pointed to her seat, stopping the work out walked down and closed the book. Picking up the wet towel and wiped her face, enjoying the cold touch for a moment. With out a word dumped the towel down and moved to the cupboard and grabbed two random cans and walked up to her teacher offering him one. With out a word he took it watching her settle her self on the glass table, “So you wanted to talk to me about something sir?”

He was quiet as she watched him, his eyes travelling around the room looking at the stack of books she had with her before finally turning back to her. “It’s about you’re essay Ms. Riddle.”

“O! Is there a problem sir?” she asked worriedly sipping her drink carefully. “Yes Ms. Riddle – you’re knowledge on the subject is vast. Some of the things you pointed out were shall I say quiet disturbing than other essays? You are quiet point blank with some of the things you speak about as well.”

“I don’t believe in beating around the bush sir. Is there any problem in my essay regarding the facts?” she asked firmly knowing it was an extra credit essay. “That’s the reason I’m here actually.”

He muttered watching her get up to her surprise as she got up receiving and owl. Her hands stroked the soft black bird gently before picking up the letter. The bird did not go any were but watched her with its big yellow eyes, “Wait here – it’ll take some time.”

“Ms. Riddle was that anything urgent?” he asked casually getting up and trying to look at whom it was from. She guessed his actions and pushed the letter away into a chest of drawers quickly. Quickly but not quick enough to make the dark mark seal on the envelope escape his notice. The point was clear as crystal, she was corresponding with her father!

“Nothing urgent sir. Yes so you were saying about my essay?” she returned facing him, another owl this time a fluffy brown one came inside looking pale. Lightly he commented, “You get lot of owls.”

She shrugged taking the letter before petting the owl lightly. This time she did not hide the letter but looked at it, "O – it's from Grandma Sofymore! Excuse me."

He watched as she ripped the large envelope and looked at the note on top. "Professor will you be going to see Professor Dumbledore now?"

"Yes – why?" he demanded, she answered giving him the notes in her hand, "Give it to him? Will do...now about your essay."

"Yes – what about my essay? You you're self said the material is fine." She retorted looking slightly confused. "It is Ms. Riddle – but I'm worried about some of the points you wrote. They were quiet explicit and how did you know the details?"

"Witnessed – rather not talk about it." She muttered firmly, Sirius got the untold message nodding walked away muttering something that sounded like, "We're not done." [End of Flashback Since then he was always trying to come closer to her for some reason. Ever since she had given him the documents on Slytherin.

"Is there a problem Mia?" George asked, smiling she shook her head and muttered something about needing to go back home. The whole time she felt sick...she wanted to run back to safety. That's what she did run to safety the safety of her father's hideout. She marched in through her room; thank god she accomplished making a port-key a long time ago.

Riddle manor

Voldemort was looking at his wife's tomb from his window when his daughter appeared there with a bunch of lilies and placed them on down. He marvelled her simple action and the quiet way she showed her affection to her mother – always her first before him. She was quiet attached to the woman, just like him...but there relationships were so different. So many memories flooded in his mind thinking of the woman he loved, her smile...the smell of her hair, the twinkle in her eye when they spoke of things. The way the wind carried her long

hair around or just the way she would sit and look out developing new plans for 'their purpose' in the short time they had together.

"What are you thinking daddy?" Hermione asked sneaking up behind him, "Sneak! How many times have I told you not to sneak up on me like that?"

"How many times have I told you to pay attention?" she retorted, "Why were you looking at mum?"

He stiffened up at the statement, why were you looking at mum it was like a bulb hit in his head. "Why was I looking at mum?" She looked at him like he was crazy, her eyes frowning slightly. His heart clenched deeply, for her Windy was still alive. When she went to the tomb she did not see the memory but a mother who bore her for ten whole months. The woman who suckled her loved her as a baby...the woman who died with a sliced neck.

"I – sorry dear I was just thinking and...well I tend to look when I think." He replied running a hand through her cheek and pinching her affectionately. Several miles away the-boy-who-lived felt his heart beat a mile a minute and his scar burning as he rolled around on the floor. A great pain flooding his body thumping against his skin from within...a warm hug enveloped him. He knew Hermione was hugging Voldemort something the man returned. He felt his senses calming softly as the old hag asked him if he saw something and needed help interpreting. Back in the dark lord's layer father and daughter parted physically as she wiped her eyes, "Feeling hungry."

"Hungry?" he repeated looking at the girl, "What do you want for lunch?"

"Potato salad, noodles, strawberry milk shake and fruits." She replied looking through some files, "What's this daddy?"

"This? A copy of the new lays I wanted to have turned down." He replied as she read it, "You're interested in this?"

“Hmm...” she muttered, picking up a quill and making some changes in the words and set it down, “Get those changes made and it will help us.”

Looking at the changes she made sat down with his hand on his cheek. Three changes minor but could twist the whole law to their favour. He read through some other plans when she walked back in holding two mugs of coffee, handing him one flopped up on the table. Taking out her hip flask added a shot of brandy from her hip flask sipped the drink happily, “Hmm...excellent. Yeah so you were saying?”

“Are you interested in law and legal activities?” he repeated, looking through some floor plans of a building, “Yeah sort of – this is not our building is it?”

“Bank – heard you’re account is being watched.” He casually asked sipping the coffee, “Make some donations...should throw them off you’re case.”

“I already do but not to throw them of my case. If I really want them of my case I should stop punching their members to pulp.” She laughed, drinking some more coffee looked curious, “Why are you looking at this?”

“I need to study this for my next plan. How’s school?” he asked looking at her, she shrugged, “About that woman Betty Glass...”

“She was the killer but the one. That was a pretty huge operation by the looks of it. She taunted me and I lost control.” She muttered, he patted her hand, “Happens it’s the second time right?”

“Yeah – since the rape it’s only increased. Even the drugs don’t help.” She leaned back rubbing her head in her arms. A knock on the door and Bellatrix comes in all smiles, “Princess Mia - how nice to see you. How are my dear Severus and Narcissa?”

“Mummy and papa are fine Trix – and you’re going to be an aunt of a small baby girl and a baby boy if her delivery goes fine.” Hermione assured smiling at the woman, “You wanted something form daddy?”

“Yes – actually the dragon tames are hear and...” she trailed of, Voldemort got up immediately, “Coming Mia?”

“No thanks. You go...” she muttered looking at the expression on Bellatrix’s face something her father missed. Rodolphus who was right behind his wife watched as the dark lord pulled her away, turning around he found Hermione looking down at a book he handed her, “Thanks – the money has been sent right?”

“It has been yes.” He replied, “Still thousand gallons for one book?”

“You don’t know it’s value Rod – I do. What was that dragon thing daddy ran away to?” she asked as the man, “Something about needing information for his next plan.”

“All right.” She shrugged and dumped the book down, his eyes fell on her waist, “Is that not a necklace princess?”

“Yeah any problem?” she demanded giving him a cold look, shivering under her glare, “N-nothing at all miss.”

“Good.” She replied stretching her legs and jumping of the table, “Now can you tell me something about this Betty Glass?”

“Betty Glass – first rate mistress. Total bitch and I could get you some more information with time.” He added, she looked at him quietly. Another death eater walked in and bowed low, “Princess Bogins is here to meet you.”

“I’ll be down. Go!” she answered, going down the stairs carefully stopped in front of the man. Her eyes once again cold and calculating, getting up he fell on one knee and kissed her hand. “Miss. Riddle a great...”

“Sit down. I want to ask you a few things – actually I need you to flow up a deal for Me.” she sat down leaning against the couch as he sat stiffly, “Price is not my problem but if you fail movement will be you’re problem. I want the book Revenclaw wrote about Traisails and the

works of Benjamin Raiston if possible. Contact me directly – no excuses. Now go.”

A wind blew as she felt a call for help move through her – tonight she was going to take her first step against them.
Back in some unknown place

The prisoner cried again her body numb with pain her hair and body abused so badly again. Tears pricked in those once soft eyes,

Back in some unknown place

The prisoner cried again her body numb with pain her hair and body abused so badly again. Tears pricked in those once soft eyes. Tonight these men will bring in some more of their hunt. Their blood will be used for ceremonies and worships will bring many other virgins to their deaths. The full moon always had these kinds of ceremonies with drunken men and shivering girls. Surprisingly there were no crying girls and men shouting in glee. Instead there was a pin drop silence inside; outside the werewolf's howls could be heard. There was a sudden bursting sound very close to where she stood, surprised she turned around to look at some one surrounded in a strange flame. She watched as the flame faded in and instead stood in front of her was a figure with a pair of tight light brown leather trousers with a white hooded top that was so low she could not see the person's face. On top of it the person wore light brown leather jacket left open, the wand stuffed in the silver or platinum belt. What she was not sure? There was a familiarity of this person somehow...that much could be said.

Walking up calmly the person held a brown-gloved hand out for her to hold. Obediently she did, the next second a distantly familiar feeling went around her navel, a tug. A wave of the wand attached to the silver belt, unconscious spread over the wounded woman.

Sofymore Mansion (Master Bedroom)

Vincent was busy pulling on dark red dress robes when his wife was pulling on a blue single strap dress, "Honey do you mind checking on Hermione please?"

"Paul is doing that love." He replied looking through some last minute files.

"O – yes he is." She replied absently pulling her hair into an elegant bun. "Sapphires or the diamond ones?"

"Sapphires." He replied taking the hair clip pinned it on her hair fixing them in place. "Did you confirm the registration?"

“Yes I did that.” She replied, “I don’t see why you want her for a family outing though.”

“It’s not a family outing honey. I need to get her to talk to the team so that they play again. That game holds a huge marketing investment from my side and her being there to support them is very important.” He replied firmly, “It’s all about publicity not family.”

Understanding dawned on his wife’s face she smiled a wicked smile, “You’re right darling...don’t worry. I’ll take care of her pretty nicely.”

“I knew you would dear.” He smiled giving her a peck on the lips when a house elf popped in, “Master – mistress...” it bowed down, “Ms. Riddle has arrived sir.”

“Yes – tell her to...come inside will you I need her ‘advice’ on something.” He replied, the house elf bowed down popping away. Down in the hall Hermione leaned back against an armchair reading a book casually, those two could never be on time. A house elf popped up and bowed down, “Miss. Riddle master and mistress would like to see you in their room now.”

“Sure I’ll be there.” She muttered getting up her white long skirt falling down neatly. The red top she wore shone elegantly. On top of it came a see through white fabric with patterns highlighted in red because of the top dangling casually towards her waist tied up with a red ribbon tied around in her waist casually. As she walked her white shoes tapped against the stone and her ruby studded gold anklets danced against her feet. The ruby earrings with diamonds set in them dangled against her ears as nicely attracting quiet an amount of attention from the portraits. Reaching up to their room waited a moment before knocking gently, her aunt’s sickly sweet voice called out to her. “Come in.”

to my parlour said the spider to the fly she finished in her mind opening the door. She paused a moment taking in the surrounding in the room. Light blue curtains spread out against the dark blue thick ones, the bed decorated in a combination of silver and blue the sitting area was white with fluffy set ups. Her aunt sat at the dressing table

applying perfume. Her uncle was finishing a part of his office work, more like preparing what to talk to me about.

“Hello dear – it was so nice of you to agree to come with us tonight.” She smiled getting up and placing a cheek on hers. Hermione only smiled resisting the urge to role her eyes. The woman pulled away from her and smiled down, “We have booked an excellent restaurant for tonight... Everyone wanted to dine there but only few get that chance. You may have heard of this place, Seagull Slaton?”

“Yeah I’ve heard of this place. There is a program tonight there right?” she asked, “Some singer Lilly?”

“Lola.” Her uncle corrected, bet all my money you’ve all ready had her in bed Hermione thought nodding, “You’ll like her Hermione – your father said you like music.”

“I don’t like classical music.” She replied sighing, her uncle’s face paled, she smiled, “But I think I can hold on for a night...if the food is good.”

“Food is excellent there dear.” His wife assured making her husband relax Hermione nodded and walked out, it better be bitch I have to spend time in you’re company. She thought walking back to the study to enjoy a good book. Well at least she hoped to do so, “Hermione! You’re here!”

“Hay Paul.” She smiled looking at the man in black trousers with a dark grey dress shirt and a jacket. The wind blowing through him, her eyes grew wide, “Wow! I never thought I’d see the day you’re dressed in muggle clothes.”

“Well you know me, I were only those clothes I’m comfortable in. Robes are nice but they are complicated.” He shrugged, “Besides many youngsters were these outfits instead of robes now a days.”

“Yeah that’s there. I my self don’t were robes if it’s not a big party of function.” She replied nodding as he walked up to her gently bending down to kiss her but stopped for a moment. His hands gently ran his hand across her cheek placing a stray hair behind her ear before

kissing her gently and starting up. She looked at him strangely, "What?"

"N-nothing. So mind if I drive you down?" he asked rubbing his hand across the back of this neck gently, "I...It will be nice to go for a drive."

"Sounds cool...you tell them or me?" she asked, "I'll tell them." He muttered rushing away smiling Hermione shook her head what's with him?

Fifteen minutes latter he walked up to her holding keys, "They agreed...come on let's go."

"Umm...you sure?" she asked suddenly hesitating, he rolled his eyes and grabbed her hand pulling her along with him, "Kidding right? I want to show you my new car. The one I got in exchange of my old one I told you about."

"What?" she asked confused, "Why me? I'm more into bikes than cars and you know that."

"Not this one darling. You're going to love it when you see it...it's beautiful. Besides I wanted you to be the first one to ride it with me Hermione. You bring me luck." Her smile faded remembering another person saying the same words to her once. She stopped a moment without realising her hand was still in his; he stopped to looking at her concerned, "You still with me girl?"

"W-what yeah sorry 'bout that..." she muttered managing to smile, "I...I'm lucky for you?"

"Yep – and were here." He announced coming to a halt in front of a beautiful blue convertible four setter with white comfortable seats and music player with c.d's rack not to mention other facilities. "Wow! You're right this is a true beauty."

"I know – the features are great as well. Invisibility, autopilot, flight...not to mention environment friendly." He rambled on as

Hermione looked around the car as he showed of it's features, finally he concluded, "Apart from it's ability for safety."

"Wow! Must have cost you a small fortune." She muttered, her mind still back in the days when she had to work her way to pay through her education with out depending upon Dumbldore. "Maybe even all of my savings from second year put together."

"H-hey sorry Hermione I – I was not meaning to hurt you or anything." He responded his face becoming sad, "I mean you practically worked you're way through first year and parts of second years through sheer hard work and selling those complex healing potions you worked on."

"Still." She muttered looking away not letting him see how bad she felt, "It did take up a lot of work and not to mention the energy used up to translate all of Slyterine's old books in English and getting them published. The money was good but...well I just wish I could have had a better childhood. You know – no working on stuff secretly for money to pass through Hogwards since I was eight and a half...."

Realising what she was doing wiped her tears and cheered up, "Come on let's go I want to see you're car can do." A smile lit on his face as he helped her in like a gentleman. Her heart ached within as a fake smile played on her lips. How many times she wished her life was different, how she was not thirteen when she heard her first fairytale but three. How she wished it were a parent and not a friend just a few years elder to her who read it to her. [Flashback Hermione walked into the prefect bathroom dressed in baby blue one-piece swim suet. Some thing held to her body but not exactly 'exposed her' in an attractive manor. Agreed the back was 'slightly' lower than normal and her front equally low enough to show her developments. Around her waist was a knee-length blue wrap around skirt with a grey button up shirt to go with it in case some one walked in on her. Her hair (with out the spell) lay down across her shoulder as she opened the taps filling in the 'tub' for a work out. Sliding in began playing with it getting the feel of the water mixed with lather wetting her hair when the door opened behind her slowly and close. She continued begin care free with delight playing with the bubbles. Taking a bunch blew them around the air giggling; finally stretching decided to work out firmly. Moving her body in firm strokes she took a

few laps around the place stroking furiously. Her breath unsteady when she stopped, finally sighing, "I never knew you were athletic Hermione."

Fear gripped face was what the person got as she wiped around. There he stood with a 'dashing smiles' that faded at the fear in her eyes. "Nether did I know you had so much fear in you Hermione."

Watching the fear leave her eyes pulled away from the wall and sat down with his feet in water near her. Patting the place next to him invited her 'firmly' to sit down something she did, "Sorry Cridic you gave me quiet a scare."

"I understand...with the dark mark going around you will be scared." He muttered pulling a hair away from her face gently, "Spoke to Dumbledore?"

"Recently no, dealing too much with Harry." She replied sighing as she floated up but placed her elbows near him and not sitting as he instructed. "Ron's being the brat he is and well...you know.... the whole goblet thing. Recons Harry did this go get more glory."

Chuckling he slipped in with her pulling her against his chest rubbing her shoulders and neck gently. "Why would he want more glory? He's the boy-who-lived and by what I saw he hates the attention."

"He'd prefer a family to a so called great destiny and glory." She muttered, sighing in frustration as his hands tried to work through her knots. Softly across her back that she was sure this was as close to jell-o she could get slowly relaxing. With out realising she leaned against him, "Wish I had something to read now...it would seam perfectly relaxing."

"I know...I always love reading stories in bathtubs...my mum used to read to me when the house-elf gave me a bath." He replied when she looked up at him, "You know stories with I was a kid."

"Really?" she asked surprised, he recognized the look in her eyes. Longing something was wrong and that point he took the first step, "Has anyone ever read out to you?"

“No...I mean who would.” There was a pain in her voice as she looked away playing with the water. Quietly wrapping his arm around her he smiled, “Come to the fifth tomorrow...come alone. I have a surprise you may like.” [End-of-flashback It was that night that they began a tradition...a very special tradition.

The car flew around and her cosine suddenly asked her if she like the view. The first time she saw and really saw the place around her. “Beautiful!” she whispered her cosine echoed it but for a completely different reason as he brought her down to the ground in front of the restaurant. Stepping out she felt the magic ripple through her as they walked up those charmed stairs the man standing there smiling at them warmly, “You’re family just arrived Mr. Sofymore – Ms. Riddle.”

“Thank you.” She replied politely as her cosine nodded and took her away saying the same thing, he walked with her arm in arm as a woman in deep blue dress robes was singing something. Very few people not listening, sitting down she looked at her aunt expectantly, “I’ve ordered you dinner dears. Hermione chicken clear soup is fine with you right?”

“Yes thank you.” She replied softly as a wizard brought in four glasses, ice and a large bottle of wine, her uncle spoke to the man before he served them. The plates were magically set with food and the candle lit as she sang, soft and melodious. Two minutes and she knew were her uncle would be spending his night he was looking at the woman like he wanted to take her right there right then. Turning to see her aunt’s reaction saw that she had excused her self to talk to a ‘business associate’ of hers. The food was delicious...with soup especially. They waited till she was half-way done before starting the topic, “Hermione dear – I thought you should know you’re rape has created quiet a havoc among people recently. Especially the team players have refused to play for the upcoming game. They were so affected by this...isn’t the keeper a friend of yours dear? Oliver Wood?”

“Yeah, is there anything I can do about it?” Hermione came strait to the point, Leila smiled like she won a large lottery, “Get them back on the field?”

“Yes there is dear. We – as in my self and your uncle were wondering if you could talk to them. Maybe come to a couple of parties that could get covered in the press and all. Just make sure you let it down clear that it’s not their fault?” she requested smiling. Hermione nodded, “Wonderful dear. You’re so sweet always thinking of others. Thank you.’

“Any thing for you darling.” She smiled raising her glass in a toast and took a swig; her aunt smiled and drank her own glass, score!

Hermione enjoyed her meal; though the music was like she could fall asleep the food was excellent. Several times she felt a strange man looked at her quiet strangely but decided to ignore it. The man was nothing close to looking good quiet the opposite. He had some strange marks across his face, his hair looked partially burnt with his clothes nearly falling off his body. There was something about him that scared Hermione thought – greatly. The wine was slowly getting into her head – three bottles latter! Her cosine kept giving her ‘strange’ looks all through desert. She continued drinking around as her uncle kept re-filling her bottle insisting she entertain her self. Until a point when she got up nearly falling down...a pair of hands helped her keep steady. “Whoa! Control you’re self-kid. Come on...I’ll take you some place safe.”

That was the last steady statement she heard his door being clicked open as the wine’s effect began going away very slowly. Paul had given her something to sober her lightly, enough for her to know what’s happening to her and object if she wanted to. He watched as she lay back against the armchair her feet popped up on the footrest near by, he knelt down gently taking the glass of her hands. His eyes looked into hers...slowly their lips met. She was not sure who started it...or how he began kissing her all over her face or worshiping every bit of her body with his on his soft bed. She was not sure when she felt his heart thump against her when he was inside her or her body shivering with pleasure...soft – sweet yet hot and wild. For the first time in her life Hermione Amelia Riddle did not fear sex. She experienced the beauty of it – with her own cosine. Some how the idea did not repulse her neither did she welcome it like the deep sleep that overcame her senses as she fell asleep though not in his

arms. Both of them felt lust that was satisfied; now there was nothing there. Some how this emptiness did not really affect her at all.

Near midnight she got up, got dressed and went away. Not a word, not a note nothing. When Paul woke up, he knew. The girl he was madly attracted to had spend one-night for him and left...he had to move on now. Date again...find someone made out there for him. Something his family won't disown him for!

Next day Morning

The house in Hosmade village was again alive, as Hermione had once again arrived there. Dumbledore had set a house elf to clean the place every week but today he went up to restocking the food. This was Hermione's escape when she wanted to be alone or her head-quarters when it came to working on something. Largely her deals or translation work considering she never got peace at school, this was easy especially when the boys left her for their fun. This was the very place she spent a large amount of her time either translating or writing documents again written by Salazar in other 'languages' for the past year. There were no 'personal items' there except her clothes. Considering she came only on-and-off but Dumbledore had his brother decorate it nicely for her. The sun shone down on them as she opened her eyes feeling quiet sick, jerking up she ran to the bathroom right in time to empty her stomach's contents into the wash basin. At least that's what she thought till her head cleared enough to see what it was, red watery blood. Fresh blood that was a sight she was so familiar with since child hood. Her own blood coming out as she threw up again luckily it was not too much but mixed with some of her stomach fluids. She could identify the difference even as she emptied her stomach. Clearing what was left in the form of strains with a wave of her hand poured hot water all over it for sterilization. Filling in a glass with cold water washed her mouth thoroughly before brushing her teeth clean. Washing her mouth again splashes some water and washes her face with some face wash...her favourite. The cooling crystals make her feel a bit better enough to look at her face quietly for a few moments. Searching – searching for someone she lost long ago some how. Some one with a free spirit not a broken soul. Taking a small glass – a fancy one meant for vodka. It made her feel the potions she was given was another drugs not her medicine. Filling

in some blue liquid gulped it down, for her stomach. Another blood replacement potion a third one to keep her going for the day.... quiet strong one though. This did not matter to her! Nothing did at times! She went away to exercise – exercise something that made her feel much better most of the time.

Puddlemere United Managers office

The man sighed looking at the statistics, his short dirty blond hair jelled up quiet nicely highlighting his soft grey eyes. His robes were quiet good as his business like personality, casual but demanding respect. The horrifying incident with Hermione Riddle had caused quiet a problem with the players and their publicity. The team needed all the popularity they could get at the moment for developing was they left of...otherwise. A knock on the door followed by a, "Mr. Anthony Jade?"

"Yes?" he looked up to find, "Ms. Riddle please come in. Have a seat."

"Thank you. Dr-ahem. My uncle said you wanted to meet me?" she answered sitting down, the man nodded, "Yes – we well...the team's got some bad publicity after the incident. It...it would be nice if you could..."

"My uncle and his wife spoke to me about this sir and I've discussed this with my family." She cut him off, "We think it will be good.... considering the team had this negative publicity because of me."

"Of course my dear...I just need you for a few after victory press parties and I think that will be fine. Would you mind dreadfully?" he asked hesitantly, she shook her head. Despite his soft act her phrasing of 'my uncle' and 'my family' did not go unnoticed. "That's so kind of you...would you like to meet the team? You're uncle said you're preparing for another exam."

"I think a quick moment won't do harm." She smiled following him.
Qudditch Pitch

Keeper Oliver Wood was saving some great goals when another member saw the manager and a girl walk down the stadium. The man waved the team down and Oliver good his first good look at the girl, "Ladies and Gentlemen this is Hermione Riddle. She's been kind enough..."

The keeper ignored the rest of the man's speech as he studied the girl in front of him. She had grown up quiet nicely since he saw her last and not to mention quiet beautiful. Quiet dangerously beautiful, he noted seeing the way some of the men checked her out.

"Yes...I've heard about your skills from my friend Draco." She replied talking to the seeker, Oliver took a double take, my friend Draco? "He's a huge fan of yours."

The manager took over, "You do know Oliver right?"

"Yeah – hi Oliver." She smiled, "Hay Hermione...great seeing you."

"You too...so boring the team with your speeches or drilling them with training?" she teased the keeper rolled his eyes, "Any ways it was nice meeting all of you but I've really got to leave. See you soon?"

Manny yeah and great meeting you went as the manager lead the girl away thanking her profoundly. The girl walked away leaving the keeper's eyes fixed on her. Some of the team members began teasing him about being all 'love-struck' but he muttered them away.

Dark Side Head Quartos

Voldemort glared at his old boss, "One book she bought costs nearly 600 gallons? Are you trying to cheat my daughter out of her money?"

"N-no my lord. S-she specifically asked for this copy, refused to go for any printed version sir. I – I offered." The man muttered shaking, the man looked bewildered, "You sure my daughter said such things to you? She's not a spend thrift."

"Hey daddy – busy?" Hermione grinned walking in, her smile was huge, "No – what's with the outfit?"

"Why want to play dress up with me?" she teased, her father shuddered noticeably, "Any ways why was my dearest daddy blowing his head of just a few moment ago?"

"You bought a book for nearly 600 gallons?" he demanded, she looked surprised then turned to the other man in the room, "Just 600 gallons wow – I expected it to be much more."

"MUCH MORE! MIA ARE YOU BLODDY CRAZY?" he bellowed, she did not even flinch but smiled at him, "You have it with you?"

"MIA 600 GALLONS FOR ONE BOOK. ARE YOU OFF YOUR KNOCKERS?" the girl stretched her hand out for the book that the other man handed her. She shoved it in front of her father, "Original book of Salazar during his travels. The last journal...the last of his written work."

"So?" he muttered she sighed, she folded her hands across her chest, "Get out Boggins."

"Very polite dear now tell me what's going on?" he asked once the man dashed out, she simply looked at her father quietly, "Daddy Salazar is said to have paced protective charms around his er...special items."

"Yeah so?" he snapped, suddenly realization flooded his face, "N-no!"

"Yes – ladies and gentlemen record this moment in history. Lord Voldemort finally understood something to do with Salazar Slytherin and his mind."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Very funny." He replied, "I know...practically tickled my self to death."

"Mia." He chaste, "What's the theory in you're brilliant mind."

"Um...can we talk about that once I'm done with this book?" she muttered in an. 'o-so-puny' way of hers. Smirking he nodded knowing his daughter was anything but that. "There is a dinner tonight I want you to be part of it."

"Send Dracula demanding my presence they'll send me." she replied, "They'll push me away the next minute."

“Dracula – how many times have I told you? Don’t call you’re uncle Dracula behind his back.” She did not look up from reading and casually asked, “Should I call him in front of his face?”

“Hermione – just go through this book of yours we’ll discuss this latter.” He sighed as the girl sat down muttering some charms over the book wavering her wand. Putting it in her bag hugged him good by, “Daddy - I’ll see you at dinner.”

Hermione’s house: near teatime

Hermione was seated near the coffee table parchment spread out near her with a sample question paper she was answering. Bill was seated on the sofa reading through some reports and Charlie was reading a large book on dragons marking strait opposite to her taking notes. Placing the quill down she read through her work for corrections when the timer Charlie had set went off. “Time’s up. Hand it over.”

“Done.” She smiled getting up and clearing the table, his not returning the smile did not affect her one bit. “Go – you’re done for the day. Finished the home work you were set right?”

“Yeah I finished them.” She replied lightly moving to the bathroom and washing her hands thoroughly, Bill looked up from his work. His eyes observed her movements as she hummed something under her breath. Nothing seemed to flatter that girl enough to express anything near the dark arts. Placing his work down moved behind her and gently wrapped his arms around hers from behind. She stiffened up considerably as he moved her hands and soap in a way the ink was sure to go. Her eyes closed as flashes passed in front of them, a man coming from behind and covering her small hands in his larger ones. His lips touching her neck...kissing them firmly...in a distance Bill was saying something.

“You wash them this way then the ink will...Hermione?” he asked bewildered as she shot out of his arms shaking with fear. “I – I’m fine. Going to get a drink...any of you like some?”

“No thanks, can’t trust you to not poison it can we?” Charlie muttered sarcastically, Bill was ready to whip his wand out if the girl tried anything.

Her next words surprised the brothers, “Really Wesley? I could have done it last year by simply telling you’re mother about the two of you being Shadow Rangers. Surely she would have done the work for me.” Their eyes froze on her, Charlie’s eyes froze on hers, “What are you blabbing about Riddle?”

“Nothing you’ll understand about Wesley after all you were raised in quiet a loving family when your mentor placed me with the devil’s them selves. Now if you excuse me I’m leaving for the day.” She snapped marching away to her room up stairs. Slamming the door she broke down crying her eyes out at the horrible life she had but not out of self-pity. She wept because the two people she hero worshiped since she was nine had suddenly accused her of attempting murder. The two men who gave her meaning to life had accused her...the pain was too much. Half an hour latter large scars touched hand moved through her hair making her look up with watery eyes, “Charlie?”

“Learnt my name finally did we?” he teased sitting down next to her leaning against the bed, she glared at him. Taking a deep breath he ran a finger around her hair, “What happened?” When she did not respond he wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her on his lap. His hands gently working on her arm making her eyes half close with comfort. Slowly he found her breath calming down gently as she shifted a bit curling in his chest wrapping her self-quiet comfortably. Smiling he ran his hands through the girl’s shoulder slowly, she was healing. Slowly but surely, her arms wound around his neck as her head fell on his shoulder going into a slumber. Or so he thought till she muttered a childish question, “Why do you sound so concerned?”

“Hermione.” He muttered into her hair, as though realizing something she broke away from his arms. “I- I ‘m sorry. I need to go...don’t expect me for dinner.”

Some Unknown place

The place was beautiful, a small cottage made of some stonewalls the gardens were set with so much beauty. All around the place the wind danced tunes of love lost and gained. The floor was practically set in yellow marble with green lines, the windows set with green curtains that had yellow flowers on it. The ivory walls complimenting the wooden furniture set around that place. The few inhabitants of the place were busy working on either the sick woman in bed or cooking food. The patient's golden hair was chopped short for medical purposes as several smokes and potions were dabbed across her body. The white spaghetti dress fell down near her knees as her body was being cleaned. The others wore yellow either to differentiate themselves or as a uniform. The same hooded figure that saved that girl walked in through the open door. Seeing her, the women in the room got up and curtsied quiet respectfully. The girl who walked in quietly asked, "How is she?"

"Mistress she's quiet ill. Her body and mind have been greatly polluted. We're trying our best." The woman spoke but not in a louder voice than a whisper. "She needs great care but it's going to take some time. Nothing we can't handle miss."

"Good – the villagers know?" she asked, another woman shook her head, "No miss the wards are set firmly. No one knows."

"Hmm...good." The girl muttered, "Her health monitor charts?"

Another of those women handed a writing pad filled with observation notes and medical details. Glancing through the whole thing handed it back to the girl. "Good – increase the bath water by three degrees and mix some jasmine flavour in it." She added marking on the paper with a green ink pen, "Decrease these potions by three measures and increase the dreamless potion by four. Give her only a liquid diet for another two days and makes sure she gets plenty of rest. That's all for now."

"Yes mistress." The woman replied taking the charts with the new information in them. Turning to another woman, "Do you have the scans?"

“Yes mistress.” The lady handed a file filled with photographs of scars and burn marks. “Hmm...good improvement are there any things you need for curing these I don’t find any change in them.”

“Mistress we could try mandark juice with flower extracts but...” her voice trailed off, the mistress nodded, “You’ll have your products. Did you set those tests I wanted when I handed her in?”

“Mistress they have been sent for but it’s going to take some time before anything can be done.” The girl replied looking down, “Considering her condition there.”

“Yes – yes.” The girl snapped, “Increase warmth by a few the woman’s freezing.”

“I’ll come again when I get time but keep sending me the progress reports. If there is an emergency send a quick message.” She instructed before walking out her skirt and cloak blowing behind her. The sick girl muttered under her breath, “Don’t...please...leave me alone.”

The women who were around for aid knelt down and began taking care of her again. Turning around for a moment she whispered, “How am I going to make you fight Catherine? How am I going to make you fight?”

Dark Head Quarters

The dark lord was busy listening to a report being made when Hermione barged in, “Sorry – sorry – sorry.” He looked up ready to smile but tried desperately not to laugh. “Hi daddy.”

“Nice outfit dear.” He commented at her white three-fourths trousers and the red tank top underneath with a smaller white tank top that had red on the sleeves, bottom and a large red diagram on top. Around her waist was a white belt set over it was a silver jeans chain with rubies set in a layered pattern falling on her side casually. The earrings she wore were similar to the belt around her waist, making the whole set up quite nice. A set of casual red bangles with a few

silver ones dangled on her wrist. "Is that you're mother's ruby necklace you're wearing as a belt?"

"Yeah – I like using her stuff." She replied kissing him on the cheek, "The bracelets are on my feet before you ask."

"I noticed." He indicated pointing to her white heel clad feet that had two 'anklets' with the same squire rubies on them. "So ready for a nice dinner filled with people desperately trying to impress me?"

"Yes but mum's not coming and nether is Sev. She's going into delivery anytime this week and Draco, Blaiz, Crabe and Goyel will be ten minutes late." She informed him, "I told him to write a report and send it over. Any progress with the giants?"

"Last time I checked? Nothing, they are in two minds though some of them look like they will oblige to my request." He replied as she looked through a few files, "Some of them have been set in the International Cooperation Department, I'll know the minute any interaction is made."

"Won't work love, Dumbledore's gone a step ahead of you." She cut him with out even looking up from the parchment, "They are using protected places for meetings now not you're high class stuff any more."

"Perfect." He muttered, "You want something to drink?"

"I'll have with dinner." She replied taking out her packet of cigarettes, "Don't you'll lose you're appetite."

"Fair enough." She shrugged, "So how did it go with that Migget woman?"

"Mia the name's Magget and she was quiet well informed," he began till she gave a naughty, um-hmm that he understood what she really meant, "What? Not – not in that way Mia...she – she knew quiet a lot about those plants."

“Plants? So you only spoke about those plants daddy?” she teased, he rolled his eyes, “I mean you’re the kind of person who talks purely business right. Never mix business with pleasure.”

“Mia I was in a disguise.” He shut her up, “Anything in the Slytherin journal?”

Suddenly her smile faded and she became sober, “Yes there is something. I – I think Laila that girl’s something else.... there’s something strange about her daddy. She keeps coming back in his life with different names. First the Hogwarts student, then the girl who nursed him to health, after that his partner in adventure.”

“Mia she comes only once these are different girls.” Voldemort told her his face looking confused. Hermione shook her head, “Same person daddy – the description the age gaps they fit perfectly. Besides I – I think she had him fall in love with her too deeply. The way he describes his conquests.... the actions of the long time ones. They all fit into her description.... the age gaps and her physical qualities. They fit together daddy.”

“You’re right darling, but why the sudden interest in these things now?” he asked, “I think there is more to the Slytherin line than what meets the eye daddy. Just give me some more time will you?”

“Take all the time you want.” He shrugged casually, “You sure you don’t want anything? Lunch is going to take some time. I know how hungry you tend to get.”

“Can I just have a beer?” she asked when the door was knocked, “Come in.”

“My lord...princess.” Wished Draco Malfoy bowing low, the act was repeated by Blaise Zabini, Crabbe, Goyle and Pansy who curtsied. Hermione nodded at it casually, the air of elegance in a woman who knew so much more to the world than others her age. Her body language was casual with a freedom and power that many would have mistaken as having to have raised in – she was a natural. Her eyes trailed looking into the deep blue eyes of Blaise Zabini’s for a moment. She was almost lost in them, almost – her father had

spoken at that point. "Aaah young death eaters. Good to meet all of you again – school is wonderful I presume?"

"How could it not be my lord when Hermione accompanies us there." Blaiz flattered him, his fixed on Hermione as she spoke. An action her father did not miss but frowned over. "Her brilliance is like a leading light."

"Her brilliance alone young Zabani?" the dark lord asked, noting his daughter blush through the glass in front of him, "Any way please go feel free to change. The dinner begins soon, Hermione you too."

"Of course daddy." She smiled going away with the other teenagers, carefully closing the door behind them before resuming casual conversation. "What took you guys so long?"

"My mother owled asking to meet me this week end..." Blaiz muttered, "New step dad mostly."

Draco rolled his eyes, "Does she not have enough money?"

Blaiz smirked, "Does not seem so for her. What were you and Pansy up to any way? You got late too."

Pansy smiled shyly making Hermione raise an eyebrow, "We are back together."

"Ho-" Crabe opened his mouth to ask but Hermione shut him up with a look, "That's great guys. I'm so glad."

"Good going Draco." Blaiz patted his back but gave Hermione a look, a message the two of them understood too well. "Do I get the details latter?"

"Blaiz." Pansy blushed, he gave her an 'innocent' look, "What?"

"You know what." She muttered blushing, Hermione tried to suppress her laughter by pulling the girl into her room for changing. Once the door closed Blaiz turned to Draco, "So why the sudden back-on with Pansy?"

“She was available.” He shrugged, “What’s with you and Hermione by the way?”

“Absolutely nothing.” Blaise replied casually as they entered Draco’s room to change. He threw on some dark blue velvet dress robes with a cream dress shirt. Casually he knew many eyes were going to turn his side today. “My mother said she was coming today.”

Draco looked at him with concern in his eyes, “Think you’ll manage?”

“Yeah – I’ll be fine.” He replied casually, Draco knew inside he was hurting but did not dwell upon it. “Besides I’m looking forward for the night for once. Princess said he’s got some great drinks for us.”

“Don’t get thrown out of the party.” Draco teased pulling on a set of black dress robes with a silver dress shirt that made him look stunning. “Now shall we go down – the ladies are sure to be waiting?”

“Aah yes the ladies...” Blaise sighed as they walked back down. The party had just begun and many people were walking around wishing him when Blaise and Draco walked in and greeted him. “There the two of you are – ready for you’re first meeting?”

“Yes my lord we are.” Draco replied, Blaise nodded firmly – he was not one for words. “Excellent. Young Zabani you’re mother had asked to come today. A new recruit I presume?”

“Something in those lines my lord.” He replied not bothering to cover up the fact that he never gave his mother any attention.

The older man calmly asked, “You don’t pay much attention to you’re mother do you?” The younger man shook his head, no. “Don’t blame you. Enjoy you selves till time for dinner and the reports.”

“Thank you my lord.” They muttered walking away to chat with Flint. Draco slammed his back in a friendly gesture. “Hay Marcus. How’s life?”

“Draco how are you mate?” he asked shaking his hand and giving him a one armed hug, “Blaise – great to see you.” The boys repeated the performance as Voldemort watched over a man’s shoulder. Just for a moment his eye’s flicked with an emotion – longing. Just for a moment before he went back to his conversation. “How’s everything going? According to plan?”

“Yeah – but we do need to keep an eye on that Black for Hermione tough. His intentions with her don’t seem right.” Draco replied clearly worried, “Even Shalaka Bones does not let him too close to her...What?”

Marcus flint’s jaw had suddenly dropped, they turned around to find Pansy coming down. “That’s Pansy?” He whispered awed, “No – no way.”

Draco who looked felt his jaw drop. Pansy just came up dressed in beautiful blue dress. Strapless and healed on to her body quiet nicely and falling down into an umbrella cut after her waist. Over the dress was a see through full-sleeved light blue jacket that came across her chest. Tying around casually at her waist on one shoulder a thin strap holding up the other one. The dress reached only her ankles showing of her silver shoes set with a large blue stone on them. On her hand was a simple silver bracelet with sapphire stones set on it. Her ears had large earrings and a necklace in the same design, her hair set in a simple bun decorated with some silver-sapphire jewellery that brought out her light blond hair. Her eyes sparkled against the dress as she walked gracefully. Draco’s eyes froze on hers softly taking in everything as she walked towards them. Finally Blaise came between them – even if it was only for a moment he came in between.

“Milady. You look stunning.” He picked up her hand and kissed it, “Surely my friend would agree if he stops gabbing at you.”

Draco finally came out of his trance, “Y-you look great Pansy.” He muttered, she shyly looked over his shoulder and smiled at some one. “Dance?”

“Sure.” She smiled as he walked her towards the slow tune, Draco wrapping his arms around her and pulled her in tightly. Instead of how

he usually got distracted his eyes were fixed into her own firmly...tighter than necessary. She smiled to her self, feeling his uneven breath on her face....Hermione indeed did a great job. [Flashback Pansy sat down on Hermione's bed as she began looking through the clothes she left there. All of them beautiful dress for dinners or night clothes for sleeping. At the most expanding to tracks for her jogging and other exercise. "You know I'm going to wear this...isn't it simply divine?"

Hermione turned around to see Pansy holding up an orange dress that was spaghetti strap low-neck orange dress. The top part held to her body with a very wide cut long bottom. Hermione raised an eye brow at it, "T-that? Pans Draco will run away from you."

The poor girl's face fell. "Is it that bad?"

"Actually no – you should try the same outfit in yellow maybe then it'll be nice." Hermione commented sarcastically.

Pansy's face became very sad, "But I don't know any colouring charms." Then suddenly it lit up, "But you know...will you place a charm on my dress?"

"Why one charm I'll place a charm that it keeps changing colours shall I?" she asked, Pansy happily nodded her head. Hermione got irritated, "Crazy or what? Idiot I knew you'd do something like this. Stupid go out like that you won't get Draco you'll only get some idiot from the last century. Don't worry I got you a perfect dress." [End of Flashback She carefully leaned against his chest breathing in his sent completely satisfied. There was something so different about this moment...she some how knew this. A pair of brown eyes sparkled as they watched.

"You've done a great job." Blaise whispered in her ear, turning around she smiled at him, "Looking good you're self too doll."

"Thanks honey." She replied, turning around. Indeed she looked good in a yellow strapless top that fell down all the way, top holding her body with a cut on her right side reaching till her thigh. The red stones

adding to the thin red lines of the dress. Her hair was set down casually making her look stunning. "You're mum arrived as yet?"

"Merlin's beard." he muttered, she followed his eyesight and her own face palled for a moment. "That – that can't be Blaise...that just can't be." She whispered only so that he could hear her words, "It can't be Luscious Malfoy."

A pale blond man with tight up futures walked in, his deeply cut clothes set him out in the crowd. As he walked he acknowledged no one, just moved swiftly till his eyes set upon the tall man who looked more like a snake. "My lord a great reverence indeed."

"My man come we must speak in private." He ordered taking the man away firmly, the man followed the leader falling into his footsteps quiet quickly. Two brown eyes followed them quietly till they turned around the corner. Not stopping till they reached the office, "My lord how can I be of use to you?"

"First I need to talk to you about my daughter's position. She's in Hogwards as a student." He paused for effect, the man nodded, "But there have been some attacks on her all ready. You're familiar with her rape surely?"

"I am my lord. I recognized the family name instantly." He replied, "I have reason's to believe her life continues to be in danger. Orders of Phoenix members are part of the teaching staff – including auror Sirius Black. Wormtail being caught has caused a great deal of problems for our side. Hermione's position is becoming even more difficult, she's been kicked out of her Care for Magical Creatures class by Hagrid."

"M-my lord that will make things even more difficult for her." He announced, "I know Stephen that's why I called upon you. I want you to apply to that school board that Hagrid is not a competent teacher and have him back to his game keeping duties. My daughter shall not be shunned like that!"

"I'll see what I can do my lord." He replied, "I shall see to it immediately."

"Good – good. My daughter should not know about it." He added, the man nodded as the lord snapped his fingers, "Now the next part of business. Essey go call my daughter and tell her she has to come inside for a moment."

"At once master." The house elf bowed down and popped away, "She'll arrive soon...careful she's skilled and quiet strong."

"I shall be careful my lord." He replied looking around the office for any thing striking, his eyes lay on the snake when a light knocks on the door got answered, "You wanted me for something daddy?"

He turned around to study the girl who spoke with not fear or reverence in her clear voice. "Yes dear – by the way this is Stephen Malfoy. Could you just brief him on the plan?"

"Sure daddy. Get back to the party they're getting stiff." She added, "Ready for you're first muggle hunt dear?"

"More than." She replied happily as the man walked out, "Now Stephen, about the plan – you need to translate some of these documents. They are works of some ancient magic that will be needed please get back to daddy about them. There are a few things Salazar hid that we need to find. You can start working tomorrow now please go change for dinner. I'll announce you in.

"Will do princess." He replied to the empty space, she had all ready walked out. "That girl's his daughter?"

Back at the party – Hermione points her wand to her throat and then speaks, "Ladies and gentlemen can I have you're attention please? Thank you – today another loyal death eater joins our presence. Please put you're hands together for Stephen Malfoy."

Under the thunderous applause walked in the man again this time clean shaved neat and dressed in a formal dark blue dress robes with dark silver dress shirt that brought out his eyes. His walk down the stairs was graceful and set for making an appearance with practiced grace many had seen only with the dark lord and his 'wife'. A pair of brown eyes trailed on him as he moved down filled with anger and hatred, the brandy glass in her hand gripped with an iron hand that it threatened to break into thousand pieces. Draco placed a firm hand on her shoulder, suppressing her from a lashing of emotion. "Not now Mia – wait for the right time." He whispered closely wrapping a free arm around her shoulder quiet cautiously silver eyes men and a smile was exchanged. One casually another with a hint of going in the

'right' direction as they trailed on the closeness between the two. Those smiles hid her anger as another drink swept down her throat.

Two hours latter some were in London several people dressed in black robes with masks were attacking muggles. Crackles of laughter and drunk jeering mixed in the air as the dark lord watched standing on a dark cloud. His face filled with amusement at the suffering people faced under the curses or danced to their mean tunes. A warm presence near him made him turn around, despite the death eater mask and robes he knew who was behind them, "Having fun dear?"

"It's fine daddy...but I prefer battling people who are competent rather than helpless fools who don't know what hit them. There's not fun because you know you're going to win any way." She laughed taking a swig of her coffee from the hip flask. "I want to battle some one interesting like.... hmm...like that one. The new captain...I'm going to go greet his little party."

Jumping of the cloud she calmly walked up to him blocking a few hexes, "You don't look old enough to run as a leader."

"Since when did age become a matter for running anything honey?" he shot back, she froze for a moment, the same words were once said to her by an old lover, "Nether is it needed for a good duel."

She shot a spell that he blocked easily, "Not bad – for a mud blood."

"Blood traitor." He corrected, casually sending another spell at him she asked, "O so you're a pure blood?"

"Yeah surprised?" he asked as she threw a flame at him, "Disappointed the dark lord could do good with you."

"Not interested. But thanks for the offer." He replied as she shot another spell at him; some were behind she hard the killing curse go out and then MORESDMORE. The dark mark went up only to disappear in a flame in the shape of a peacock. The black rider had arrived!

“Now let’s see who wins....” He shot turning around only to find his opponent standing on a cloud in conversation with the dark lord him self. His eyes shone as they argued seriously her head constantly flickering towards the approaching black figure. Some thing she said made him agree – he left quiet quickly just after the girl jumped down and ran away into a dark ally. He was about to set after her but some how he could not go to her – three death eaters cornered him as he fought them bravely. Desperate in his attempts to get towards the girl and capture her, if she could convince him to leave then she could do anything.

“Aah!” a spell just hit him making him fall down, someone came up to him and pulled him on his feet, “Go son you’re wounded quiet badly.”

“Sorry mad-eye can’t do. I’m going to stay and fight.” He replied taking on a death eater and won, Amelia patted him on his back, “You’ll make a good Griffindor buddy.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment.” He smiled turning around to see the black biker practically throwing the remaining death eaters around. “Who’s that?”

“No one knows.... she comes – she goes that’s all.” She replied desperately trying to place those fighting methods with some one she knew. “Who ever she is hats of to her. Any way I’ll see you latter Derrick I need to go and report at Hogwards.”

“Say hi to Harry and Ginny from me.” He requested wavering her off before going away him self. “

House In Hosmade

Hermione (still dressed as the bike rider) crept into the house and took of her helmet and turned around only to meet the shocked faces of two Weasly’s. Their eyes filled with shock and confusion as she felt the blood drain from her face. “Bill – Charlie....I. You may want to sit down and listen.”

Bill was first to speak once they sat down, “So you’re the rider Hermione – but why?”

"I needed to do this under cover and send out an alarm among death eaters. There was no other way to fight for the light side and I really wanted to...I was never able to fight for my self as a child when they abused me so I wanted to fight the defenceless people. When I was a child I was not raised in a muggle home but an orphanage. An orphanage where the caretakers abused us terribly...I was one of his favourites actually. I – I can still feel his hands on my body when I sleep they come as nightmares. Those memories starting from when I was nearly three till I was near eight I was there. My job was to wipe away the blood and other extracts that was spread on the ground once they were done. I had to satisfy him...let him – him touch me or kiss me if I wanted dinner that night. She always hit me if I did not please him...when I was just five I was so depressed I began counting down the days I would live. That's how it was then." Charlie sat down next to her and wrapped an arm around her, "When I was eleven Dumbledore sold some of the founders items that he had for funding my education. Being quiet rare they fetched enough money for my tuitions, clothes everything. Sev gave let me sell the potions I brewed and earn some money later I began dealing with some forbidden potions. Brewing and selling them in the black market and gaining lot of money in the process...I was just eleven then but I had to earn all my money by working. There were some old languages I could read; Dumbledore paid me three gallons an hour for translating them. When I was away he sent me books to read and soon I finished reading all the school subjects and other things. It gave me time in my school days to read up on other things – develop my self for being a spy. Harry and Ron were my only close friends but even with them I could not speak about my past. I tricked them by charming my dark art books and translations to look like school stuff learning them. I developed my self slowly both physically and mentally preparing my self. Luckily by third year I could stop working for Dumbledore because I began selling some of the stuff I found in the chamber of secrets gaining money for the rest of my education. I invested that money in some business and my turnover developed leaving me free to indulge on physical fitness. Since then I had more time for working on things I like than earning my money and bought this house when I needed time out or to be alone. I started drinking, smoking, taking drugs and what not...disco clubs began becoming my life at times. I stopped working for Dumbledore but took training for papa for becoming a spy

developed a defence network last year in Hogwards in case of an attack. I used the dark mark as an excuse saying that school may be in danger from any death eaters who are trying to bring the old regime back. It worked – many people joined and I trained them under Dumbldore’s instructions...only the two of us and the members know about this sorry more information can’t be disclosed. That’s when I became part of the inner circle of the death eaters sticking fear in their hearts and dictating many moves around. There was a point when they feared me even more than daddy but not so much some are still dangerous.”

Bill finally broke his silence, “Y-you...you were abused? Sexually?”

“Yeah – actually that’s when I met you.” She muttered looking down, the men looked confused, Hermione waved a hand showing them the memory. [Flash back A nine-year-old Hermione crept into the orphanage again equipped and ready for war. Inside the screams of the girl going to be rapped came from inside...peeping in through a nearby cupboard she watched waiting for the right moment to attack when the door burst open. There stood seven warriors two holding out their wands ready for attacking. They seemed to have jumped out of the Greek mythology stories their eyes steady as their body. The lightning highlighting them in the dark night like bold warriors who carried hope with them. The young eight year olds eyes took them in as a girl dressed in casual muggle jeans and a dark grey t-shirt stepped up. Her dark green eyes and pale blond hair made her look like a warrior Athena she had heard so many stories of. “Give up now and surrender or come in with a fight the choice is yours.”

Those words drew deep within the young child’s heart beating a new hope in her dark heart. Had some one seen her for the first time hope and happiness shone in her eyes knowing there was some one good in this world. That night she made a choice she would help there people. That night changed her life for the better. [End of Flashback Tears filled her eyes as she looked away from her childhood heroes, “When I met you last year I wanted to fall at your feet and tell you everything but...some how I could not. I froze...I could not tell any one about who I was at that time. I stayed silent bidding my time waiting for some one to help me but then the dark mark came. I knew my time had come; I had to start fighting the war...I did. I began

training some students and I worked on spying. Without telling Dumbledore I learnt wandless magic and even developed a new 'identity' to break my father's fear of people. I studied his old strategies through what was told and newspaper reports. I developed my own strategies and a new identity for my self. I learnt all I could about dark creatures especially dementors and their powers. Soon I was able to master many things great wizards and witches had trouble with and exceeded them. I began potting and setting up my plans correctly, makeover products, make up was all ready my speciality, new kinds of clothes, riding a bike and even developed my skills. The pressure was high on me and I continued drinking, Dumbledore hated it that papa had to come and put me to sleep every night. Then came the night daddy back – well you know after that."

She finished unable to speak; Winky who was there with tears in her eyes blew her nose on a handkerchief. "M-mistress has faced so much pain. W-winky wishes Winky could do something for her."

"Yeah you can dear – mind getting me a strong scotch whisky from my collection and a cigarette I kind of need it now." She muttered taking off her biker jacket and jewellery and sitting down tired. A crack told her the house elf had gone to do as she was told. Slowly a rough hand ran through her hair her tired eyes opened to come face-to-face with, "Charlie?"

"Sorry kid...we – we were not exactly good to you either." He muttered pressing his lips to her temples, "Hay chill. Happens."

"No Herms it matters." Bill sat on her other side and Winky re-appeared with a bottle and pulled out ice and three glasses. "What we did to you.... was unforgivable. You were out there – you are out there risking your life for our side and what do we do? We taunt you hurt you and curse you when we should have been supporting you."

"Leave it." She muttered levitating the glasses to them wandlessly grabbing her own drink, "Drink with me...I need company. Bottoms up?"

"For a start." Charlie muttered chuckling before they gulped down the drink. She poured them another drink that they gulped down. "I wish I

could have met my mother....” She spoke finally, “She loved me like anything but died because of me. Now daddy I have to let him go for the safety of the world. I love him so much...he cares so much for me. I catch a cold and he freaks out. I drink and he does not say a word to me...but he worries. You know I love wine so I drink wine every night do you know why?”

“Why?” Charlie whispered, he had stopped drinking long ago, “To celebrate the war not coming home to me another day. Another day I get to not be an orphan or fear becoming one. Another day when I won’t have to betray my daddy...another day I have some one to call family. Not some one I consider family.”

“You have us now. You’ll have the order when you tell them.” Bill replied, she shook her head, “Not now don’t tell them now...I’ll tell them in my own time. Please?”

“We won’t Hermione.” They muttered as the girl’s eyes closed softly for a few hours rest. A rest well needed for her upcoming adventures. Her head on Bill’s lap and her leg on Charlie in a drunken sleep...she had not taken her cigarette as yet. Her body warmer than normal as she was running a fever that would push her down. Fear ruling her world again as the unknown darkness surrounded her young heart and dangers from unknown places covered the place.

Hogwards

Dumblodore was busy looking at some parchments. His hair pulled back contrasting white against the dark green robes he wore for the evening. A wrinkled ringed finger was running through a parchment when the portrait of an old headmistress asked for his attention, “Albus.”

“Yes Dorothy?” he enquired looking up, “Harry Potter is coming to meet you with Ginny Black.”

“Thank you Dorothy.” He replied going back to the parchment, “Ms. Riddle has a message for you as well.”

“What is it Dorothy?” he asked, “She has requested for a meeting in Hogs Heads tomorrow at noon.”

“Thank you my dear.” He smiled another wizard hanging there looked worried, “Are you going to go Albus – go and meet Riddle?”

“Dripletlet what’s your point? She has requested for a meeting.” He asked looking at the man, “She’s Riddle’s daughter the man who could convince anyone of his innocence. Be careful with her Albus I don’t trust that girl knowing who her father is.”

“We have discussed this.” He replied, “She’s still a child. Come in! Hello Harry, Ginny. Lemon drop?”

“Thank you sir.” Harry replied, his bright green eyes reflected the twinkle of the blue ones. Ginny politely refused, as she sat on the arm of Harry’s chair. The old headmaster looked at the couple that remained him so much of Lily and James. Harry’s casual jeans and dark green shirt with Ginny’s knee length yellow halter neck top with red flowers with green stems printed on them. The dress gave enough space for his hands to come in contact with her skin as he placed it on her knee.

“We only wanted to confirm when would we be going sir. On the hunt?”

“Aah yes the hunt, I’m not sure myself Harry. We must soon though the giants are gathering again and there are high chances they will go to his side like the last time.” Dumbledore replied, “The ministry are trying to work against it though. The rider matter has been pushed to last preference now that we know she’s on our side for sure.”

“I agree sir.” Ginny spoke up casually running her hand through the back of Harry’s head, “But what about the werewolves?”

“We are considering handing the potion to any werewolf that comes on our side for a cheap price. The ministry is even considering about removing the ban of werewolves finding a job.” He added, “That’s quiet good news for our side. How is your training coming up Harry?”

“Wonderful sir my performance in school is also improving well...except potions and Professor Talawany’s class. She’s saying I don’t have much of an inner-eye.” He added, “Not that I call it much of a class through.”

“You should have taken Ancient Runes like me Harry it’s really fun.” Ginny added, Harry rolled his eyes, “Not now Gin please.”

“He’s right Ms. Black leave the poor boy alone. How are the translations coming – I did not get a chance to ask Sirius.” The head master asked but never got an answer as Amelia barged in closely followed by Remus Lupin. “Albus call a order meeting quickly. There was an attack Minister of Magic was found dead in his office.”

“He’s right Ms. Black leave the poor boy alone. How are the translations coming – I did not get a chance to ask Sirius.” The head master asked but never got an answer as Amelia barged in closely followed by Remus Lupin. “Albus call a order meeting quickly. There was an attack Minister of Magic was found dead in his office.”

“WHAT?” coursed three voices, Harry suddenly asked, “Was there a dark mark there?”

“Yes Harry – but not green it was red.” Amelia replied, “Who ever the killer is was trying to say something with the red dark mark.”

“That much is clear Harry. Ginny round up everyone at Hogwards would you dear? Severnus and Narsissia would want to know this. Ask them to set up the place if you don’t mind.” Dumbldore added marching towards the emergency port key with his comrades, “I need to visit the ministry immediately.”

Ministry

Dumbldore walked into the seen of crime worry filling his eyes, “What happened?”

“Albus – thank god you have arrived. The time of death was near seven today evening but the dark mark was sent up only now.” Senior auror Kingsly explained hurriedly, “I have checked the list of people who were around him. There are three suspects who were with him with out guard.”

“With out guard? Why?” Dumbldore demanded, the young assistant muttered softly, “Sir all three calls were personal. The first was Mr. Jason Snape; he had come to talk to the minister regarding the attack on Hogwards and the student sir. The second was his goddaughter she had come to talk to him about some trip she wanted to take. The third was Ms. Hermione Riddle sir...this time the minister called her to his office personally sir. There was nothing we could do about it. Fifteen minutes after Mr. Snape left he met his godchild for five minutes and then asked for the girl to come and meet him. This was around six sir...the minister demanded the guards step out.”

“Ms. Riddle – what time did she come?” Dumbledore asked his voice filled with disbelief, the man checked the papers and looked up, “Five forty five sir. Fifteen minutes after she was called. She was there around ten minutes there before she was escorted out of the ministry building by Mad-eye Moody and junior auror Tonks sir. I checked on the girl she paused a moment in hall to speak to researcher Remus Lupin before heading out. Her alibi is also perfect sir; she was in a meeting with a healer in St. Mungos regarding her health problem. The minister has placed her in his next week’s planner for an extended conversation.”

“Healer? Kinsley could you please send someone to check her arrival there?” he asked, again the assistant cut him off, “That won’t be necessary sir. She would have had to go there I took the liberty to check the medical file she left behind. Poor child, such a terrible fate at such a young age.”

“What are you talking about sir? Ms. Riddle’s health condition is perfectly fine.” He exclaimed the assistant looked confused, “Has she not informed you sir? I think you would have to look at her file.”

The man handed the headmaster a thick medical file containing the history of Hermione Amelia Riddle. Five minutes later he pointed his wand at the person and carefully muttered, “Oblivate.”

“Yes so you were telling me that Ms. Riddle met the minister before his death?” he asked as if nothing had happened, the assistant nodded, “Yes sir. I checked with St. Mungos she does have a strong alibi.”

“Good...I’ll talk to her then. Now was there anyone else who was seen within the building – anyone suspicious?” he asked carefully, the man shook his head. “Nothing sir. The minister was waiting for someone to come though...a certain Healer Kate Rogers but she could not turn up sir. The patient she and a friend were attending to needed a lot of attention at the moment.”

“Thank you my boy I shall take care of the things from this point onwards.” He smiled warmly shaking the man’s hand before

dismissing him. Kinsley who stood there watching carefully raised an eye brow, "Kinsley may I ask you for a great favour?"

"Anything Albus – is this to do with that Riddle girl?" he added looking pale, the man nodded, "I know it's quiet late but please go and find her. I want her for questioning in tonight's meeting and I want to know why Severnus hid such a great problem from me."

"What's wrong with her?" he asked, the old man's eyes filled with tears waiting to be shed, "She is affected with mertantesus third level and a blood line curse at the same time. Her metal state is in very high depression and aggression as well."

"Albus do you think she committed this murder?" he asked his knees behind against his own weight, "You can never say son. You can never say."

Mean time at Hogwards

"I'll help you Gin." Harry added as they set out to round up the whole group and alert them. After alerting most of the order members he turned to Ginny, "Er...how can we contact Charlie and Bill I don't know the place."

"They are on the way Mr. Potter they are on the way." Narsissia black offered pulling a robe over her large stomach – Harry's eyes lay on it a moment before looking back into the woman's eyes. "Ms. Black could you please go into that room and get the file that says Runes Railing it's quiet a huge tomb that girls written."

"Yes ma-am." Ginny muttered going towards Hermione's room, "Mr. Potter please sit down – the red-dark mark is quiet one actually. Strange it should come on the place the minister was murdered."

Many order members dashed in and took a seat knowing the seriousness of the situation. Ginny began looking through Hermione's notes to find a clue on the dark mark as Dumbldore came in looking furious. A very sober Kinsley following him his eyes filled with cold anger, "SEVERNUS SNAPE WHY DID YOU NOT INFORM ME OF HERMIONE'S CONDITION?"

“What condition Albus?” the man asked surprised at the usually calm headmaster bellowing at him, “I told you her depression is getting better.”

The headmaster thrust the thick file into the man’s hand. Slowly the guardian looked through the medical history of his charge.

Medical Report of Hermione Amelia Riddle Age: 14 Gender: F Family Status: Orphan under guardianship Mental history: (Summery) Faced great amount of sexual abuse as a child

Seen her friends be killed in front of her eyes

Has always been under constant physical abuse [this was till the age of 7 Placed under the dark-art and dark-creatures exposure before birth

Special Powers:

Holographic but complains of being unable to hold up long (Needs checking!)

Elemental (Mainly fier)

Uncontrolled wandless magic

Shows signs of agmuis though unable to change completely as yet

Demotonic powers are shown – counter also visible (Needs checking!)

Medical History: (Summery)

Great amount of depression and even

Heavy mental stress and self-pressure. Suffers from great loneliness

Suffers from a certain amount of mertantesus L-3 (A) – blood vomiting and stomach aches are

constant complaint of the patient

Bloodline curse disorganized. Counter effect has been placed creating side effects of vomiting and

head aches

Blood clot in the left side of the brain – Magical Level high enough for treatment (guardian

signature needed)

Signs of poison deducted (Unable to identify as yet!)

Mix of dark powers and white powers countering constantly (Consultation requested!)

Medical treatment History: (Summery)

Been given L/3 anti-depression and advised to practice kick-boxing for stress relief

Alcoholic practices and drug addictions have been set against with physical blocking potions

Physical exercise (running) and dancing has been recommended for stress levels

Vampire biting has been taken up for the blood line problems – have been showing very slow signs of

improvement but existent, asked to continue the similar treatment

Family Contact: Jason Snape, Auror. Guardian's brother. # 9330105163

Healer: Katie Rojers

: Magical Illness and Treatment (Department)

He looked up into the blue eyes of his mentor tears in his eyes. "I-I did not know this Albus I swear on Merlin."

“Severus specialists on the subjects have been consulted and you did not know?” Albus asked suspiciously he shook his head. “None of this Albus – all I knew was about her depression and blood line curse. I knew nothing about the other things said in the report.”

“Severus please – nearly forty people have been consulted on her medical issues and not one approached you about this?” Kinsley asked surprised, the man shook his head again, “That is unbelievable how come the girl’s able to hide all these from you?”

“She’s does not tell as everything Kinsley.” Narsissia spoke up, “Most of the time she only talks about her problems when she’s ready. This is the truth if you believe it or not.”

“I’m afraid this has placed her in an even more suspicious position Narsissia. She had gone to meet the minister before his death. Actually she was the last to meet him. Alive!” he added making his point clear, the spy sat down holding his head in his hand as his wife lay back placing an arm on her large stomach. “Charlie please escort her to this meeting I need to talk to her personally.”

“Albus – she had fallen asleep when we left her.” He answered, the old man sighed, “Then wake her up. She must come here at once.”

“Severus I think a consultation with Jason Snape tomorrow would do good. Now Ms. Riddle needs our special attention.”

“Professor Dumbldore?” A sleepy voice of Hermione Riddle as she walked in through the fire-place, “Charlie said you wanted me at this time of the night?”

“Ms. Riddle kindly explain why were you at the minister’s office today?” he demanded, still sleepy she muttered, “He called me to talk to me about the behaviour of one of his senior aurous against me. Apologise more like it...don’t know how it reached him.”

“Ms. Riddle kindly expand – the minister was killed and you were the last one to see him alive.” He announced, the girl who was having her

eyes half closed short up, “Merlin – you won’t have a sobering potion on you would you? I was drinking before I fell asleep.”

“Please take a seat Hermione. Remus would you act as scribe for us?” He added after she gulped down a purple potion, “Now please explain what were you doing there.”

“I was there because the minister requested audience sir. One of his protection squad had misbehaved with me a few evenings ago and he had called me to personally apologize to what was being said. Also requested that I don’t complain about it. I assured him that I did not take any offence of it and that I was not going to lodge any complaints. He requested me to come to the minister ball next week but I refused saying I had some other work sir. That’s it.” She explained shrugging, Dumbldore eyed her critically, “You were there for twenty minutes and he’s set up another meeting with you for the next week. What’s that about?”

“That – actually I had received some strange vibes from the room when I passed it and I told him so. He asked me if we could check again but I had my appointment with a healer. That’s why we had to set an appointment next week I’m not sure when though.” She added looking thoughtful, “Sir may I ask something?”

“Yes you may but please keep in mind this will be recorded.” He added nodding to Remus Lupin, Hermione nodded, “I do sir – was there a dark mark in the seen of crime?”

“Yes a red one.” He added, her eyes grew wide, “Impossible sir no one would – sir the white roses that were in the room were they there?”

“No Ms. Riddle – there were no red roses. Why would you ask such a strange question?” he asked confused, “Because I think I know who did this. Give me a few minutes I need to check on a few things.”

The headmaster looked at Severus who shrugged, “I’m on the same ground as you Albus – she does not tell me anything.”

“Till she’s ready to papa – that includes what’s in that file.” She stated clearly, no argument nothing. Narsissia sighed, “When will you learn we are the adults dear?”

“Still not used it mummy sorry.” She muttered softly looking down her face with no hint of a smile. A pair of black eyes searched through her outfit slowly. The thigh length yellow skirt and the dark blue tank top. The yellow spaghetti-strap quarter top she wore with dark blue lines around it and the dark blue words in crazy gibberish did not hide the beauty she was maturing into. Those simple blue bangles she wore on her hand and the watch was just a reflection to what she was, what she became. A woman in a child’s body, for the first time he appreciated it. This was not a child but a woman who had great control over most of her actions. He watched as she bent down on one knee facing the large stomach. “You two take care of mummy – papa till I come back will you? I have to go out. By darlings.”

Most of the order rolled their eyes at her act. They were still cold to her because of her family except Remus Lupin. He felt something so familiar about that action, like he had seen it before. Some were before. His eyes fixed on her as she walked out picking up a set of keys – for a moment he could have been sure popped into her hand. Her walk was calm and casual but had a soft rush to it as she moved out of the room. Half way through two voices stopped her, “We’re coming with you.”

“You’re not going alone. I promised Molly to take care of you.” Remus Lupin stated, Hermione without turning around simply answered over her shoulder, “Then come along. Besides I need an adult alibi for my actions tonight.”

“Hermione.” Severus said in a warning tone seeing the hurt expression on the man’s face. She simply snapped, “Are you coming or not Lupin?”

“I – I’m coming Hermione – can I just get a drink?” he asked trying to bid some time for himself, “I have them in my car. Coming or do you want anything else?”

“N-no. I’m coming.” He replied pulling on his jacket and following the girl out. Sirius muttered, “Be careful with her Moony.”

“I’ll try bringing him back alive Professor.” She replied making Sirius earn a glare from few order members, “We’ll be late. Try deciding on who will be the next minister.”

Harry spoke furiously got up yelling, “How dare you...how could you talk to Dumbldore like that after all he’s done for you Riddle?”

Suddenly she rounded him up with a swift move, so fast that no one saw her move. Shifting his chair towards him with her feet and pushing him back on his seat with a force. Her hands were placed on the arms of his chair brining her eyes to his level, “Listen up Potter I’m going to say this only once. I did not address Albus – I was addressing the group, excluding him. According me none of you are going to gain my reset by the way you’re treating me all right. O and one more point remember this – I’m not Tom Marvolo like you are not James Asecturs. Get that into you’re scull.”

A crash was heard again as Hermione crashed the seat against the table walking away with the twins and Remus in her trail. The cold floor clicked with her shoes followed by the banding of the door. Harry sat there shaking and a soft almost motherly hand was placed on his shoulder, “Harry are you all right son?”

“I – I’m fine Professor Martin.” He muttered, taking the drink she offered. “T-thank you.”

“Harry – I request to refrain from any unnecessary conversations with her for some time. That goes to all order members.” Dumbldore requested, his eyes dull and sad as he looked at the space the girl occupied, “As much as all of you would hate to admit it she’s right. We must focus on who is our next minister.”

“You sure she’s not covering up for her father?” an auror asked carefully, Snape interrupted them, “He won’t place the red dark mark. Not at the cost of his daughter’s anger he saw what happened when he simply mentioned it last time.”

“Severus?” Dumbledore asked the man looked at him and nodded, “I think they must see the whole memory.”

The spy quietly got out the bowl and tapped it with his wand. A resent memory rose from it's depths.

[Flashback Everyone is in the dark quartos dining room seated for dinner. The robes of those present were not too grand but something comfortable and casual. An empty seat was on the right looking a bit grander than normal seats. The door opened and Hermione walked in...except she did not look like the Hermione they had seen so far. She looked beautiful but not the girl they had known before, she walked in dressed in a black short skirt that hung so low on her hips that they looked like they were about to fall down. A chain belt hung of it casually a red sleeveless quarter top showed away most of her stomach she had not bothered to cover. The black boots reached half way up her knees unclasping the leather biker gloves she wore and pulling them of her palm, most of her fingers open. Her hair was left casually open but there was nothing diluting the intimidating picture. She made no move to remove the thick silver bracelets from her hands set with red stones. Nether did the silver chain with red stones set on it. Casually putting the gloves down casually kissed her father on his cheek, “Sorry daddy – I got caught up with some work.”

“Sit down dear. Dinner was just about to be served.” He waved her off reading a mail quiet carefully, no one dared to speak except her, “What is this?”

“Bulgarian recruits have written back. They said that they are having some trouble with the ministry and owls are being intercepted. They seem to need an alternate need of communication.” She stretched out her hand for the letter that he handed to her. Leaning back she read the words as wine was served with the starters. Finally she crumpled it up muttering, “Idiots. Tell them to place an illusion charm on the papers with a password on it. Even a fifth year can do that. Bellatrix what is that stupid story I hear about you're brother-in-law trying to kill the African minister who was visiting?”

"I am afraid he did." She muttered, the tone was one many knew too well, "Crack – tell him to be more careful about who he attacks. His whole family could have been our allies."

Her father smiled at her but she was too lost in thought to register it, turning to the werewolf Greayback, "How does the breeding go?"

"What breeding daddy?" she asked suddenly still eating, "The one we spoke of earlier. The next full moon near the village..."

"Yeah." She nodded turning back to her food again rubbing her neck, the man turned back to the werewolf, "The position is getting better sir – considering the potion can't cure just any wolf bites. Besides the prices are sky high."

"Point." Hermione nodded cutting some salad and putting it into her mouth. "Mmm...not bad. So what's with the giants? Are they?"

"Still difficult to convince them." Rodolphus replied sulkily, she smiled at him cheering the place greatly, "You're saying this Rod – the man who convinced Narsissia into letting me throw that beach party?"

"I'm afraid giants are not so vulnerable to you're happiness as Narsissia Hermione." He muttered avoiding her eyes, "Besides they are developing a warmth towards us hopefully."

"Good. How is the other plan coming?" she asked looking at the man carefully, "A bit bad princess – vital information we need is out of our reach. Nicolas Flamel will not trust anyone except Dumbldore with the information. His notes, his work and everything are placed somewhere away – it's going to be difficult to attain them."

"You have a point there." She replied, her eyes flicked towards rest of the table as if analysing the situation before turning back to her food. "Mia – how are the wards coming up? Do you think they are strong enough?"

"Not bad." She replied, "could be stronger – Trix can you and Ron work on the west side wards?"

“We’ll get to it at once princess.” The woman made a movement to get up only to be bound to the chair. Hermione began laughing, “See – now you can’t escape from dinner. Do it tomorrow after breakfast.... you’ll need your strength.”

“As you wish.” They replied very respectfully as the main course was served. Seeing she was in a good mood he made a careful request, “Er...princess may I borrow your mother’s notes?”

“Why do you need my mother’s notes?” she asked stiffening up, “The incantation of the red dark mark princess it would give people more fear. Princess people would flee at the sight of the dark mark but the red mark was something people more than fled from...it was something that froze them with fear. Princess that fear needs to be tapped again among the people.”

Before anyone knew it, there was a sudden crash and Hermione was practically on the man. His robes gripped in her wrist as she shook him, “Get this into your head Legestrage my mother and her works are her own. Not something for you to borrow to rectify your own mistakes. Everyone better know this – under no circumstances is anyone to use my mother’s ideas or they will wish they were dead.”

Her eyes roamed around the table as if seeing if any one to oppose. The dark lord looked at her his eyes filled with fear and confusion. A fear the death eaters witnessed only once, when seeing his victims again. No one spoke a word as she walked out ignoring her dinner, the man silently pushed his own plate away getting up, “I want all of you to have dinner before you leave or retire to bed. I have some work that needs to be completed. Good night.”

“Good night my lord.” Some of them muttered back others still too shocked to speak quietly returned to dinner. They needed something to do and eating was the best at the moment. Any one who observed could have noticed his steps were dull and sad. [End of Flashback Narsissia looked around carefully, “Any of you still think they would dare to oppose her?”

Narsissia looked around carefully, "Any of you still think they would dare to oppose her?"

There was a murmur of no went around. Harry was the first to speak. "Professor Dumbldore why don't you decide on the next minister. I'll step out for a while – won't be of much use now I don't know much."

"Me too professor. I have my essays to write. I'll see you latter." Ron added getting up along with Ginny who nodded and walked away. The three friends walked out quietly trying to figure out what happened back there.

Hogwards Grounds

Hermione lead the group to the beautiful black Mercedes luxury convertible. The top was for once on and quietly waited for her to come and drive it away. Winky always knew through their bond what the girl wanted and she appreciated it. She would thank the house elf latter, shutting the doors behind her turned to Remus. "I'm sorry about my behaviour. I did not want the order to be with you the way they are with mummy and papa Remus."

His eyes set upon her searching her's as the girl looked back quietly. "Don't be Herms...you don't need to take an adults burden."

"Wish I could stop." She whispered turning away to the car and picking up a few cans of beer stashed away at the back. "Please don't be mad at me Moony I didn't want this."

"Herms." He sighed getting in the seat next to her, the twins sat behind, "I'm worried about daddy though.... the curse is taking more control over him."

"Don't worry honey I'm working on it...we'll over come a solution soon." He replied as the engine started, any one could see she was upset, "It's you I'm more worried about, the amount of pressure you've taken up."

"Don't be Moony. I'll be fine soon..." she replied, "Guys the person we're meeting is quiet dangerous so stay out of my way. Keep you're wands ready and don't get drunk if you can help it. Remus I need you

to really stay out of my way. You boys ready for a performance tonight?"

"We are always Hermione." Freed replied.

"Work and partying." George added, they finished, "Is the same for the Weasley twins."

She laughed looking at them through the review mirror, "Good because there's going to be loads of dancing today. By the way Remus we're going to make you invisible so try stay out of everyone's way.'

"Why?" he asked confused, she cleared her throat, "Err...we need you to be undercover."

"You've not seen her work have you?" Freed asked casually.

"She's bloody brilliant." George added happily looking at the girl. He felt something in his heart too but decided to ignore it. The girl drove calmly and steadily her eyes set carefully on something beyond her. The eye of the older man was also set upon her but more calculative than casual. Her body language spoke words she refused to speak, the girl was tense and the usual grace and freedom she adopted were not there. He tried to get her attention but her focus was bent upon parking her car. There was something more though – he could say. "Place a charm on your self Remus. Come on boys."

They walked into the club laughing around like three friends who were familiar with the place. What he saw there though shocked him. The place was filled with people smoking, drinking, taking drugs and even some who were involved in great levels of sexual acts. Many were dancing, drunk and some falling down knocked out. Many people were openly buying and selling drugs there as he watched shocked. The girl's eyes casually reached towards the bar where she popped down with each of the twins on either side. The dark blue floor and crazy white couches with the mystic bubbles and what not. Some how the smoke made his stomach churn and a great need to pull Hermione out of the place. He turned back to her watching as she chattered away with the bar tender as he poured out drinks for

the trio. The music was loud as she spoke to him laughing about something sipping her drink and nodding. Some were between their conversations the twins pulled her away for a dance – he watched as they worked together perfectly. Their intimacy was clear and her eyes twinkled with laughter and a bit of the alcohol intake. They moved in perfect rhythm to the music their body close comfortable – their moves were he had to admit wonderful. Twirling her around.... They lost control as she went flying into some one's arms. A pair of arms gripped her, she looked up to find a man quiet drunk. His dark grey eyes were sober and his dirty blond hair looked a messed up as his body. She smiled straitening her self, "Thank you – sorry about dropping down on you like that."

"No problem-o always available for some one as hot as you." He replied his eyes running over her body, she smiled, "You come around often – I have never seen you in this place?"

"Yeah ms. Come to collect my money for letting old miss Swindle into the ministers office unnoticed tonight. Seems she had a little work today." He blurted out; her attention focused on him entirely, "O'l miss Swindle? Isn't that Rebecca Glass? Thought the family was out of the ol' business."

"Yeah heard wrong hot stuff – woman's as deep in the business as Merlin was with magic." He replied, the next moment he fell down on the ground unconscious. Hermione smiled a cat like smile, "Boys mind taking our friend out with us? I have some work in the ladies room."

Smiling sweetly she walked away towards the ladies room but turned away walking into a room on the side. Her smiles and mask fading at the sight in front of her, "What is it why did you and Peter call me to this place Stephen?"

"Princess." He replied bowing low and taking her hand kissing it with great devotion, Peter did the same thing his eyes shining with an emotion she could not place. Finally he spoke his voice breathless, "Princess – we have found the woman you sought. She's very much alive as you suspected...."

“Peter really?” her eyes wide with emotion and happiness, “Yes princess – we will send you all her details in a letter day after.”

“I’ll get back to you after reading it then. I’ve got to go...take care boys.” She replied running away her smile still sparkling in her eyes. Quickly hugging the two of them good by she skipped away happily. From inside came out a woman dressed in pale pink robes, her thick dark hair falling across her down till her waist. “Do you think she’ll come Stephen?”

“She will come Nancy – her pull towards them is strong.” He replied, “Now go – prepare for her.”

Fred and George’s flat:

Hermione was looking around as George locked the door behind them. Remus was back with the order now, the main proof of her innocence in his safe hands. It was just the way they always had it, homely, lived in and cosy. She felt a hand wrap around her waist, Freed, “Remember the last time you came Hermione?”

She smiled leaning back on him, “Are you not feeling bad about being used? The two of you – I mean it is my problem that...” A pair of lips sealed over hers shutting her up. George waited till Freed finished and lay a hand on her cheek moving closer, “Listen Herms...you need an escape and we offer it to you. You give us pleasure in the process; it’s the deal till some one in us gets attached. We don’t regret it and nether should you it’s a two way thing.”

She sighed as he placed his lips on hers.... sighing she gave into their seductions as they kissed her and undressed her. Her mind filled with bliss as her body was swept away in passion and a great amount of pleasure as they worshiped every part of her with their body. That night she fell asleep in their protective arms at least till one in the morning when nightmares began taking over her peaceful sleep. Why are you not beautiful dear? He whispered into her ears as he forcefully held her down on his lap rubbing his hands on her body. His lips feeling her feverish skin as she shivered and whimpered...two fingers touched her core. “NO!” she yelled getting up sweating before she lay back again running a hand through her

hair tears falling from her eyes. She was not able to let go her childhood as yet, his sadistic touches or his gleaming eyes.

“Mia...” George whispered half sleepily into her ears kissing away her tears. The grip on her waist told her Fred was awake as well; she cried bitterly, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

“Hush babes.” Fred whispered as she wept some more, “It’s going to be all right. You’re safe now he’s dead.”

“He – he’s dead?” she asked confused, George nodded his assurance kissing her neck lightly, “He is dead.”

“He – he won’t hurt me.” She whispered in realization, a sad smile spread across the twins as she muttered something about going back. “Winky may end up getting worried. Thanks for the night boys – I had fun.”

“Us too Hermione.” George smiled, Fred reassured as they kissed her one last time before letting her go, “Us too Hermione.”

Hosemade house: Breakfast

Hermione was walking around the kitchen dressed in a yellow skirt with a yellow closed neck, sleeveless top with green patterns all over it. On top of it she wore a green tank top with yellow vertical stripes the whole picture making her look taller. The usual bangles giggled in her hands – this time green on the borders with yellow in between. Gold chains with emeralds were around her waist like a belt again...as her earrings clung to her as well. Her hands were working through some scrambled eggs and toast as Winky waited beside her, “What is mistress making?”

“Mistress is making a proper English breakfast.” She replied adding salt to the egg and tossing the toast about a little before setting them down on the plates besides her humming a tune. The house elf watched as she fried the tomatoes before transferring the boiling water into the teapot nearby and stirring it lightly. Turning to chop the lemons into smaller pieces for their morning tea and placing them in the bowl near the milk jar. Her smile was exited and quiet nervous,

Remus Lupin and Sirius black were coming for breakfast. Sirius Black? Well she could stand him; Remus had helped her so much that she wanted to be nice to him.

“You know Crokey today I am going to make an impression on him.” She explained to the elf that was mulching on the tomato and rolled his eyes. “Seriously Mia – agreed you’re a great cook but so much of an effort?”

“Hay you like it when I make you you’re special vegetable bowl and Manchurian with noodles. Then why can’t I make something for Remus? He cares so much for me that he argues for me in the order meetings.” She argued glaring at him pointing a ladle at him, he spread his hands out as taking back the argument. “Besides he’s took care of me when I became so sick in third year when you were out holidaying.”

“I was not holidaying sweetie – I was giving a report to Othalo and Rena of you’re progress.” He remained her gently as she made some pancakes. “Nice smell...you’ve really got the hang of these pancakes Hermione.”

“I still can’t believe you can cook.” She heard Charlie speak in a slightly awed; she turned around and saw him dressed in a casual white sleeveless top with grey baggy shorts. His hair still wet from the shower and with out any other accessories. “Good morning?”

“Good morning Herms.” He added sheepishly hugging her from behind, “Hmm...smells good. You helped Croshakes?”

The elf choked on his last bit of tomato laughing, “Me cook? She won’t let me near the flame where am I suppose to cook?”

“Cook – Crokey you can’t even make a proper tea with out burning the whole kitchen. Were am I suppose to let you cook?” she asked with out even turning around. Charlie chuckled as he ran his hands across her shoulder affectionately making her scream out in pain. The elf jerked up looking at her worriedly, “Princess?”

"I-I'm fine." She muttered unconvincingly moving Charlie's hand off her shoulder, the two of them giving her cautious look, "They've arrived change back Crokey."

The next second in place of her protector stood her 'ugly cat' trotting around the house near a bowl of breakfast. Sure enough the doorbell rang and Hermione quickly moved away from the kitchen as Winky took over and moved towards the garden where she picked up her books and notes. Inside she heard Sirius speaking, "Brat's not troubling you too much is she? Not exactly using dark art's on you is she?"

"Naa...she's at the back Sirius." Bill replied casually, "So what's the matter?"

"Turns out the kid's right." Remus reported, "Voldemort was busy turning the place upside down to find out who placed the red mark than placing his person on the ministry's top chair. Even Severus was made to come when called...said something about the red-dark mark being some kind of special thing. Nearly forty death eaters were tortured in his rampage and no one's seen him this angry."

Sirius added his part as well, "The worst part...Severus found some of them saying thank god Hermione was not there in the meeting."

"WHAT?" came a chorus of two voices, Bill added, "You've got to be kidding Sirius."

"Nope – the death eater's were so scared that she'd storm in even Voldemort him self was afraid she'll march in...even more than Voldemort being there." Sirius spoke as they walked onto the garden, "What's with breakfast in the garden?"

"Kid likes it in the open. We let her be there." Bill shrugged; he knew Hermione loved open air's Sirius replied coldly, "Should not encourage her so much. Keep her under control."

"Just two more day's and she's off our back." Charlie shrugged opening the doors towards the dining table where Winky had set the whole meal for them. Hermione was seated on the garden casually

reading. Her leg's stretched out as the sun hit her gently, for a moment Sirius Black stood there looking at the girl mesmerized. Before he realized who she was and shook the thoughts of his head, "Madam going to join us for breakfast or is there a special slave waiting to serve her every whim?"

"I'm coming for breakfast black – and I if I have a slave I have him serve other whims and fancies of mine not breakfast." She added with a sly smile there was no mistake of her words, the boys desperately tried not to laugh at the look Sirius had on his face, "Kidding – Merlin you take me too seriously."

"Hermione Riddle that was not funny." Sirius nearly bellowed at her, something she waved off sitting for breakfast and making everyone tea. "Hmm...this tastes good...nice work Winky."

"T-thank you Mr. Sirius Black sir." The house elf squeaked surprised as Hermione shook her head indicating not to speak, "Winky is happy sir likes the meal."

"Hermione." She turned to look at Remus cutting her pancakes, "How did you know it was that woman who conjured the dark mark?"

"Remus...I'd rather not talk about it now. I'm sorry." She replied strictly looking down into her plate and chopping some more of her food and eating it. She felt the eyes of the men on the table as she desperately tried to wipe away her tears without any one noticing. Remus gently touched her shoulder in a form of comfort before returning to his own meal. It took all her resistance not to lean in and hug him. They began talking about something's with the order that she tuned off; she lost interest in them a long time ago. Her eyes went unfocused as they discussed on till an owl preached upon the table with a letter for her, the red dragon's crest!

Remus looked at her for a moment before reaching out and patting her shoulder. Sirius gave him a cold look for the act as if saying, 'you are being too soft' but he chose to ignore it. His attention was drawn away as Bill began discussing the new developments Dumbledore asked for, "The Malfoy's account is a bit too quiet. Looks like Draco is not pushing around any money, same with the other death eater we

suspected. His account to a bit too quiet, he has not made any donations or deposits around either. You may want a auror to check up them quietly...it does not look good from this point though.”

“I’ll pass a word to Kingsley – I need to talk to him any way.” Sirius nodded, sipping the tea he added looking at Hermione, “Not bad brat you can actually make a descent tea.”

Charlie rolled his eyes, “Her attention is not with us Sirius don’t waste you’re energy. You lost her the minute Bill opened his mouth.”

“Clearly.” Remus nodded looking at the girl immersed in her own thought sipping her tea, “By the way found anything about Richard Krum?”

“Only that he’s desperately trying to get some old documents for some one on our side. Refused to speak of who it is he’s working for though.” Remus cleared, before he could explain more an owl flew down towards Hermione. The pale white envelope was sealed with a red emblem of a Chinese dragon crest. This was the same mark he saw on....

“Only that he’s desperately trying to get some old documents for some one on our side. Refused to speak of who it is he’s working for though.” Remus cleared, before he could explain more an owl flew down towards Hermione. The pale white envelope was sealed with a red emblem of a Chinese dragon crest. This was the same mark he saw on a book...a very ancient book in the Hogwards library. Was it possible? Was it possible that the line was still alive and passing their knowledge down to generations?

Hermione saw the emblem and muttered to her self, “What does she want this time?” Opening the letter she unfolded the yellow parchment and read the words inside.

Ms. Hermione Amelia Riddle,

Greetings, once again on this morning, hope my owl finds you during a pleasant breakfast. Did you prepare the wonderful tea you serve? I do hope you did...I enjoyed the pot greatly when we conversed last time. I would request the pleasure of your company today again today if you would be available. There are a few people I would like you to meet today when you arrive if you do. A great discussion awaits you please do come to my humble home at 3 afternoon if you please.

May I request you to wear those white dress I saw you in the other day? You looked simply divine in it and I would like to see you in it again. Please send reply through my owl.

You’re Respectfully,

Clarissa Kelvin Laswort

Despite the flowery words and the crazy request for the dress Hermione understood the code. Pulling out some parchment, quill and envelope she replied immediately.

Ms. Clarissa Kelvin Laswrt,

Greetings, to you as well and yes your owl did find me during a breakfast but not a pleasant one. I am practically falling asleep in this

place. I did make the tea you mentioned but I am afraid no one
apricots it on this table. I am glad you enjoyed my preparation as
much as I did. Hope you're selection of company is much better than
that of breakfast. Do expect me to arrive at 3 prompt at you're front
door – you know I hate fiery travelling. A good discussion is never
good to turn down is it?

White dress with long diamond earrings...a good combination. I am
happy you think I look divine mummy loved it when she was alive.
Thank you so much for requesting it.

You're Respectfully,

Hermione Amelia Riddle

Sending the own away she turned back to her juice lightly adding,
"I'm going out today at three teach."

"I've told you not to call me teach Riddle." Charlie muttered as she
continued to eat the meal, "Mind making me another cup of tea?"

"Sure." She smiled pouring out the tea for him, Bill casually winked at
her she smiled at him, and the girl was a total genius. "Now if you
excuse me I am done."

She went back to her studies completely ignoring the men deep in
her own work.

Hogwards

Harry served him self some more food of the small table; Dumbldore
set the food in each table. The meal was always up to Hogwards
standards. He enjoyed every bite as Ginny chattered away with a
friend nearby. On his other side Ron and Dean were chattering away
about the upcoming game, he felt light and happy again...at least till
Professor Martin came his way. "Mr. Potter may I have a word with
you and Ms. Black in private after you finish you're meal?"

Both of them nodded looking quiet nervous, quickly clearing their
breakfast they knocked the door to the of the table. The teacher in
question smiled and let them in and closed the door, "I wanted to talk

to the two of you. Harry when Hermione cornered you yesterday did something happen? Did you sense something or see perhaps?"

"Er...Shalkala h-her eyes they changed colours. They turned gold for a moment...from brown and I s-saw some kind of lining in them. I – I can't say what it was though."

The woman sighed, "Harry I can't say much my self but please refrain from telling anybody of this for now. At least till I find some answers sons please?"

"I won't professor but please keep an key on her. She's dangerous." He muttered pulling Ginny along with him quietly. Shalkala Martin spoke at the empty space after him, "You're right Harry she's dangerous but not the way you think she is."

Her illusion of being alone was broke when the headmaster's voice was heard at the back, "When are you going to tell Ms. Riddle who you are Shalkala. You know you can't lie to her for ever."

"I'll tell her when she's ready to face her destiny Albus not before that." she retorted before sighing, "Can I get you a juice? I was going to pick up one my self."

"May an old man suggest a mug of hot chocolate?" he asked moving towards her small kitchen, "Please don't tell me you're going to make it Al' I want my kitchen in one piece."

"Do not worry my dear...I am quiet competent with that particular drink." He smiled at the woman happily who returned it with her own bit tiered. Her life was a long journey, a very long journey indeed. The smell of the drink waved around the air she breathed in, "That smells nice Al' thank you."

"You're welcome my dear. It is quiet an enjoyable day." He added casually as she leaned back on her armchair sipping the drink, "Jasmine sent me a letter."

“Did she say anything about...” she wandered off, “He is growing quiet fast my dear I think his development is quiet progressive for his age. You should be happy.”

“I should be.” She nodded still musing but Dumbldore could not wait for her to come out of it, “I need to go and meet some people. I shall come back. Have a nice day my dear.”

“Take care Al.” she replied softly letting him go away still disturbed, her mind drifted off a bit but she chastened her self. “No – don’t think about that. Don’t!”

“Er...sorry professor I’ll come back latter then.” Dean muttered thinking she was talking to him, “Mr. Thomas come back, I was talking to my self. Do tell me how can I help you?”

“You could start by moving away from the sun please I’m not able to maintain eye contact with you professor.” He smiled, laughing she closed the binds, “Much better than you. Actually I came to talk to you about the home work professor.”

“What do you need help with Dean?” she asked casually. They sat and worked on his questions for an hour before he was finished. The whole hour was spent under the watchful eyes of some one...a tabby cat that runs down the hidden passage and outside the castle near the forest. Hagrid continues to work in his little pumpkin patch not looking up at the strange cat.

“Hagrid – may I have a word with you?” asked some one he looked up to find, “Professor Snape? Please sit down. Blimmy I can’t believe it’s yeah. Did Dumbldore...”

“It’s not the headmaster I wanted to talk to you.” He paused sitting down on the fence, “Did you find anything new in the forest recently?”

”Yeah want’ some ingredients?” he asked, the man shook his head, “Student’s companied...strange wanderings near the forest at dawn when they went for a run.”

“Never knew Slytherine’s get up so early.” Hagrid retorted as he dug around some more, “They are not just Slytherine’s who complained Hagrid even Cho Chang complained she saw strange shifts when flying around on her broom.”

“Nothing I have seen so far sir.” Hagrid replied, “Look into it though – surely Dumbldore won’t want his students to have problems.”

The half-giant looked up as the potions master threw the trump card, the man could never say no to Dumbldore or his wishes. He waited as the man nodded before getting up, “Thank you. I have a potion to get back to if you don’t mind.”

“Of course professor.” The half giant gave a friendly wave letting them go as the old bat moved away blowing his robes all the way to the dungeons. To the dungeons, to his family...to his wife...wife! Wife seemed so nice; he paused for a moment before walking in. She was seated there reading some letters from some one and replying it with a charmed quill. She was in the school for this purpose and that she filled out quiet well, the consoler who helped every student in the campus. Monitoring the developments helping head master run the school as his assistant as he ran through his other operations. At the moment he understood moving closer the correspondence be assure the school’s safety and maintain a record of teacher’s works. He watched as she worked her way through everything not looking up till, “Sev? When did you come in?”

“Some time ago love.” He replied walking up to her and kneeling down, “You should be resting.”

“No...I don’t want my children to be lazy.” She replied as he kissed her hand tenderly, “You’re amazing my love.”

“As you are.” She whispered back gently kissing his forehead and running her hands through this silky hair, “You need rest as well honey you look dead on you’re feet.”

“It’s not that bad. Mia’s help takes up a large work load off my back.” He replied quietly, “Draco’s begun tutoring Longbotom so my classes are less stressful.”

"That's nice. Draco has begun taking up more responsibility now that Luscious is out of the way." She replied, "More relaxed even."

"Much more relaxed and loose, so much stress was not good for him. That's not good for our kids..." he added getting up and walking to the kitchen, "Want some water?"

"With ice please." She replied picking up the file she was reading, "Jason came over yesterday when you were gone."

"What did he want?" he asked handing her a glass, "Wanted to see his family – at least that's what he said aloud. I think there was something else..."

"You think he wanted to meet Hermione and see how she is?" he finished for her she nodded, "He loves her a lot honey."

"I know but he must be more responsible Sev." She muttered rubbing her over large stomach, "I feel bad that I did not even notice her changes..."

"Leave it dear you know that she's still not used to having an adult in her life." He replied pulling her into a one-arm hug and gently kissing her lips lightly making her sigh. A great part of him wanted a quiet time with his wife but the head master's bird just had to come in and ruin the moment, with a note,

Severus come to the astronomy tower immediately. This is urgent.

Albus

Picking up a pinch of powder threw it into the flames going in, stepping out in the nearest flame towards the Astronomy tower. The teacher were standing there along with Harry and Remus who had come, their eyes set on something against the wall. His blue eyes filled with confusion as he looked at his potions master, "Severus you would not know about this would you?"

He moved away exposing a large mark on the wall was a red cobra in a seated position facing the people. Bennett it were the words,

Beware traitor for you're time's are closing.

My child has grown and powers's blossoming,

Her eyes seek you traitor and you're blood she shall have.

Five she has brought to dust

Others she shall too...but shall not be to see

Traitor you're time has come to an end.

What you did to my father shall not happen again,

Destroy you she shall

The castle shall no more be in you're bounds

C.S

The potions master looked at it for a moment before smirking, "It's quiet a fair warning Albus. I am afraid I can't say more than that – for now."

"Why Snape – afraid of death?" Sirius teased him earning a glare, "I said I can't say more than that Black because I am not very sure my self. For you're information though, I'm not afraid of death if I was I would not have become a spy for the order."

"There is no surety that you work for us though...." Sirius retorted.

"Gentile men please." Professor Flickwick pleaded, "We should not be fighting amongst our selves Albus please tell them."

"He is right. Sirius, Severnus please stop you're childish bickering." He nearly yelled at them, "Now more than ever we need to be united. Severnus what is you're theory?"

"I don't know how to explain it...but...can you give me time till today evening head master?" he requested, the older man who nodded tired and exhausted. "Thank you."

"Hagrid could you please send a message to Madam Maxime with a photograph of this message. I think Mr. Colin Creevy will provide you with the service. Ask him to shoot those photographs. Remus please start reading through anything you can about the magical marks that has to do with the red cobra. This could be more dangerous than we anticipated."

Back in Hermione's house

She's reading and listening to music using headphones, her phone rings but she can't hear it above the music. Bill shakes his head and pulls the headphones and gives her the mobile, "O thanks."

"Hi...you sure....now...what? tell you what I'm on the way. Teach I'm going out." She yelled walking away swinging a bag over her shoulder and going out. Sirius and Remus looked at the men who shrugged surprised, three minutes latter the sound of her car starting was audible in the quiet village.

"O thanks." She replied smiling at Bill, "Hi."

"Hermione we found something." Said the voice on the other end, "You sure?"

"Yes – come over right now." the person replied.

"Now..." she asked confused but the corresponded cut her off, "The documents say of a new story. Come over imminently."

Tell you what I'm on the way. Tech I'm going out." She yelled rushing to her room picking up her car keys and starting the engine with a low rumble. Her hands shook for a moment, just a moment as she drove her car down the street and off into the air. The invisibility shield coming to contact, her mind filled with fear. Her driving went on till she finally pulled down in front of an old looking manor...the gardens

looked fresh and the flowers beautiful. Slamming the car door she rushed up and knocked the door till the house elf opened it dressed in a bright blue dress and smiled, "Ms. Riddle come in...they are waiting for you in the library."

"Thank you Hades." She replied marching as the house elf limped behind her, "I would like a cup of coffee."

"Hades will get it for you Ms. Riddle." The house-elf replied limping away as Hermione opened the door of the library. A woman with long red hair stood with her back to the door dressed in a casual blue jeans and a white formal jacket. A man with shabby black hair stood near a large row of books on a ladder trying to get some documents. His black jeans and a black jacket with white stripes hanging off his shoulders. "You said you found something."

Surprised the two figures turned around, Lilly Potter and James Potter.

"Hades will get it for you Ms. Riddle." The house-elf replied limping away as Hermione opened the door of the library. A woman with long red hair stood with her back to the door dressed in a casual blue jeans and a white formal jacket. A man with shabby black hair stood near a large row of books on a ladder trying to get some documents. His black jeans and a black jacket with white stripes hanging off his shoulders. "You said you found something."

Surprised the two figures turned around, Lilly Potter and James Potter. The woman sighed in relief before going up and hugging her, "Hermione Riddle! Don't ever do that again kid."

"Sorry aunty." She muttered hugging her back, James came up and slammed her back lightly, "Don't worry Herms she's a little finicky."

"It's fine uncle James." She replied as Lilly rolled her eyes, "Pongs how many times have I told I'm not finicky."

"Course you are Lilly flower finicky as an infants mother." He teased as Hermione smiled looking at them remembering the first time she met them. [Flash back It was the first time she had gone to the ministry to file her registration for the guardianship change and got healed back due to a large amount of work. Her mind was tiered as she took another drink walking around the ministry – wait for another hour, there was much more important work to do. So she wanted loitering till she reached a door...voices were heard behind it. Voices she knew she heard before some were before, the rustling of the vile, the room of death. Her eyes flashed around before she quietly sneaked in...the veil were rustling a quick glance at the runes she knew what they meant. If the killing curse was not set out properly half-killing any one they will be pushed behind the veil till their time comes. So some one who was trapped was coming out – she needed to help. Holding out her arm whispered the incantation as a red cobra appeared around her wrist like a bracelet. The head holing its tail growing in size quickly till suddenly it let go dropping down continuing its growth. Suddenly with a wave of her hand it changed into a magnificent sword with a red hold with platinum patterns encrypted on it. The platinum blade had red patterns similar to it...from the end of the handle came two serpents a white one and a black one at least few inches long wrapped around the blade with their mouth's open

facing each other. The long blades of the sword making them look puny and nothing powerful. Softly she spoke the words, "Cut the boundary open my friend."

The roof struck down red lighting touching the sword the serpents eyes came life sighing red and the blades shone through the patterns finally till a laser like red light beam touched the centre of the veil cutting it into two equal parts. Smoke filled the room making her choke in her drunken state. A pair of strong hands gripped her shoulder. The smoke cleared and the veil repaired it self-whole like nothing happened. Her eyes opened lightly to see the brown eyes of...James Potter. Dressed in old-fashioned black clothes. The same he wore on the day he died. Near him stood Lilly Potter her emerald eyes filled with confusion as she looked upon the girl clad in mid knee length black boots the rest of her legs covered up under a black see through stockings. The black short skirt she wore with a yellow tank top and the black leather jacket. Her hair pulled up in a high ponytail and her make up looked so deep. A possibility of perfume mixed with the smell of alcohol. "J-James and L-Lilly Potter...s-should h-have known it w-would b-be you."

Those were the first words she spoke before fainting. [End of Flashback Hermione continued to look at them biker lovingly her eyes shining with something, "What's it Hermy?"

"Don't call me Hermy uncle...I was just thinking if Winddy mummy and daddy would..." her smile faded as her tears filled in her eyes. At that moment her mother's death was more real than before. Quiet real! Lilly seeing the girl's smile fade rubbed her shoulders, "Hermione – baby...."

"A-Aunty I....I'm fine." She replied tears filling her eyes, "Wh-what was it you wanted to talk to me about? O Thank you Hades."

"Ms. Riddle is welcome. Can Hades get anything for master and mistress?" he asked looking at the two of them, Lilly smiled, "No thank you Hades we are fine. You may leave."

“As mistress wishes.” The elf bowed low to everyone before going out, Hermione sighed and leaned back. “What did you want to talk to me about aunty?”

“Herms we found some more documents about Cassandra and her life. You may want to read them...” Lilly added handing her a large volume on the table were Hermione could read. Opening the first document she read, “Letters?”

“Read on kid.” James urged,

17 March

Galestor Tower,

England

Dear Leo,

When will you return? You wrote to me in you're last owl that you have finished you're work and coming to meet me with a playmate. Please tell me where are you are now? Who is this playmate you are going to bring Leo? I don't have anyone to talk to except for you...for everyone I am just the 'founders' daughter. Revenclaw and Hufflepuff were also out. You are the only one who keeps me updated though Mr. Griffindor so please come back.

I am seated facing the window were many times we have conversed. The full moon shines down upon my parchment as I write this to you the night is beautiful but the howls of the werewolves seem to ripple across today. Even more than the normal times, I only pray there is not much blood shed. None is too far fetched to consider or even ask for though. Howards School is beautiful and captivating though, as I think of you Leo. Father's gone out for the night again tonight I don't know were he went tonight. Most probably to that hateful brothel again in France – I don't know what he likes in that place though. I hate that blood filled robes of his when he returns now a days a gory sight they are! Some times I wish I could have my old father back – you know the one who used to read me stories when I fell asleep.

The one who would kiss me good night before leaving...now if I am a sick only house elf take care of me. Not him!

When you come will teach me those new spells Leo? Come soon. I miss you.

Cat

Hermione looked up at the two adults in the room, "Uncle Prongs – you mean...."

"He was pulled in not started it. The brothel in France is a starting point." James cleared, Hermione smiled, "So Mrs. Pongs I think you should check it up there first right?"

"We are on our way but we do need fake i.d's." she told them, Hermione nodded, "On their way, give me two days."

"Given – you want some lunch?" she offered knowing Hermione loved food, "No thanks aunty. I'll make a move though...thanks for the coffee."

"Hermione Riddle." James called her back she looked at him scared, "Yes uncle Prongs?"

"You are going to have lunch with us today and no choice about it for you today. Come on – it's you're favourite stuff."

"My favourite lunch?" she asked surprised, he grinned and took her along with him to the garden where a fabulous lunch was set, "Grilled sandwiches, potato salad, cheese pasta sprinkled with grated carrots, co-co and chocolate cake. Aunty what's all this?"

"Honey just some things we observed you liked and wiped up now dig in." Lilly kissed Hermione's forehead before sitting down, "Besides you need good home cooked food. You're practically skin and bones."

“Aunty I am not skin and bones. I exercise a lot...” she argued picking up a sandwich, “Hmm...yummy aunty you should make these for big-b, he’ll love them.”

“Really?” James asked, “Good then I will make those grilled sandwiches for him.”

Hermione nearly choked on her bite, “Uncle YOU made these?”

“Surprised?” James teased, “Yeah papa told me that aunty is a good cook but he never told me about you.”

“Herms you’re papa does not know much about my husband.” Lilly remained her putting some pasta on her plate, “Really aunty? But you told me you and papa were best friends in school?”

“Herms – just eat.” James cut her off before she could begin going into places where history’s worst parts could come out, “When we meet you’re big-b we’ll make these again for him all right?”

“All right uncle.” She smiled reassuringly, “I’ll eat quietly now. that is if there is nothing more you have to talk to me about.”

“Talk – no honey you eat but we do have to talk about what read though.” Lilly added, Hermione nodded munching away, “Starters – Slytherine clearly did not start this ‘organization’ you spoke of but some one influenced him into it. Herms who ever did this was very good at brainwashing even some one like Slytherine into this was very good. Cassandra had written about this to several people as an emotional let out. Especially after the death of his wife, made him a womaniser from a devoted husband. They did this through very deep planning and great thinking. Be careful with what ever you do – they are very well planned and quiet brilliant. So be more careful with what you do got that?”

Hermione nodded eating some more pasta, “Now – when you develop you’re plans be even more careful the top circle is constantly on the move and always has. The next point you need to keep in mind is that they don’t pull people from family alone but all over. They may be small but they are quiet powerful most importantly their clan

is spread practically every where. When you work make sure that you or your team members are in control of them selves. These people are experts in turning the tables.”

“Got it uncle.” She reported, Lilly continued what James stopped, “Hermions when you work through these people keep in mind both you’re as in you’re team’s strength’s and weaknesses. Don’t be rash.”

“Got it aunty.” She nodded, “I’ll be more careful in future – actually I will be more careful from now it self. Now onwards my plans will be centred around getting information of these key people. I have the financial recourses now it’s all about waiting for my time to set right before my attack.”

“Be very careful Hermione – every movement must be very careful got that?” James asked, Hermione nodded sipping some of her drink. “Next point – their secrets have always been very quiet but the leaders have been quiet open about their ideas. Keep family history in mind when you work with them child.”

“I won’t uncle. I’ll get my team to start working on family history immediately.” She added sounding quiet confident, Lilly rolled her eyes, “You sound more like an officer than the kid Prongs and Padfoot saved from you’re father’s place. Be more relaxed will you?”

“Aunty I am relaxed – compared to some people. I mean that’s why I drink – to chill.” She smiled, Lilly glared at her, “Hermione – drinking is not the key solution to these problems. It is about keeping you would need more control over your self. Drinking and smoking would brake that.”

“Not in my case darling.” She retorted, “For me they drive me up not push me down. I don’t depend on them either. By the way co-co’s good.”

James glared at her, “Hermione please you and I both know that you’re strategies are dangerous just tuned down a bit.”

“Tune down a bit so that they can destroy more innocent lives with thsoe fucking crap James? Then sorry I won’t.” she snapped getting

up, Lilly who was not at all new to her language or her temper sighed, "We are not telling you to stop and take a brake. We are asking you to lean back before you pounce. Think rationally not emotionally – use you're mind against theirs. Beat down their every argument with ten of yours. Be much more careful when you work – have you're team in places where you know you can brake their hold."

"Slughorn?" she asked, "Slughron."

Lilly and James agreed, Hermione drained her glass and put down getting up, "Thanks for lunch. I'll see you soon...by the way aunty I did not throw up my breakfast those days at home. Thought I should tell you."

Lilly nodded as James patted her head indicating she could leave.

Hosemade – Hogs heads

"Ab! Give me a strong coffee with a good shot of brandy will you?" Hermione called walking in as the younger Dumbldore stood with his back to her, "One coffee with a shot of brandy coming up Riddlelet."

"Thank you Ab – hay you won't have any contact with that old potions coot would you?" she asked casually he gave her a sharp look, she nodded, "Old coot keeps barging about his brilliant students even today when he comes to my bar. Every Thursday – slug club members there, slug club members that – even stuff like I was so sure Lilly Potter...can't stand that bag of air."

"Poor chap – every Thursday that too?" she asked laughing, "Yeah – he's nuts. There you go a nice strong alcoholic coffee."

"Thanks honey." She smiled raising her mug to him and drinking it, "Aaa! Perfecto Ab I love you and those hands that make my coffee."

"Deary I am old enough to be you're grandfather." He teased and the girl fell into a fit of giggles, "That was funny. I love you're sense of humour."

"I love you're sense of alcohol." He smiled at her his blue eyes twinkling, "My best customer."

"Why thank you. Hay can you get me some passes for Sunday's theatrical? I really need a good laugh." She smiled the man looked sceptical, "Please – pretty please?"

"All right I'll send them over." He muttered defeated, "Don't tell Albus where you got them from though."

"Lips are sealed." She replied making a gesture with her hands, the older man chuckled, "Go kid – you'll need some rest in this rate."

"I do – have a nice day." She muttered hopping of and walking out sipping her drink, for the first time in her life she really felt bad about her life and her destiny. Her mind was working in the same path as she went home and slammed the door. The seen that met her made her smile, "Papa?"

"Hi Princess." He greeted her as she jumped on him hugging him, "Now would you please come to school with me? I need you to take a look at something."

"Today papa?" she asked looking at him confused, "Today princess."

"Mind if I change? There is a dinner at daddy's place today." She asked he nodded, "Give me fifteen minutes."

Hogwards: Astronomy Tower

Dumbledore, Hermione and Severus Snape stood there looking at the wall. Her eyes trailed on the message quietly and then the snake. Finally turning to Severus she stated, "Sev you're theory was right, some one indeed knows what I was doing. Dumbledore please take this problem out of you're head but please inform me if any one sees a similar message any were."

"I will do that Ms. Riddle. Would you mind enlightening me..." she cut him off with a simple, "I brought down a few temples sir."

"Why congratulations – not many have been able to..." his voice trailed off as she nodded, "They had made some visible mistakes sir. Now if you would give me my leave."

"Have a nice evening Ms. Riddle." He smiled, she nodded smiling lightly turning to Severus gave him a hug around the waist before leaving. The headmaster kept looking at the doorway she left through when the young potions master snorted, "She's gone down Albus."

"Some times you don't know how lucky you are Severus to get a child like her to love you so much." He muttered gazing outside, "You are truly lucky."

"My only luck is walking into her all those years before right when she was faceting a nightmare. She was always my little princess Albus and she always will be." He replied sternly thinking back to the little girl he lost, the little girl he began seeing in Hermione a very long time ago. When she took drugs he could not blame her or correct her but simply let her go on. When she started taking part in highly ill legal activities again he was silent – he could never say anything against her. Every night he would want to do nothing but adopt her and spend a large amount of money on him but she would never accept. That much he knew! She loved him as a father and for that he was lucky.

Slytherine Common room

Draco walked into Pansy's room, his casual black cargo pants and a light brown sweatshirt gripped him quiet tightly. He leaned against the

door looking at Pansy as she worked on an essay. Her white skirt reached only till her knees and her black top hung around her body quiet nicely as she worked away. Gently he coughed, she turned around and smiled lightly, "D-draco? Just a moment I was writing my conclusion for the charms essay."

"Take you're time." He replied closing the door and flopping down on the bed casually. She smiled at him and turned back to her essay. The black ink spread across the page as she wrote the final words of her essay. "There completed I'll be back in a moment."

He simply nodded and watched her leave. Locking the door she made it to the restroom and sighed to her self. Washing her hands after using the toilet glanced at her self in the mirror, there seemed nothing that was going to attract him towards her. Absolutely nothing! She was bound to him, there was no 'love' in their relationship – at least on his side. How bad she felt about that – he would never love her, not the way she loved him. Sighing she walked back to her room and locked the door only (to her surprise) to find him reading her essay.

"Hi you're back. Make some corrections and added some points. Make those changes then give it in." he smiled casually she nodded waiting for his next move. He did not even move from his place but waved her to a beanbag there, "Sit down I kind of need a long chat with you."

"Is there something..." she started but he cut her off, "Mum's delivery date is nearing. I want you to help us decorate the rooms for the kids."

Her eyes widened with surprise, "Us?"

"Me and Hermione...er...mum and dad gave us the responsibility." He smiled she smiled back genuinely, "Something nice basically the way you helped her out with the rooms at head-quarts."

"Really? I would love to do that." she smiled, a smile that almost stop Draco's heart beat for a whole moment, "When can I get stared?"

“How ‘bout this week end?” he asked casually she nodded, getting up he walked away but not before touching her shoulder lightly. Just then their wrists burned – sharply. Cursing a bit Draco pulled out his wand and tapped the bracelet, Emergency– 10 minutes. No choice.(Love) H.A.R

“That’s a first. Come on Pansy.” He muttered as they touched the now port key as they were popped up into a secret room in Hogwards. The whole place was filled with been bag chars and a few tables around the place. Soon nearly ninety students were seated around the small tables looking quiet expectant. Suddenly mugs of coffee and sandwiches appeared in front of them, few simply dug in others waited suddenly the lights of the place dimmed. A speech stage had a figure appeared on it dressed in light brown leather trousers with a white button up shirt that had light brown patterns on the collar, sleeves and the area where the buttons were set. Light gold loop earrings dangled from her ears as Hermione Riddle stood in front of them – the image of leadership.

“Ladies and gentlemen sorry about that – now what I have you’re attention sorry about the short notice. Right down the business some one has placed this on the astronomy tower walls.” She added wavering her wand and enlarging the picture of the writing. “I want all of you to be on you’re guard even more when you do anything. Especially prefects and patrol squads – who ever it is has a spy set in school. The entire member must keep their eyes ears and guts open please. That would be the first order of business, now the second order of business – the red cobra. It warns of danger so keep you’re wand available at all times – even if it is only a trek down the stairs. Keep away from the owlery when you’re alone and escort any non-member is necessary. Starts working better on you’re duelling and physical please. That would be all for now – group leaders please hold back Samuel you too please – Padma you too.”

They waited till everyone left till she turned to Padma and Sam, “Think you two can start digging up something on the properties of the red cobra as a magical creature? Give me a report on Saturday?”

"I can." Sam replied, Padma nodded agreement, "Thanks – you may leave. Now the rest of you want you to meet me some time. When can we?"

"Sunday? Lunch in the hall?" Neville asked, Cho added, "Use a charm that way they won't know what we are really talking about and I won't look suspicious either."

"Good idea." Hermione agreed, "Come prepared guys – our time is precious. Any ways try getting some rests, de-stressing and we should be fine. Take care and have a good night."

Draco left but stayed by Pancy's side gently placing a hand on her when she was about to take a wrong turn. Leading her back to their rooms locked the door as she sat down on the bean bag again, as he came down and knelt in front of her. "Interesting meeting."

"Yeah quiet interesting." He replied gently taking her hand in both of his own running his thumb over her hand in small circular motions. Slowly he began kissing each finger gently tugging them as he held it within his grasp before kissing her palm. Shocked by the intensity of the kiss she practically slid off the chair kneeling next to him. His eyes were raised to meet her as he wrapped an arm around her waist pulling her closer. His other hand now on her cheek gently running his fingers through her face before leaning in, she quickly shut her eyes. His soft lips met her's...ecstasy flowed through her body.

Fifteen-minutes-latter

Draco walked down looking quiet unhappy with himself. His eyes were sad as he looked at Hermione and Blaise chattering away on the common room couch. "Lecture seems a bit nervous I got the baron to keep an eye on her."

"Good move princess any one else?" he asked her taking a swig of beer from the can, "Yeah Black – he's in for destroying me. God wish he did not save my life some times. Hay Dragon."

"Hi Mia – what's up?" he asked sitting down next to Blaise in the large couch as the girl sat on a single couch.

"Cutting off possibilities - Beer?" she offered, he nodded and she waved her wand silently as a beer came up to them straight into Draco's hand. "Want it colder?"

"Naa – its fine. Cheers doll." He placed his hand up as if on a toast and opened the can, she watched him carefully. Studying his messy hair and the shirt buttoned up all wrong told her the whole story, "What happened Dragon?"

"Not now." he muttered as Pansy walked back down looking washed out, instead of sitting next to Draco she flopped her self on the arm of Hermione's chair. "Hay princess."

"Hi – care for a drink?" she asked casually, the girl shook her head as Hermione pulled her feet up, "I'm cool thanks any way."

"No problem – so we still up for the girls' night?" she asked looking at her casually, "Tomorrow yeah finished my essays so I am free."

"Cool. Score!" she cheered tossing her empty can to the garbage at the end of the room, Blaise looked at her for a moment, "You should try for the chaser position Mia."

"Thanks but no thanks." She shrugged, "Have enough work in my hand as it is...Pansy what's that?"

"Hay Mia!" she yelled but the girl was all ready looking through the journal, "Just let me read..."

Draco looked at it and immodestly recognized it, "Mia give it back to her." Her eyes pierced into his and he felt her go into his mind. He forced her self to think about the what the first page of the diary had. Seeing what it was she did Hermione nodded quietly, "I need another drink how 'bout you guys?"

"Hermione no more drinks." Pansy stopped her, "You have had enough of those today please."

"But Pansy come on just one more I am feeling really down." She muttered sighing, Pansy looked at her quietly before nodding, "What's really wrong Hermione."

"N-nothing but the way I have to go. I'll see you latter – dad's place." She added but a firm hand pulled her back, "Blaise?"

"Not in the state you're in, we'll go together, it's not safe for you or any of us." He told her gently but sternly, sighing she nodded as he pulled her into a hug, "I'll come like this, you guys get ready. We use my car or..."

"We'll use mine. Been some time, it needs a run any way." Blaise replied releasing her nodding she muttered something like, "I-I'll go inform him."

"Yeah..." Draco muttered looking quiet disturbed, suddenly out of impulse he reached out and pulled her into a hug. "Take care Mia please."

"Will do." She replied walking away from them, her body shaking slightly. Going out of the common room went towards the private quarts. Her mind racing with thoughts entered around what had been happening around the place. Her balance suddenly missed as her feet collided with something as she nearly dropped on the ground a pair of arms grabbed her – she almost froze with shock. Almost! Holding her in his arms were holding her quiet firmly around her waist, her brown eyes met indigo blue ones with a light tint of silver on them. His dark hair fell light a light fringe on his face casually lightly gelled up. The black trousers he wore clung to his body as the dark cream shirt and black leather jacket dropping casually on him. A thick silver chain with a large locket that fell below his heart the lightly slung bracelet around his wrist remained her of an old friend. Just for a moment before pulling her self away from him and pushing his hand away. "You seem new around this place...who are you?"

"Derrick Black – Ms. Riddle." He replied casually running his hands through his hair, "Besides how come you did not recognize me?"

“You – so you are that blood traitor. Hmm...not bad looking though.” She added smugly running her eyes down his body, “May be I could have you as my play thing some time.”

“If you’re father wins Riddle...there is not chance though that I would submit to him any way.” He replied, Hermione gave him a light smile and nodded before moving out of his way and taking a longer route to the headmaster’s office. Her mind filled with old memories, the last moment of her best friends life hanging in front of her eyes as the old name was brought up again. The walk helped her steady her mind as she walked up through the paths. Footsteps that hit her path stopped right before she could even reach the headmaster’s office. The headmaster stood in front of her dressed in dark maroon robes his face filled with worry. “Ms. Riddle?”

“We’re leaving – fifteen minutes. What is it sir? You look worried.” She asked confused, “Ms. Riddle there is something wrong in the forest.”

“Don’t go there now. I will come there and check it with you after I return. Hold the wards more surely till then. Good evening.” She added nodding at him and walking away from the man towards Blaise’s car waiting for her friends. Her eyes trailed on the forest observing the actions of the forest when something happened...a flash of flames. “Metallic blue flames that disappear as soon as they appear? This could mean only one thing....but how is it possible it has not happened in nearly sixty years.”

“Sixty years since what Mia?” asked someone, she turned around and sighed as they boys stood there, “I’ll explain latter, now where is Pansy?” she asked looking around, “She’s gone to pick up you’re medicines...”

Blaise told her getting into the car just as Pansy walked in dressed in a black dress that reached her thigh. The light spaghetti sleeves halter neck was set quite low. A natural beauty set up her face quietly nicely her physical figure’s attractiveness shining against her. “Let’s go Pansy come. You guys coming as well?”

Crabbe shook his head, "We are not princess...th-there are some essays we need to complete."

"All right I'll tell daddy that you are not available." She replied nodding to the two of them quietly before sitting down in the car with Blaise. Pansy and Draco sat at the back. She leaned back and closed her eyes against the seat as Draco flopped down Pansy's lap.

Dark Side Head Quarts:

Voldemort was turning the whole room up side down in search of something. His eyes filled with blood red anger as he looked around the place when a light knock hit against his door. "What?"

Peter walked in looking quiet nervous, "Wormtail what is it?"

"My lord – there is a woman who says she wants to speak to you immediately and alone." He added looking quiet nervous, "Woman – right before the meeting... all right tell her to come inside."

"Yes my lord." He bowed low and walked out sending in a woman dressed in a thick travel cloak with a hood covering her face. Even when she was within the hood and cloak he could say she was very beautiful, "Who are you and what do you want?"

"Name's Julia and I came to speak to you, dark lord." She added with a pause pushing her cloak down, indeed his thought was right. She had a sweet face with longish strait brown hair that fell lightly around her face. He movement of her cloak revealed a pale white dress that reached mid thigh, it did not take him long to figure out her motive one look at her clothes. "Well then Julia tell me what made you come to my bedroom?"

"I come with a message." She whispered huskily moving towards him and kissing him lightly on the lip. Giving him a flavour of what he would have, "A message from Goblins, their chief is quiet close to my family."

Lightly pulling away her arms from her body he looked at her firmly, "A message of peace I can see...you're delivery."

“I really don’t see why you should put it out for latter.” Said a voice from the door.

"I really don't see why you should put it out for latter." Said a voice from the door the adults turned around to find Hermione standing there looking nothing but casual. Her make up was applied again and her hair left down. Her earrings were 'louder' than normal as her eyes looked curious instead of hurt. Her eyes began looking through the room as moon light flooded in, clothes were thrown everywhere with books tossed about carelessly. Large rolls of parchment tossed about against the place filled with points and plans. Her eyes looked at him again, "Any ways why is the room in such a mess?"

"Hermione...I – dear I was searching for my travellers' cloak. I just can't find any of them." He told her Hermione nodded, "Yeah I sent them for getting cleaned and pressed last week they'll be back tomorrow why do you need you're traveller's cloak now?"

"Because I am going out tonight." He told her she made a face, "No go tomorrow evening."

"If you say so honey." He replied as she swept her wand a cleaning the room and looked through his store of eatables before picking a bowl of apples and grapping one. "Apple Julia?"

"Thanks but no thanks Ms. Riddle." She added to the girl who shrugged turning to her father she tossed the fruit with out even asking him, "By the way have we met before?"

"No - you're reputation pressed you." She replied casually biting into her apple and walking out eating the apple. "Please change into some other robes Julia if you don't want the men pouncing on you at the party."

"Princess." Voldemort warned her but Julia only laughed, "I really don't think I will be invited to such dinners my dear."

"You are Julia." Voldemort informed her, "Hermione you want happened to have something...."

"Her size no. I do think...hmm...hold on." She added and went out coming back a few minutes holding a bag in her hand. "Take these and come down soon...do return the dress to Narsissia latter, I

borrowed one of her clothes. I am going to go get ready, see you in a few minutes daddy.”

“Sure honey, don’t take long.” He added sternly as she nodded and walked out, “I’ll give you your privacy please come down soon.”

Hermione walked down briskly and in a business like way nodding to several ‘death eaters’ as she passed by them. Reaching Draco’s room paused a minute and knocked before opening the door. His room was decorated quiet to his taste with dark brown walls with light wooden furniture. The dressing table with its circular draws and seats were filled with perfumes, after shaves and other products. His bed was set with soft cream blankets with copper thread works on them with copper sheets and mixed pillows. A small round table was set up for work in his balcony with a small cupboard for drinks. The person in question was applying some perfume on him self seated in front of the mirror, “Hay Mia...what is it?”

“Julia is in the building.” She replied, he nearly dropped the brush from his hand, nearly, “You sure Hermione?”

“Saw her – spoke to her dragon.” He looked at her sharply through the mirror, “How are you going to?”

“How the hell did you convince her?” Draco asked and Hermione only smirked in reply, “Did your father?”

“He wants her I saw it in his eyes.” She replied, “Besides the little message the goblins have is to be announced on the table today.”

“Message?” Draco looked at her, “Jade is now in their control – saw her mind.”

“J-jade Hermione that could be...” Draco started but she cut him off, “Useful for us. I’ll see you in the dinner come soon.”

He watched her leave feeling his heart beat a mile a minute. There was no question on what she meant by us and he knew this very well. Too well...one of the very few who knew what she was truly capable

of doing. She was dangerous to play with; he knew that more than any one else. Much more...

"Draco." Pansy walked in as he quickly wiped away his tears, "Yeah I – I was coming right down."

"All right I – I just wanted to remind you that we are leaving right after dinner." She muttered turning to go out when he called out to her, softly but not letting her answer him. Before she could his strong arms came around her grabbing her tightly around the waist pulling her into a hug. Unsurely and quiet nervously she placed an arm around his shoulder wrapping them around his neck. Her eyes dropped closing feeling for the first time a sense of security, as she stayed there supported by his body. The words he spoke brought her back to reality suddenly, "I'm scared Pansy – really scared."

"Why?" she whispered pulling away slightly for the first time in her life she saw insecurity in Draco's eyes, instead of replying he gently hugged her to him and let his lips fall on her cheek, "Will you always be with me Pansy?"

"I – I will Draco don't worry about it." She replied casually but breathlessly, "W-we better go down before the other's come looking for us."

They entered the hall quietly taking their place next to Stephen as the dark lord spoke. "We have good reports. The muggle minister is now almost in our targets thanks to the Lestranges good work my faithful death eaters."

Tears filled in Bella's eyes as Hermione looked at her carefully. The lust and regard in her eyes were crystal clear as that of her husband as well – though in his case it was only regard. He shifted his sight a bit and smiled at Hermione lightly, she raised her glass of wine in toast before sipping it. Her fingers lightly cut through the meat in front of her savouring in her mouth before swallowing it. "Daddy."

"Yes honey." He turned to her leaving the whole announcements to the wind, "I suggest you eat the food is excellent. By the Stephen I suggest you focus on you're plates more than Greyback's."

The whole table laughed except for its head, who looked at his daughter. The man in question muttered a quick sorry and returned to his plate. "What did you mean by that Mia?"

"Stephen understood my meaning daddy. Do try you're meal will you?" she asked pointing to the plate with her knife. Her father was not going to give up she could see so she changed the subject, "Did you find a lead towards that prophesy by any chance? The one about you and Harry?"

"No leads as yet. The boy broke the copy and the only other person who knows it is not accusable to me." He replied finally cutting a piece of his meal and eating it, "I am not going after Albus Dumbledore at any cost. Sorry."

Voldemort chocked on his food, "There is no way I am even setting you up in front of him Hermione."

"I won't go around picking a fight with him daddy." She promised and the older man sighed, "How is the taking over of the ministry coming along?"

"My lord Remus Lupin seems a hard nut to crack. He has even urged many people to their 'cause' making it more difficult to brake them." A death eater announced quiet sadly, Voldemort nodded, "So I noticed. Don't worry Lord Voldemort will find a way to brake him...but for now leave the recruitment alone. He has ten arguments against every one of ours...try dig around his past. See if you can find anything about his life, anything worth defaming his image in the eyes of the world. Anything at all."

"I will my lord." The man replied as Peter looked at Hermione cautiously, she simply shrugged and claimed it was quiet a good idea. He nodded his head vigorously before turning to his meal again; Stephen caught her eye and raised an eyebrow questioningly. She gave him a 'wait-and-watch' looks before turning away and listening to a few more reports being given. She watched as Julia stood up and the table fell silent, "I have good news for you Dark Lord – very good news. The leaders of the Goblins have begun a consultation

towards you're offer. You will be glad to know that in the first time in thousand years has such a meeting has been called up. So congratulations."

Just as she spoke the word congratulations, the dark lord found her on his lap gently kissing him. An inviting kiss that he was not going to let go of. The chair began backing away with them into his private chambers. Hermione laughed and got up addressing the table, "Ladies and gentlemen – that concludes our dinner so I suggest all of you retire. Tomorrow is a fresh day."

Many muttered their good bys and walked away as the Malfoy's and Peter waited for a 'private word' with her. "Gentlemen I think a trip to some good bars are up. You would be joining me."

Hogwards (Harry-Ginny's Private Rooms)

"Padfoot I am sure." Harry muttered folding his hands across his chest sitting on the bed. The white trousers he wore with the green and white checked shirt making him look quiet good but the scowl on his face spoiled it a bit. Sirius was seated across from dressed in casual cream jeans with a red shirt tucked away to perfection, his right hand resting around Ginny's shoulder, who was seated next to him dressed white trousers and a yellow sweater. A silver belt wrapped around her waist and her arms set around Sirius who she was leaning on. "Sure you did Prongslet and Moony just helped me pull a prank on Albus Dumbldore."

Ginny burst out laughing on Sirius's lap and he joined in, Harry again made a face, "But Sirius I did see her portrait in Dumbldore's rooms. It was the same woman Professor Martin was talking to when she sneezed out that night. Come on Padfoot do everyone a favour and investigate it will you?"

"Honey I am telling you there is nothing to worry about. She was most probably going out for some exercise and met the woman." Ginny replied but Harry shook his head, "No it was not Ginny – that lady was waiting for her when I checked the map. Don't forget Professors Martin is quiet close to Riddle."

This shut the two of them up and they got serious, "If that is the case Harry then may be I must look into it. How did you say that woman looked?"

"Show me the picture honey I may be able to place her." Ginny told him and he nodded maintaining eye contact for a moment before she nodded, "It's Alexandria Yaxly dad, unspeakable."

"What the hell is a unspeakable doing near the school?" Sirius asked angrily, "More importantly what is she trying to contact a teacher for?"

"I'll talk to Riddle the minute she's..." he stopped hearing two voices yelling at each other. "YOU – HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? I RESPECTED YOU – I TRUSTED YOU PROFESSOR."

"....returns." Sirius finished getting up and walking out to find quiet a strange sight. Hermione riddle was dressed in white three-quarter trousers with a white tank top with brown prints with a brown shirt on top. Her hands and feet had their normal accessories along with the strange belts she made a custom to put on. What were really shocking were the tears in her eyes, the messed up makeup and the raised voice against, "Minerva McGonagall?"

"Ms. Riddle please...I..." but Hermione cut her off, "You what professor? Were you too busy crying over you're husband that you did not have time to inform anyone what was happening to me? Or was it you decided to take revenge on my father by making me suffer? Professor?"

"Ms. Riddle please – I...I did not know till latter that..." but she cut her off, "God dam it agreed a death eater raid killed you're husband but what was my fault. I was not even born."

"My dear please listen to what I am trying to say to you." She tried again, "I seriously did not know what was happening..."

"No." Hermione spoke with such determination, "I won't listen to anything ever again. You have lost my trust. Nothing will ever be the same; there will be just a professional relationship between us."

Nothing more ever I will never come to you for personal problems or anything.”

“Hermione.” She started but the girl cut her off, “Ms. Riddle Professor

Sirius watched the seen in front of him unfold with interest and confusion. The old professor made a move as though to touch the girl but she jerked away quickly. “DON’T just don’t...touch me. Just don’t and leave me alone.”

“Hermione please.” The older woman whispered looking at the teenager firmly planted against the wall, “Just hear me out.”

“You betrayed by my entire trust Professor and thanks to you I can’t trust the adults the same way thanks to you. I thought you were about those...but you...please go away. Please.”

“Now if you excuse me I really need a run.” She told her as politely as possible before going away letting her tears fall on the ground as she passed with out even acknowledging the man who stood there. His eyes though followed her silently as the girl moved away from him towards the corridor. Going back inside he found Harry and Ginny looking at him quiet curiously. Ginny was first to voice their question, “What’s wrong dad?”

“Yeah Padfoot what was that whole racket all about?” Harry added, Sirius looked at him a moment before answering, “Wish I knew kids the brat was practically yelling at our head of the house like never before. Worst part was that poor woman was listening to every word and practically in tears.”

Ginny began fuming, “How dare that – that – uuh – how could she....God I am so going to give her a piece of my mind.”

“Really how could she speak like that to a teacher?” Harry muttered, “Especially the one who always praises her in class and helps her out of every single problem...Yes come in.”

"Hay brother." Amelia walked in pulling down her hood of the black cloak she was wearing. Harry raised an eyebrow when he saw the shirt she was wearing, "Slytherine green Amelia?"

"All my other shirts were out in the laundry or for repair." She replied shrugging as she stretched her hands around a bit, "How was the notes I gave you?"

"Great! Really helped with our assignments thanks a lot." Ginny told her giving a light hug, "Potions is really a bad subject."

"Thank you're assistant professor for that sister-in-law." Amelia teased sitting down, "Those were the notes she wrote for her work. Remus got it from her for his own research work."

"Riddle's?" Harry asked frowning, "Yeah any way I just wanted to ask you if you had any exercise clothes?"

"Nope sorry." Harry shrugged, Amelia nodded, "Then fix up next Saturday for a muggle shopping day, you are coming with me to muggle London for those things. Sirius you won't mind taking them right?"

"Sure I'll do that." he shrugged casually, "Now if you could excuse me I have some work to catch up on."

Walking out hurriedly before anyone could notice he turned around to the same corner as the Riddle girl had. The seen in front of his eyes was enough to make a dementor freeze with shock. The girl in question had fallen on the ground looking terrified as a large white wolf stood over her blaring it's teeth looking ferocious. A low grown from it's throat as it raised a paw exposing its silver grey blade like nails ready to strike her.

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A wave of his wand he quickly created an invisible wall around the beast slowing it down a moment. Right behind him he heard three stunning spells to at the creature making him turn around. Dean Thomas, Cho Chang and Seamus Finnigan stood there with their wands out. Letting his eyes flicker at him he turned back to the creature placing a stronger stunner on it and binding it with some invisible ropes. "What happened to her Justin?"

"S-sir I placed a spell to clot her blood. She bleeding pretty badly despite it sir...we-" Sirius cut him off picking up Hermione in his arms and hoisting her up, "Go get Albus – if you can't ask any teacher for help. Go! Draco get Severus and Zabani I want Hagrid Go!"

"Sir!" they said together practically dashing away, "Cho go tell Professor Martin.'

She did not need telling twice as she suddenly disappeared. Hoisting Hermione up in his arms he too dashed away to the Hospital wing and dumped her on the nearest bed. The matron stepped up and looked at her worriedly, "Some kind of creature got it's claws into her..." he panted. "Got her as soon as I could."

"I'll do my best." She promised waving her wand instantly stopping the blood, "Help me Sirius. Get some of those bandages and those mandark juice potions immediately. Also those poison revealers

Sirius! I think she's got something in her system. Also a deep-throw basin she'll need it."

He rushed the cabinet and searched for the things she asked piling them up hurriedly. His sharp ears could catch the girl's breath going up and down with great effort. Panic struck in his heart as he searched for the last ingredient. Mandark juice and Dragon blood – handing her the potions got down to placing some warming spells on the girl as she shivered. They did not hold long enough! He took up the muggle method and began rubbing her feet. Several foot steps marched and the door suddenly flung open, Albus Dumbledore and an equally ancient looking wizard walked in along with the Snapes and Draco Malfoy. "How is she?"

"I can't say sir. Poison in her blood all ready. Mandark juice is not working." She cried looking at the child who tried desperately to take deeper breaths. "Her body is growing cold though."

"Have you administrated Dragon blood on to her wound?" the old man asked she nodded, "Nearly a whole bottle does not seem to help her in any way. The wound turns blue and keeps spreading."

"That's a bad sign." Charlie gasped looking at Severus desperately; he looked at, "Albus?"

"Flawks..." he muttered softly as the bird flew in right on cue its beautiful fiery red bird flew in it's eyes glowing as it slowly settled near the girl. Slowly it lay it's head right above the wound crying magical tears over it. Slowly the wound began to react as the poison began a reverse effect slowly dripping out of her body along with a large amount of blood. Wavering his wand Sirius placed the bowl below the bed right where the blood was falling into, triumphant and proud the bird went back to it's master. The people in the room sighted with relief. Her face began growing pale and tiered but the breathing began getting much more normal. Severus gently sat down next to her on the bed and stroked her hair softly. Her eyes that were fluttering slowly fell down into what looked like a deep contended sleep. "She'll need rest Albus. She needs complete and deep sleep now...W-we should give her some dreamless potion."

“Good suggestion may I suggest mixing it with warm chocolate milk Poppy?” the headmaster asked looking quiet relieved. “Let me first dress her would sir then a large goblet of chocolate milk with dreamless potion would help her sleep. The poison is almost out of her system...what ever that creature was thank god it did not bite her.”

“I know my dear.” He patted her shoulder softly, “Don’t feel bad you have done more than you can the poison was a terrible one. Maybe a crystallised tear to heal better? Dear child does not have a very strong immune system at the moment.”

“Can Flawx supply us with one?” the Matron asked hopefully, “I would recommend one...”

Turning to bird Dumbldore healed out his hand and a single stone like tear fell for the birds eyes into the old hand. “Thank you my dear you have done wonderfully today.”

The bird sang a soft note of thanks. A soft moaning sound came from the bed as the nurse touched her head. “She has a high fever must be the shock. She needs plenty of rest I must ask all of you to leave the place. The patient needs complete relaxation.”

“And this is the last place she will get it.” Draco replied making simply lifting her up wedding style and walking towards the fireplace before any one could stop him. The people in the room looked at the Snape’s who did not say a word before walking away...to their own rooms.

Room In The Chamber of Secrets

Draco popped in using the teleportation bracelet Hermione had set for him and placed her carefully on the large bed. Pansy appeared right next to him looking quiet worried, “What happened to her?”

“Wish I knew Pans, what ever that creature was it was out for her blood.” He added sadly, “Scared her to near death.”

“Noticed Croshakes has gone to get them. Blaise has gone to alert the others.” She explained slowly making a move to take off Hermione’s clothes and check the wounds her self. Suddenly a small pop was heard and Cho stood there with Croshakes, “How bad is it this time Pansy?”

“This time?” they asked together looking shocked, Cho nodded, “Don’t worry Rena is on her way with Othalo. Such attacks have taken place before but she fought the creature off. That was before she...well you know.”

“No wonder she did not mention it to us.” Draco replied turning back to look at the girl on the bed still unconscious. The girl who had changed from his ‘dark lord’s daughter’ to a very close friend and latter a guide he looked up to in life. His loyalty towards her would never sway at any circumstances and that much he knew, even if it meant his death. Slowly popping down on the bed next to her slowl through her hair as several people popped in to check on her. Blaise finally returned looking really worried, “How is she?”

“Much better than I expected to see her.” A voice said from behind them, Blaise and Draco immediately got up respectfully. “Rena?”

“Indeed young Draco.” She replied smiling, her long pale pink dress highlighted her features even more. The small bracelet and cloth she wore made the light dance around the room when she moved her hand to place the copper plate on the girl. “Do you know the way around this place?”

“We do what can we get you?” Cho asked looking at her with steady eyes, “Can you dear girl get me a pitcher of water from the stream nearby? There is one in the cupboard in the room next door.”

“I shall do that.” Cho agreed walking out to get some water quietly she turned to Pansy, “Does she have some extra clothes in this place?”

“Yes please give me a moment please.” Pansy requested going out of the chamber as Rena began looking at Hermione’s wounds. By the time the girl returned holding a dark green tank top and a slightly

smaller white tank top with green vertical stripes. Accepting them Rena pulled it over Hermione quickly before turning to Pansy, "Thank you my dear girl. Aah Cho...you have the water thank you dear."

"Can we get you anything else madam?" the Asian girl asked respectfully the woman shook her head, "No thank you please go back to what you normally do. I shall take care of her from this point on."

Two hours Rena stayed and kept changing the wash cloth on Hermione's burning forehead trying to sooth the scared girl running her fingers through her hair. Fear and agitation continued to be a part of the poor girls system despite the small gesture. A gesture that would normally put her to sleep in minutes, today it did not work. Then she remembered, the song...the lullaby she used to sing for the little girl when she stayed with them. The lullaby that would sooth her nightmares and make her sleep with a smile of the face. Taking a deep she began her soft humming,

Sleep my little willow,

Sun has gone down the sky,

Cool winds come to serve you,

They hum to you my little love,

Sleep....sleep little one...sleep,

Sleep for dreams await you.

Cool winds come to serve you,

They say to you,

"Let us take you away,

With the swings that sway,

Sugar Caddy Mountain says,

Come...come...come...stay.

Sugar Candy Mountain says,

I have a little fairy,

I have a sprinkler fairy,

Sprinkler fairy with a sprinkler wand.

Sprinkler wand with sprinkler sleep.

She sings...she hums she looks over you as you sleep.”

Night wings come to calm you,

Sooth you to a soft dream,

Chocolate milk comes stream,

To my good little one,

Eyes closed in Sugar Candy,

Sleep my little one.

Night winds come to calm you.

Dream my little one,

Dream of battles won,

Dream of bells rung

As bellows holds you

As bellows holds...you...his bride.

Dream my little one of life and love,

Dream my little one of hope and happiness.

Dream of a better future...

Dream my little willow

She looked down stopping the song unfinished for the girl was fast asleep. Her breathing even and calm, slowly bending down and kissing her forehead Rena placed a blanket on her body before going away. A minute later a strange dark figure passed across the girls room pausing a moment at the door. The whole time Hermione did nothing but stir a little bit pulling the blankets tighter around her and continuing to sleep peacefully.

Hogwards Library

Ron, Harry, Ginny and Sirius spent nearly all morning till near teatime in the library. Sirius began reading anything he could get his hands on desperately looking for the creature he saw. Harry was right next to him, "I don't see why Dumbledore wanted this Padfoot."

"Chance that Voldemort set it for you but Riddle got caught in the middle." Sirius explained looking through another book. "Nothing in this one."

"Don't think so dad nothing in this one either. The creature would have recognised her would it not?" Ginny asked placing another book down. Sirius nodded, "You have a point pumpkin. We'll see if we can find anything on that strange creature shall we?"

"We are still trying dad – o good evening Professor Martin." She wished as a woman dressed in an elegant golden brown outfit walked up to them, she nodded, "Ginny, Harry, Sirius how goes the search?"

"Terrible." Harry muttered slamming down another book on magical creatures. "Nothing again professor. I am sure I saw such a creature some place but I just don't remember where!"

“Harry take a deep breath.” Ginny commanded and he obeyed, “Good boy now try remember will you? All this searching is killing me?”

“I know.” He muttered rubbing his eyes, “I just can’t think of where.”

“Can’t think of what Potter?” they looked up to find Hermione standing there. Sirius felt his breath stop for a second; she looked like she had slept well in a long time. There was a glow around her face that made her look so relaxed that it made Sirius’s narrow his eyes. This was not what he expected out of a girl who was near death just hours ago. Harry’s words cut of his meditations, “None of you’re business Riddle.”

“All right.” She shrugged, “I came to inform you Shalkala that I will be going out for dinner and I will go back to the house by breakfast tomorrow morning. Mummy and papa are trying to hold a calm dinner so they won’t come for...”

“Dinner with the rest of the staff got it.” She added gently hugging Hermione around the shoulder, “Now tell me how do you feel?”

“Better and kind of hungry.” She added sheepishly touching her stomach, “Come I’ll fix you something to eat. You missed you’re lunch.”

“I am afraid that is not possible Ms. Riddle.” They turned around to see Albus Dumbledore looking quiet upset, Hermione gulped, “P-professor...I...”

“Please come with me.” He informed her his face quiet serious. Quietly she followed him Harry smirked into the book. Sirius looked at him confused, “What?”

“Think Riddle is going to get it good now dad.” Ginny smiled closing another book and opening another, Sirius gave a bark like laugh, “Point there pumpkin.”

“Hay guys look what I found.” Harry proclaimed holding up an ancient looking book on top of it was a sketch of the animal they had seen. “Bingo – good work Harry.”

“So shall we see what is this...creature?” Ginny asked sitting down on Harry’s lap as Sirius shifted up closer. “Parvofus or better known as the ice- wolf is a magical creature with great dark-magical powers. It is claimed to be one of the greatest and most dangerous dark-magic creatures for their powers. These creatures have thick hides that make them immune to several dark and white spells that are powerful. Though surprisingly a strong stunning spell can make the creature loose balance for 30 seconds. Precious time for the victim to escape at several times as recorded. The claws of the ice- wolf are the most dangerous part of its body. It holds enough venom to destroy hundreds of people within hours if proper treatment is not given within an hour of secretion. The survivors of such attacks are few as they ice-wolf tends to rip the neck of anyone it has attacked killing them in a slow and painful death.

They are normally raised based upon a diet of poisonous herbs, vicious plants and exposed to a great amount of dark magic. Many of such creatures are known for being very loyal to their master and follow an order unquestioningly. Their immense stamina and sense of smell helps many hunters get to the pray. Several dark wizards have said to use these creatures for hunting down and killing those people who appose them. The last person to use them was Dark wizard, Benjamin Raiston who had set such creatures out on muggle villages who refused to bow down to him.

Harry looked up at Sirius and Ginny, “Do you think some how Voldemort has gained access to this animal?”

“Could be Harry.” Sirius replied running a hand through his hair, Ginny looked thoughtful, “Harry I think I know where you saw that creature last. The chamber of secrets...there was a painting of this on the wall...near the place Riddle opened the creature.”

“We must go there.” Harry declared getting up; Sirius followed him, “Absolutely not Prongslet. There is no way Dumbldore will agree to that.”

"We have to at least inform him Padfoot." Harry argued, "He must know what Voldemort is holding."

"Dad's right Harry but we could inform Dumbledore." Ginny told him quiet thoughtfully, "Come lets go tell him may be he knows something about it..."

Sirius used his position to check out the book and the three of them went away to meet Dumbledore. On the way the deputy headmistress walked up to them, nodding a greeting. "Sirius, Mr. Potter, Ms. Black. I see you have found the answer regarding that..."

"Creature? Yes we have." Sirius replied as her voice began trailing away. Her facial expression changed for a moment but quickly became the same expressionless stern face again, "Did you find anything worthwhile?"

"Enough for us to alert Albus." Harry added thoughtfully, "This could be quiet serious ma'am let's just hope we are in time for...damage control."

"O yes Mr. Potter, yes." She muttered hurrying away....

Dumbledore's office:

"Hermione I was informed today that you had all ready faced this creature?" Dumbledore asked her folding his hands in front of his chest, "Yeah during the summer nothing serious Albus."

"Do you have any idea of what they are capable of Hermione?" he asked sighing she shrugged, "Nothing I will let them achieve."

"Dear girl I know you're brave but this is ridiculous." Dumbledore sighed, "You know it is quiet dangerous for you at this point of time."

"What do you expect me to do run to adults at every problem?" she yelled getting up so fast the chair crashed against the wall, "I am not even used to people caring about me for god's sake. Everyone adult I

knew only wanted to hurt me...I am not used to going to adults. Why can't you ever remember that?"

"I..." he sighed, "I am sorry dear. I just keep forgetting you're childhood an old man's mistakes." He looked at her guilty and much older than his years. She looks a deep breath and muttered, "I am going away...have a nice day headmaster."

"You too Ms. Riddle." He replied as she stormed out banging the door. The statue jumped away only for her to bump into Sirius Black, "Watch where you're going brat. There are people in this castle."

"Like I give a dam Black." She snapped walking away pulling a packet and lighter out of her pocket. Harry and Ginny stared after her, finally he muttered, "That is hardly the girl I knew..."

"A lot of things change Mr. Potter." Said someone behind them they turned around to find the Bloody Baron, "Several things change with time. Do keep that in mind – no I dare say the head master awaits you?"

"Yeah he does." Ginny replied softly pulling the two men along with her. Finally presenting their finding and argument to Dumbledore who looked for the first time ever lost, "It does not seem like him after all he never really pushed his work towards dark animals in the past as far as I...but still thank you Harry I shall definitely keep an open eye for this creature...Get some researcher's on the job hopefully."

"That sounds great Albus." Ginny smiled, "Order meeting tonight?"

"Order meeting tonight regarding this mainly." He replied smiling at the enthusiastic girl. Little did they know there was some one amongst them plotting against them...Ginny glanced out through the window catching a black hooded figure slip out of the Hogwarts gates and summon a cart and getting into it. Thinking it was a teacher or a visitor she completely pushed it out of her thought returning her attention to the conversation on the table.

Unknown place -

The small lamps lit all over throwing a small amount of light around the place but not enough to expose the room. A woman dressed in a black velvet cloak and hood turned around fiercely towering down to the woman who was dressed in quiet a similar black cloak. "What information do you bring? Those mere students of that man wounded my pet to this state? The girl has support and you dare to speak of this but nothing you have done to demolish the unity?"

"Mistress I would have had I known who is within this...but I know nothing. I can simply not understand who is with her and who is aiding her." The woman kneeling down stammered, "She is quiet helpful and there are many who seek her advice."

"Spy on her better you fool." She yelled waving her cloak in a manner that her beautiful ice-blue dress flickered to view before disappearing, "Make her trust you enough to spill her secrets."

"You have all ready seen what she is capable of with..." the mistress cut her off gently placing a hand on her shoulder, "and I know what you are capable of my dear...dear spy. Now go and bring that little brat to her knees. I know you can do that."

"I shall try my best to please my mistress." The spy replied bowing low and getting up waiting for approval to leave. A sigh emitted as she sat down again for the first time a stone throne coming to view in a dim light. It was wide enough for two people to sit but the woman spread her self out with her hands on throne. Ancient runes were encrypted as part of it's decorum in platinum making it look so cold and fearful just like the woman who sat on the throne. The dim lights that hung from the wall throwing a little bit of light on them but not much. At her feet was the white wolf, tame as a puppy with it's eyes closed and a steady breathing of sleep. A beautiful velvet carpet in black embodied with light blue and yellow patterns crept down the cold looking stairs...a constant drop of something was constantly heard. A tipping like that of water on the cold floor. A small interruption...just for a moment, the lady's cold platinum bangs jingled as waved the woman on the floor away. The creature gave a low bow to her and hurried away from the scary presence. Getting up from the seat she moved with grace towards a smaller room on the side closing the door. On the door was a mark in the same platinum. Five

large rings set in a circle with a knife coming through them exactly by half...a mark that got great wizards like Slytherine and Gillywand to the dark arts. A mark that lead too many families be connected to the greatest of dark arts and destroyed countless lives.

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The woman opened the door and walked in before quietly locking it...on the wall was written the words,

PI Lasto ro pl Grogero Mastpro

The temple of the Dark Warriors

Several miles away in an unknown cottage an unconscious woman opened her eyes. The place was beautiful, a small cottage made of some stonewalls the gardens were set with so much beauty. All around the place the wind danced tunes of love lost and gained. The floor was practically set in yellow marble with green lines, the windows set with green curtains that had yellow flowers on it. The ivory walls complimenting the wooden furniture set around that place. Slowly several women in yellow stood around her. "You are awake."

"Wh-where am I?" she muttered looking weak and tiered, "W-who are you?"

"You are in a Crester Cottage at the moment miss...are you all right? You're medical condition has been terrible." A woman asked, "It took us a long time cure you of those wounds."

"Thank you...er..." she pause realising she did not know her name, "They call my Sidney I am the one in charge of you at the moment. You have faced quiet a brutal treatment miss I feel bad for you. How long were you there?"

"W-what's the date?" she asked carefully, "It is in 15th November 2005 today."

"July?" she asked surprised she had been in there for nearly 9 years and did not even know how time went away, "Afraid you were in bed for the past two weeks undergoing terrible treatments. You are still in a bad shape. Neel go inform the mistress that Catharine is finally awake."

"There is no need to I am all ready here." Said a voice from behind them the women got up respectfully at the sight of the girl dressed in a white shorts with a yellow tank top and a white hoody, zip up top covering her face. A casual wristband in her had were the only visible jewellery as the girl sat down taking of her hood. She looked so different with dark brown hair that had golden blond thin highlights that was pulled back into a high ponytail. Her eyes were soft and filled with warmth as she stretched her hand out, "Hermione Riddle."

"I know." The patient replied taking the warm hand in both her own tears filling her eyes...but with joy, "T-thank you for..."

Hermione pressed a finger to her lips, "Please don't speak much. You're voice sounds terrible and you need rest though you look much better than how you looked when you came in this place." Catharine only nodded, "Sidny can I have the reports please?"

"The reports mistress." She replied placing a board on her hand, "Thank you...mmm good improvement but her stamina needs to

increase before we can do anything further. Change her diet to semi solid food and give me a report on how she's coming along. She is the top priority patient of this place keep that in mind."

"We will mistress." The woman replied as Hermione handed back the chart, "I'll visit you again soon but for now you need complete rest and end up being bed ridden."

"Thank you again." She replied Hermione gave her a light hug before getting up and going to check some other patients. Through the curtains she heard some of the recommendations given for other patients and writing some very strong instructions on the board before walking out. Had any one seen her work this way apart from the staff indeed it would have been the most beautiful sight ever. Just as she stepped out of the cottage a woman trailed along behind her getting last minute instructions, "Keep me informed on the progresses of our patients and please make sure aunty and uncle know about what is going on in this place. Get some one to re-ward the whole place they are growing weak I'll see you again when I get time. Have a nice day."

"Wish you the same mistress." The woman replied as Hermione pulled up her hood again and stepped into a convertible car starting it, "See you soon and safely."

Potter Manor

Hermione entered the kitchen to see James chopping some white onions, "What are you making uncle?"

"You're favourite chicken for dinner tonight." He replied smiling at her, "Chicken hmm...uncle you know what exactly I like. Can I help?"

"Yeah course you can." He smiled at her, "Stay away from the dishes and sit back."

"Uncle Prongs." She wined as Lilly walked in from the door, "Prongs I hello honey when did you come?"

“Just now aunty.” She replied sliding of the stool to go help Lilly with the bags in her hand, “I’ll put it in you’re room?”

“Sure.” She replied giving her a last bag and added, “There is chocolate for you in the refrigerator.”

“And you’re not touching it.” James called after her Lilly cried something that sounded like, “James!”

“What she won’t eat dinner if she eats all that chocolate you got her.” He replied, laughing at their argument she quickly ran up the stairs to the master bedroom throwing open the ivory painted doors and entering the room. She loved this room it was painted in a light cream shade with dark rich brown curtains with cream flowers printed on it. There were some comfortable armchairs set in deep cream colour around a beautiful glass table diagonally opposite to the balcony. A large bed had beautiful copper sheets spread over it. There was only a single door leading to a walk in closet and a beautiful corner set with flowers on a beautiful flower vase filled with white and yellow daises with a red some daises set right on top. Going towards them she took a moment to smell the fresh flowers from the garden, she loved the way her aunt decorated the room. Happily turning to the packages and looked through them, “Women’s stuff.... make up items...bathroom stuff...stationary...there finished.”

She sighed putting everything away magically. Finally the last bag had some books and some files for writing notes. Picking up the spare stationary and putting them away in the right places she quickly folded the bags and put them away for one of the house elves to clear latter. Quietly as she worked inside she went out closing the doors behind her and skipped down the stairs just in time to hear Lilly say, “I miss Harry James...”

“Me too Lilly flower but we have to wait for the right time.” He replied, “You know we have to wait till Harry gains some more power before we can approach him though.”

Hermione slowly stepped back against the wall and leaned against it guiltily. So many people were getting hurt because of her plan. James, Lilly, Harry, Ginny, Ron, Sirius, Remus, Albus...the list went on as

she ran a hand through her hair, if any one said she was upset it was an understatement. Another bolt of depression hit her; slowly pushing her self away from the wall went out to the garden and lit a cigarette. Slowly pulling it in she felt the pain numbing, it did not go away but numbing was more than enough for a moment. Numbing the pain but not making it go away, she sighed, "It's all right if I face pain...I can save thousands of others from this...it's all right."

"Herms! Dinner." She heard her uncle James yell from inside, she called back to him, "Coming!"

"Go wash you're hands love and take the wine glasses as well will you?" Lilly asked turning to her, "What set do you want aunty?"

"Every day ones dear." She called out as Hermione opened the cabin and took out two glasses, James raised an eye brow from his place with the salad bowls, "Mind if I have a beer today? Don't feel like anything heavy today."

"Sure...they are in the refrigerator." Lilly pointed smiling at the girl as she poured out two glasses of dark wine for her self and her husband. "Don't want anything strong tonight?"

"I have my exam tomorrow." She replied, "Besides Charlie and Bill hate it when I drink wine and come home half drunk."

"These two seem to have an influence on you." James observed sitting on his chair placing a bowl of salad in front of the girl. "Yeah they where the shadow warriors who..."

"Yeah I know..." James told her gently as she played around with her food, "So how is Harry coming along?"

"He is going fine but...but he could use some pushing uncle. He does need some pushing to get his maximum done. I'll try push him some more the best I can but the rest is up to him." She replied taking a bite of the food, "I don't know if I can but I have to try, once he reaches that little point he has to then I can bring the two of you in front of them and the whole world. Just a little more time aunty please?"

Lilly nodded as James pressed a hand on her shoulder, "Any way tell me how is you're patient today?"

"My patent finally woke up today." She replied a real smile finally coming on her face, "Turns out she was there for a long time and did not speak much when she was there. So we are having a little difficulty getting her voice back to normal. Other wise everything is fine."

"That's nice Mia." Lilly replied seeing how happy the girl was, "If you need any help with anything just ask all right. Don't hesitate."

"I won't aunty." She replied taking some more of the salad and eating it to avoid answering questions, Lilly was not fooled even if the girl's eyes were set on the plate. James looked at her questioningly she indicated for him to go on, "Did you find out about who that girl is Herms?"

"Her voice was so bad I did not want her to talk too much uncle so I left it at that. Besides after what she faced talking about things is a first step to heal." She replied looking into his eyes that were the biggest mistake she made that evening. His eyes looking into her, strongly sending waves of questioning as emotions ran through the brown orbs. She looked down quickly avoiding his eyes but the damage was done all ready. His stern voice rang through her, "Hermione what is it?"

"N-nothing uncle." She replied trying to smile but failed badly but James knowing her quiet well let it go. The rest of the dinner James and Lilly spoke a lot about Harry and what Harry was doing when Hermione only listened answering a few questions when asked but not a word more. Slowly working through her salad with difficulty and worked her way through the main course of the meal with great difficulty. Finally finishing dinner and helping them clear up she took their leave, "Thanks for dinner, good night."

"Good night love." James replied hugging her before letting her to the car. Turning to Lilly when they were sure she left asked her, "What is it with that girl?"

"She's going to miss her father James...the earlier Harry get's prepared the earlier she loses her father." She answered; James nodded and sat down on the garden bench with a huff. Lilly slowly sat next to him running a hand through his hair trying to comfort him.

Next Day Morning

Harry and Ginny's Rooms:

Harry stood pulling over himself a pair of dark brown shorts and a yellow muscle shirt as Ginny tried to fasten the strap of her bra, struggling rather. Sighing he stepped up behind her pulling the cloth to a close. She smiled her thanks through the mirror she was standing in front of as he took his hand down, "I like you in white, makes you look very innocent."

"Harry." She squealed as he pinched her slightly.

"What you do look innocent...as you are in white.... besides you hardly let me go beyond making out with you. I don't even remember the last time you willingly let me explore you..." he added gently running his hands through her body, "Ginny..."

"Y-yes?" she asked breathless as his hands explored her, "Please put some clothes on or I'll do something I will end up regretting later."

"Sure." She smiled at him and moving away leaving him with a goofy smile on his lips as he leaned his face against the glass, "Harry get ready!"

"I am ready dear." He added smiling at her as she pulled on a yellow tank top and red tracks like his own, "Let's go Padfoot is waiting for us."

Taking his hand in hers he walked down the corridors of the school down to the grounds where Sirius and Amelia were waiting for them. The warmth of the sun hit their face as they stepped out the door and down the stairs. Sirius who was dressed in black running shorts and a yellow muscle shirt, "Morning Padfoot."

“Morning Prongslet, pumpkins.” He wished nodding at the two of them getting up. Amelia was dressed in black track suit with a white hooded top again covering her face. “Ready for a morning run?”

“Am I ever....” He replied finally letting go of Ginny’s hand as they started a work out on the grounds as per instructions. Thanks to their quiddich and duelling though neither of them got very washed out as Harry and Ginny worked on jumps and other movements that could be required in when Sirius’s a strange sight caught his eyes. Narsissia was dressed in a...he blinked. Did he just see right? Narsissia pureblood to the core dressed in a light brown wrap around nightdress. Her hand was placed in that of her husband as they walked around...one hand on her stomach as they walked around. Sirius watched as they spoke softly some how he felt a tug in his heart. This was something he missed in his life; love...a romance that was not big but in small every day ways. He started watching them for a moment leaving the others to their training. “Done looking at them Sirius?”

“Shalkala?” He asked surprised turning around, “You out this morning?”

“What does it look like – I came out for exercise.” She laughed, he looked at her for a moment dressed in a dark blue t-shirt and white baggy shorts. Her hair up in a ponytail with absolutely no make up on her face. “Now do you mind answering my question, done looking at them?”

“Y-yeah I am done.” He replied feeling quiet shaken, “How’s your little pet?”

“My little pet is out delivering a mail.” She replied Sirius rolled his eyes, “I was talking about Ms. Riddle.”

“Hermione? I have not seen her since she went away for that Care for Magical Creatures preparation class she is facing her exam today right?” she asked curiously. “Yeah and tomorrow she’ll be back interrupting my class.”

“Sure she would Sirius.” She added laughing, “I was wondering what are you doing this evening?”

“Nothing special.” He replied, “Great – think I can pull you away for a picnic dinner please?”

“Sounds good I would love to.” He replied she smiled her thank you and turned back to catch Harry and Ginny doing some difficult moves based on their work out. Amelia is telling them how to do it best when Albus Dumbledore walks up to them looking quiet upset. “Aah Sirius good that I found you. Lemon drop?”

“Thanks...” he took one and popped it in his mouth, “There is a favour I need to ask you my boy.”

“Albus if it is investigating that orphanage then no I have all ready told you.” The older man cribbed, “I am telling you that kid is making some cock-and-bull story. “This is not exactly about Ms. Riddle Sirius it is about another student Mr. Lewenski to be more exact. You would remember him as the second year student who keeps his hand p on the air most of the classes.”

“Yes him!” Sirius nodded sighing. What about that kid? Sweet chap and tends to be constantly disrupting classes – what about him?”

“He is having some trouble with defence against the dark arts after you joined.” The headmaster told him, Sirius sighed, “I don’t know why he does that I don’t even pay him any extra attention.”

“I was wondering if you could have a chat with him.” Sirius replied feeling quiet low. The older man clapped his hands with relief, “Great! Now they’re as another favour I wanted, more personal this time. The education department refused to have Ms. Riddle step out of the school after her exams and asked if some one could supervise her in school it self. After the unfortunate incident the last time...”

“You want me to supervise her as she works though her examination?” he asked surprised, “There are no other teachers who happened to be free my boy. Just this once.”

“All right I will supervise her for you Albus but don’t except me to give her any special favours for that.” he said firmly, “I ask you none.”

Sirius' Office

"Come in," he called and the door responded by opening. "Ms. Riddle – you're examination is on the table."

"No brat? Waste of my time comments sir?" she asked casually sitting down and begun reading the questionnaire Sirius had handed her. He studied her like she studied the paper in front of her. He could not help but notice that despite her black three-quarter trousers and the white tank top she wore with a black full sleeved shirt there was no hiding her beauty. A beauty she at times desperately tried to cover but ended up only exposing more in the attempt under that studious veil she wore. He had seen right through her act the night he met her face-to-face that night when Harry came to know about Peter. That night he saw something deeper than a thirteen-year-old teenager like others but some one who was very good at acting. This was only added to when he met her again last year in that cave where she rightly placed Barty Crouch's character. She had this light in her eyes when she spoke of such things about death eaters and politics...that time he did not understand why but now he did. "Thinking back to it she was not so into the house elves right movement as much as she was with this with the politics HOLD IT! Rewind...she was not into the house-rights she was doing something else. The question was what?"

His eyes trailed on her again as she wrote away with great speed clearly she knew what she was writing. There was no pause no scratching and no reading to make sure. As his eyes followed her hand he watched her move the quill quiet freely across the page occasionally dipping in the ink. It was like an artistic movement from an artist who has practiced for a long period of time. Artist? Artist...she could paint and he had seen the work him self. There was something more there again...even an artist could not write so smoothly. Her movement was like some one who knew how to... "Sir I don't get this question clearly."

"Then attend the others Ms. Riddle." He snapped she quietly went back to her work as he read through a book, she continued answering her questions for the next hour or so. He continued reading up the work of the dark arts and how to counter them when the door opened letting in the transfiguration teacher. He had a

double free period today because his sixth years were covering dementors and he could not be present there. "Sirius how is it going?"

"She's writing the examination not me." He replied not looking up from the book. His feet on the table as he turned a page on the book, the scratching had stopped for a moment again, "Done?"

"I-I need more parchment sir." She replied, he sighed and handed her another role of parchment, "Thank you sir."

"Get with you're work." He snapped as she quietly begun writing again. Turning another page he found the information he was looking for. The resent dark mark his mark, "The resent dark mark of the fast developing 'dark lord' who calls him self Lord Voldemort is based upon two ancient marks. First is the scull a mark that many ancient wizards related with destruction and death. Second the snake an animal many wizards have considered dangerous and acts as an ill omen. A mark that has been traced all the way back to Salazar Slytherine founder of Hogwards School of Witchcraft and Wizardry one of the best educational institutions in Europe. The symbol Slytherine took upon him self is said to be the green cobra but there are documents that speak of a different mark. The exact picture is not available but a description goes that it is of two snakes entwined on a stick or sceptre. This mark has been pressed in several personal letters or documentations of the man when he becomes involved with the dark arts. He was latter traced and defeated by an unsown person and killed brutally by a sword inserted in Blalskick venom.

"Sir." She interrupted, "WHAT?"

"I am done sir." She replied handing him the paper and taking the question paper away just as the alarm rang, "Then leave!"

"Thanks for the help sir." She added going away with the paper but a sudden thought struck him, "Ms. Riddle."

"Yes sir?" she asked, "Can I see you're birth mark please."

She shifted her hand showing him the mark after studying it for a moment he nodded and told her go away. Quietly closing the door

she walked away wondering what was happening, though she did not tell any one she loved Sirius's classes and his practical ways of magic and defence. The duelling he taught was nice and there was more to jinxes he taught, he showed them defence in a completely different angle. He even showed them how to recognise the dark arts, something she admired within his capacity. He could never develop what she had but what he taught could do more than get them through their exams even survive to an extent. Several times she was tempted to let him know about her 'group' and the real pulpous of her house elves right thing. Enough that she just the developments so far as well! It took her some time and she was not ready to have Sirius come in and disrupt her whole plan yet. A warmth in her hand made her wave her hand expanding the bracelet, Alexander Lewenski had sent her a message, "Black wants private meeting 'morrow help."

"Meet me at lunch." She replied before turning around and going towards the headmaster's office. The statue jumped out of the way when she said the password sugar quill. "Aah Ms. Riddle do come in I was about to call you my self."

"Is it anything important sir?" she asked sitting down examining the man's strange choice of dark blue robes, "I am afraid it is Jasmine just sent me a very strange message and I can not interpret it. May be you could give it a shot?"

"I'll try." She replied taking the note from her, "What is she – 'Flowers have begun to wither need more fertilisers?' – uuh she wants more hard cash for her work. I'll send them right away sir."

"Hermione I could..." but she cut him off, "No sir I have money stashed away in ways that no one could trace it back to me. Don't worry I can do the job well and untraceably!"

"Sure you will my dear so you will." He replied shocked, Driplet stared daggers into her head when another head mistress looked at her with distaste and suspicion. Ignoring their 'looks' she sat down on the chair, "Is there anything else sir?"

"Yes I wanted to talk to you about how are you doing?" he asked taking a deep breath. Since he knew about her 'illness' he was

getting over protective, "I'm fine healer's have asked me to come today after lunch said they found something. I was hoping to get a gate pass."

"I'll give you one personally. What class do you have now?" he asked shifting through some papers, "Free...potions then care for magical creatures. Hopping to catch up on my work in the mean time."

"I have a better idea why don't you go and see today's class. Hagrid mentioned he caught quiet a rare creature. I am sure you would love to see it..." He replied holding her and pulling her away down to the grounds despite her protests. Once they were down he paused as Hagrid concluded his last class and sent the students away, "Good morning Hagrid."

"Headmaster what a surprise wha' 're yeah doing hear not that I'm complaining eh?" he laughed, the old headmaster smiled, "Yes actually I was wondering if you could accommodate another student for you're class today. I wanted Ms. Riddle to see the creature as well knowing her love for art."

"Don't mind but she'll have to stay away for a bit. Creature not very fond of dark arts as such tends to disturb them see?" he added looking at her with disapproval, "Why don't yeah set yer self a place near my stair Riddle? Or will yeah like a comfortable chair..."

"The stairs are quiet comfortable sir." She replied walking away hiding the tears but an old hand stopped her from going further, "Don't be silly dear you will be fine with the class."

"No thanks sir...I – I can draw better sitting there." She replied removing her hand and going away, two eyes followed her one quiet sad and another filled with hatred. As she quietly popped her self on the stair seating her self comfortably and opening her sketchbook filled with black and white works of her art. Feeling quiet dull she began a work when some one sat down next to her, "Hi Herms..."

"Hi Dean." She smiled but continued her work as Parvathi sat on her other side, "What are you working on Hermione?"

“Just adding final touches to my last work.” She replied applying few strokes with her pencil, “Wow!”

“What are yeah all doing there?” Hagrid called walking over and looked at the work she was doing, putting the cap on her pencil she handed the book to him. “Sorry sir. I’ll take it back at the end of class if you don’t mind.”

“Keep yeah stuff rest of yea’ go there got a treat for yeah today!” he replied smiling and taking them towards the forest but enough for her to hear what he was saying, “Now where did he go – hear yea are come on no need to feel shy buddy. Come on out!”

The whole class gasped at the sight in front of them was a large black animal like a horse. Each muscle was highlighted with a mixture of magic and magnetism. The raised high neck was so proud and even arrogant as the front hoof hit the ground with a vigorous strength. They looked in awe as Hagrid patted the creature like it was a normal animal. “Quiet private black unicorns tend to stay in herds. Yeah all lucky to actually see one in person – don’t mind boys much black unicorns. How many of yeah know what is the difference between the white unicorn and black unicorn?”

A few hands shot up the quickest was Harry and Draco though Hagrid’s eyes (out of habit) flickered towards Hermione. Surprisingly she did not even put her hand up but continued looking at the creature as if she was searching for something. Hagrid turned back to the students and nodded at Harry, “The black unicorn is a very powerful magical creature with great healing powers. They are supposed to be protecting some kind of ancient spells of some kind but the details are not clearly documented....HGRID!”

He yelled but not fast enough right in front of his eyes the ‘unicorn’ turned into some a tall almost human like man dressed in silk black robes. In the place of the mane came long hair that fell nearly down to his shoulders. His dark silver eyes reflected with a menace as he moved towards the half-giant with full force. The thin strong blade of the long and bright sword with platinum holder set like claws at the ends. The poor man stood frozen as the blade swung towards his neck almost colliding to his neck. Almost a similar sword blocked his

movement, a sword that had bright emerald green thread like veins embedded into the beautifully cold blade. Harry's eyes looked at the holder of the sword. "HERMIONE?"

The girl in front of him looked like Hermione but she was different from the girl they knew. Her dark brown eyes were flashed with anger and every line of her face filled with determination. Her hands gripped the sword as if it was her lifesaver. Quiet as a cat she moved as Hagrid moved away blocking the students from his access. A wave her sword in the left direction making the man loosed his grip on his weapon for a minute but gained it again. Giving her a few seconds extra time to gain a better footing and flicked her wrist quiet strongly. Placing a small cut on his wrist, the man cried in pain clenching his wrist as the blood fell on the ground. Seeing her chance Hermione once again sent her sword right through the man's shoulder quietly strongly – almost near his bone but not fast enough as he recovered and swung a blade cutting into her skin quiet sharply. Behind her the start went strait for Hagrid but Dean disarmed it with a wave of his wand and a quick spell. Hermione finally gripped the man's silver eyes in her own, "I thought you were dead."

"I was blandished not dead yet thanks to you." He spat, the people around them confused as no one understood what they were saying, "I should have finished you then and there."

"You should have but you did not mistakes pay greatly my dear girl." He spat at her again swing a move at her that she easily blocked, very quietly she dogged sending an attack of her own against him. This time with such force that his sword had almost left his hand had he not made a movement to capture it again! He did and with a swift move tried to push the sword into her body nearly succeeding before she pushed her body away jumping on his sword and landing a little behind him. "See you've learned some new tricks."

"Made them." She replied as a flash took place from one of the students sending Dumbldore a warning message, settling quiet comfortably on her feet. Before any one could figure out what was happening two figures who looked very much like the man appeared there with a crack. Their long yellow cloak gripped against their bodies they pulled out long yellowish swords ready to attack to the

girl when two a black spell hit the three of them binding them against the curse. Hermione turned to find Draco and Blaise standing there wands out over robes off pointing to the two figures, "Thanks."

"No problem love." Blaise replied as they moved up closer to her just in time to block a spell they sent at her. The force was so much that the three of them were thrown off nearly 9 feet, "You all right?"

"Y-yeah." Draco and Hermione replied trying to stand up, quick as lighting a new figure appeared there. Croshakes instead of his usual 'muggle clothing' wore his traditional elfish clothing. High black boots with white trousers tucked into it a dark blue full-sleeved shirt with the silver bracelets on his wrists. On his side was a long black gold sword sheath. His normally jovial eyes were set with fury and anger that blazed in his eyes at the sight of the men. "I told you to stay away from her Delios – you and you're little clan."

"Come on my dear boy don't tell me that you're still loyal to those two –" Croshakes sending a lash at him cut him off by sending a sharp blade towards him. Hermione pulled out her own daggers and sent it at the cloaked figures at the same time. Weaving their cloaks they turned around and began running towards the forest, Draco and Blaise dashed after them in full speed quiet close. Hermione ordered Croshakes to move out of the way, "But Hermione -"

"I said move." She ordered, Croshakes who knew that voice got out of the way, he watched as she pushed her sword in again and walked up to the elf. He constantly backed away till reaching the forest and turning to brake into a run. Hermione went right after him before any one could even comprehend what was happening. Albus Dumbledore arrived right in time, with Othalo to see her rush into the forest. He turned to the Croshakes when Dumbledore spoke to the class – dismissing them, "What was that all about solider?"

"Kazaret." He sighed running a hand through his hair, "Thought he was dead."

"Looks like he's not we'll find him soon. Make sure none of the students get hurt because of them." He added turning back to

Dumbledore, "Who ever they are will be found and arrested so that further damage does not take place in the school."

The class continued to mutter as they went back to the school. Hagrid looked scared, "Headmaster I – I did not know that..."

"Neither did I Hagrid! Neither did I." He sighed looking towards the forbidden forest. Othello cut them off, "Albus I need to go and warn my wife about what happened. I did not exactly get a chance to tell her."

"Yes thank you for coming my friend." He added shaking his hand, "Take care of the kids Albus they must be scared to death. I'll contact you soon."

Without another word he left the place and Dumbledore turned to Hagrid, "Where did you find that creature exactly Hagrid?"

"Edge of the forest headmaster. Poor thing was hurt." he sobbed, "Thought it'll help students and all. Turned out to be a fake endangering them can't judge any one. My old dad would have been so ashamed."

"Hagrid please let it go." Albus replied patting his shoulder, "You need to relax it was good that Hermione was around. Please let it go Hagrid."

"I could have never forgiven myself if anything happened to them." He wept pulling a tablecloth like handkerchief and wiped his tears. Finally he wiped his face and looked at Dumbledore sadly, "I don't understand one thing though Hagrid. How did those three know that man so well? I just have to have a long talk with them when they return."

"I'll keep an eye open headmaster." He added going inside, "Rest of the classes?"

"Will be cancelled for your. Till those three come back I don't want to take any chance with the outside classes. Please inform the school at lunch that no one will have flying lessons and all practices will be

cancelled. I won't be available for lunch inform professor McGonagall of this will you?"

Harry's Room

Harry sat down on the couch and leaned back comfortably. Ron was pacing up and down the place looking frustrated, Harry followed him with his eyes his face did not let any emotion go past the mask. "Ron. Sit down mate walking around is NOT going to help you. Thank you now kindly explain why are you getting worked up?"

"What was that thing?" he demanded, "Not that I mind if it kills Riddle though."

"Don't we all brother." Harry asked as running a hand through his hair, "We do need to wait for Albus to come up with an explanation though till then what says we play a game of chess?"

"Your on." He replied as they sat down on the chess board when the door opened again and Sirius appeared with Ginny both looking worried, "Harry Ron nothing happened to you kids?"

"Nothing Padfoot but something is going to happen to Riddle, Malfoy and Zabani they went away after those creatures." Ron told them what happened down in the class, Sirius nodded, "Albus cancelled all out door activities till there is an explanation for this act. No classes for the three of you either."

"Perfect." Harry muttered running his hands though his hair in frustration, "Now what?"

"I came to leave Ginny with the two of you. Lunch will be served in the room for you and do stay in or go to the library but don't go outside." He instructed firmly before leaving the three of them alone. That moment Harry truly understood his godfather. Despite his casual muggle formal outfits, the dark blue jeans and light blue shirt with a dark blue jacket, the heartthrob of many students he was dead serious on duty. No wonder his father liked him so much, he felt Ginny holding on to him and gently pulled her into a one armed hug. Gently she rubbed his chest and he in turn rubbed her shoulder and

kissed her hair lightly breathing in her strawberry sent. "I'm going for a relaxing bath honey."

"Yeah." He whispered hugging her one last time before letting her go. Ron looked at the two of them from his seat and smiled, "You know Harry if any one was that close to Ginny I would have ripped him apart by now."

"I know." Replied sitting down and pulling some books and parchment tossing one of them to Ron, "Now mind start working on something for me?"

"What?" he asked, "Strategy for our work boss read those books and get some points."

"Sir yes sir." He replied opening a muggle book about various war strategies and stuff. The door opened again and Harry looked up from his notes taking, "Shalkala?"

"Harry when Hermione used the time turner in third year did she ever seems to appear out of no-wear all of a sudden. Or did she ever come back from some place when she was not suppose to be there?" she asked, Harry explained, "Yeah actually she had the time turner that was how she managed to do the whole thing...told me when we...we saved Sirius."

"She had nearly three classes at the same time right?" she asked, Harry nodded, "Thanks Harry you don't know how big a help you have been for me...Wait till I get my hands on that girl."

Muttering something like Albus must know and Severus is an idiot she went away slamming the door. Ron looked at Harry who shrugged with confusion. Turning the page of his book nearly dropped it, "Ron you HAVE to look at this."

"What is it Harry?" he asked coming over and looking at what Harry had in his hand. On the page was a picture of a man dressed in red over robes with gold-based shirt. Right next to him was a woman wearing an electric blue dress her hair set up. "That's the picture of Griffindor and his family so?"

“Ron. What in the gods name is a picture of a boy exactly like Tom Marvlo Riddle doing in that painting?”

“Ron. What in the gods name is a picture of a boy exactly like Tom Marvlo Riddle doing in that painting?” Indeed there was a boy very much like Tom Marvlo Riddle the same dark hair, black eyes and high cheekbones only dressed in very old-fashioned clothes. The only difference was the warmth and kindness in the Tom Marvlo Riddle’s eyes. “Dumblodore?”

“Dumblodore.” Harry replied getting up and throwing on his robes. Marching towards his office told the password and let the two of them in with out much ceremony. Just as they were about to open the door (grandson privilege) the words from within made them freeze on the spot. “Albus DUMBLDORE YOU KNOW FULLY WELL WHAT I AM TALKING ABOUT. YOU PLACED HER IN THAT HELL BECAUSE SHE WAS TOM RIDDLE’S DAUGHTER WHEN Lilly TOLD YOU SHE’LL TAKE CARE OF HERMIONE.”

“Shalkala I know but I really did not want them to place the Potters in more danger than they all ready were in.” He replied, “Jason all ready lost his life for her, I had to send Amelia away as well.”

“YOU COULD NOT SEND HERMIONE THE SAME PLACE AS THE WIND RIDER? WHY BECAUSE SHE WAS EXPOSED TO THE DARK ARTS SO MUCH AS A FETUS?” Shalkala yelled, Ron had to hold Harry steady at that moment, “YOU DID NOT EVEN CHECK ABOUT THE PLACE BEFORE PUTTING HER THERE YOU JUST WANTED THE KID OUT OF THE WAY DON’T GIVE ME YOU’RE WANTED HER SAFE EXPLANATION. I WON’T HAVE IT NOT AFTER KNOWING WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO HER.”

“Shalkala please I had to keep her away but I seriously did not know what was happening there.” He sighed but that exact moment Harry opened the door his face betraying that he heard everything, “Harry?”

“Sir? S-she’s my sister? Amelia I-is my family?” he stammered, Albus Dumblodore slowly nodded not knowing how the boy will react. First time ever he smiled brightly tears in his eyes, “I-I actually have a family now don’t I. I have a sister I can call my own.”

"I am sorry Harry but she – Amelia wanted to tell you in her own time." He replied guiltily, Harry nodded speechless. "I...I'll talk to her when she comes."

Shalkala gave a frustrated sigh and went away slamming the door behind her. Harry and Ron took a seat remembering why they came, "Sir there is something we found. This is a book about Griffindor we were searching to see if there is anything he would have made as a..."

"What did you find Harry?" he asked, Harry handed him the book and pointed to the painting, "Impossible."

"Sir that was Griffindor's son but he –" Dumbldore nodded, "Looks much more like a Slytherine hair. Thank you Harry I will get some people to work on these lines. I think Professor Bins will have this book I'll borrow his copy. Why don't you go and try read some more and we'll get back to you."

"Yes sir." Harry replied, "We'll return if we find something about him."

"Take care Harry and be careful on who you place you're information with from now on." He replied before letting the boys go and waited for the statue to close. Taking a deep breath he pulled out a parchment and wrote a note explaining the situation. Two hours latter as he sat looking at some maps and trying to figure out what just happened Flawks reappeared holding a reply in a small note. My grand daughter will know what to do. She has a guardian to guide her now. Jasmine.

"What?" Albus retorted still feeling confused.

Dinner Time: Hogwards

Dumbldore got up silencing the whole hall (not that there were many talking) drawing the attention to him self, "I am very sad to admit that three of our students have gone missing –"

"Uhh huun that's had gone missing Headmaster." Came a voice at the door, everyone wiped around to see their assistant potions

professor standing there like nothing had happened. Her right elbow attached to the entrance and her palm on her head completely casual. What was more shocking was her outfit – never had she seen ‘prim and proper’ Hermione ever look like that either. Dressed in black jeans and a yellow tank top, her hair up in a ponytail and a yellow shirt with black stripes tied loosely around her waist. Her hair set in a ponytail complete with a yellow scrunchie completing the outfit were a set of yellow hook earrings and a couple of black wrist bands strapped on with yellow lines on them. Concluding them were black sports shoes all tied up and neat. On the right side stood Blaise dressed in dark brown jeans and a coffee coloured muscle shirt. A brown jacket left unzipped against the similar brown sport shoes his whole look was filled out to one word: cool. Albus Dumbledore felt his heart beat go up, “Ms. Riddle – Mr. Zabani I could you please step into my office?”

“Yes sir.” He replied following the man but came back to get Hermione and take her there, making them sit down he looked at them carefully. “Could you explain?”

“He’s some one who tried to kill me previously. He’s the reason they sent me back into your protection he has several dark arts and knowledge regarding some quiet powerful weaponry. He was caught because of me.” She replied, “He has been out to kill me for that, Blaise and Draco were my only protectors available who did not have a cover. The others did so they ran after those people – you know about that protection thing don’t you?”

“I am aware of it please go ahead.” He replied, “Well it is just that I hoped to find something when I umm chased him.”

“Did you?” he asked she nodded, “Could I know what it is?”

“Not as yet I’m afraid I – I’m not ready to talk about it as yet. I am sorry sir would you mind if we catch dinner outside? I really don’t want to be at school at the moment.” She added running a hand through her hair he looked at her sympathetically, “Why don’t the two of you go and spend the night outside it will do you some good. Where is Mr. Malfoy may I ask?”

"Got slightly wounded I sent a plate of dinner and some drinks for him with Winky." Hermione replied, "It's nothing serious sir."

"I am sure it is not." He agreed letting the teenagers go, "Where can I take you?"

"Anywhere." She replied as they went out, "Not some big place please."

"I finally get a chance to repay you for those dinners you made." He joked as he walked out with her, she laughed at it casually. "I'll drive."

"Drive." She replied casually stepping away from the staircase and going outside towards the door. Walking down towards the hall and outside the castle to the waiting bike and zooming away for a good dinner. Hosmade luckily had a pizza place for them to eat, not very big more small and simple with interesting people to hang out with...Blaise pulled over and Hermione hopped off. "What do you want to eat?"

"Hmm...anything you feel like." She replied as he pulled a chair for her, "So shall we order?"

"You order for me will you I'm still not back to normal." She replied patting her hand he turned to the menu as she looked around the people. He ordered some beer and a pan pizza with tomato and cheese topping. On that he asked for extra tomato, onions, olives and extra baby corn and some ham, green, yellow and red capsicum with extra grated cheese and a dash of white sauce. "Can you just get some seasoning for this table when you get the chance please?"

"I'll do that sir." The waiter replied summoning a couple of beer cans and giving it to them, "Enjoy you're drinks."

"Thank you." Blaise replied, "Cheers Hermione."

"Cheers." She echoed taking a gulp of the drink, "So why the sudden treat to dinner?"

"Felt like it and I know you won't come if I call it a date." He replied, she rolled her eyes, "And it struck me I don't know you personally."

"You know me well enough to order my favourite food exactly the way I like it." She replied he choked on his drink, "You like that stuff? I ordered it because I like it."

"Draco was right. We do have a lot in common." She casually retorted as the food came in, "Thank you."

"You're seasoning. Enjoy your dinner do call me if you need anything else." The waiter replied going away, Hermione smiled at him, "We will thank you."

"It's a please ma'am." He replied going away to attend another customer. Blaise turned to Hermione as they dug into their meal. "Hmm...I love these."

"I know." She smiled, "You're step-dad got you influenced into these right?"

"First one he was my dad's best friend actually..." He sighed; Hermione stretched out and took his hand, "He was the only one I was attached to used to tell me these crazy stories about some Yale Ra Shenza."

She ended up choking on her dinner and he trumped her head, "You know about the Lady of Light?"

"Is this something important?" he asked carefully, she nodded placing a spell around the table, "Blaise if your step-dad was a man who knew about this legend I think he must have been way up on the ladder to know the name leave alone the legend."

"Name – legend girl you have me lost." He muttered, "Long story Blaise quiet a long story."

"Tell me about it this week end or something." He shrugged, "Why did you get so surprised?"

"It took me nearly seven thick books before I could even get the name of that legend and you know about the details?" she sighed, "How lucky."

"Do you want the materials he left me nearly four books double the size of our Arithmacy text. I'll give them to you some time." He offered, she smiled at him happily, "Can you?"

"Sure." He said a minute latter, that moment he understood why so many boys were falling when she passed by. "I'll owl some one at home and ask them to send a few over."

"Sounds good." She smiled taking of the spell of the table and turning to more general topics. They started asking more personal questions, "Bikini or shorts on a girl?"

"Anything green, yellow or brown." He replied taking another bite, "What do you like on boys?"

"As long as they look good I don't mind if they don't wear anything I am fine with it." She replied and Blaise raised an eyebrow, "Seriously?"

"Seriously." She replied, "Red wine or white wine?"

"White." He replied, "Dark or white chocolate?"

"White." She did not even think for a minute, "Blond or dark haired?"

"Anything that looks good." He shrugged eyeing a passing waitress, "Flings or one nights?"

"Flings." She replied, "You?"

"One nights not all girls are like you." He added, she nodded, "I know...listen shall we leave? I'm kind of washed out."

"Sure." He called for the check as she went for a short walk stretching her muscles, "Hermione!"

“Paul?” she smiled hugging him happily, “Hay there princess happy to see me?”

“I am what are you doing hear by the way?” she asked, “Fred and George are considering about opening a shop in this village. I told them I know this bloke who may be of some help so I came to see him for a drink. You are not suppose to be out of school.”

“Dumbles knows.” She shrugged, “This week end again.”

“Sounds good think I can have some of you’re time?” he asked, “I was kind of worried after what I read on you’re last letter girl.”

“It’s nothing big.” She assured him but he ignored her, “Hear is the stuff you ask for by the way.”

“Thanks.” She smiled at him he only nodded handing her a thick ward of papers, “Read it but don’t get back to me.”

“Won’t.” she replied going away way with Blaise. Wavering to him she turned back to Blaise and resumed her idle chattering. “I have work tonight by the looks of it.”

“You need sleep love.” He replied, “I know but with so much work...”

“Mia.” He silenced her pulling up and handing the keys to a waiting house elf, “You must get some rest...Mia?”

He turned around only find Hermione falling asleep as she walked sighing he picked her up wedding style and carried her to the common room as she slept in his arms peacefully...

Draco’s Room

He lay back his head under his hands when a knock came on the door, “Come in.”

“Had a good chase Draco?” Pansy asked folding her hands on her waist, “Yeah quiet good though I did miss you there. Now mind sitting down?”

“Draco what were you thinking going after him like that?” she sighed sitting down, chuckling he took her hand in his, “Let me see...a hope that there was a damsel in distress who would have fallen in love with me and get married to – you know the whole package. She’s stuck some place where no one but me can reach her...”

“Where?” she asked innocently as he sat up, “Hmm I don’t know may be in some thick forest or on top of a large tower. Basically some place where I can reach her with my brilliant magic. Save her from a dreadful fate and impress her.”

“What will the person be like the one you wanted to save?” she asked teasingly.

“Let me see she would have been very soft. You know very sweet and scared a little depended on me...” he replied running his hand through her hair and placing his thumb on her cheek, “Soft skin...beautiful and glows pink as she blushes...” he ran his other hand across her face gently making her face grow so hot that he smirked, “Her lips slowly part as her breathing goes out of control because of me...” he ran his thumb against her lips before suddenly pinning her to the bed and keeping her hands above her head by his own.

“Draco?” she asked scared as he suddenly drew out his wand and conjured a couple of silk ropes binding her to the bed. Putting it away turned back to her...

“Her self control crumbles under my touch...” he whispered practically running his hands across her shoulder and neck but acted quiet slowly. She felt her breathing go out of control at the lust in his eyes, she had never seen anything so strong, and her voice lost its power. Gently he kissed her forehead soft and at the same time had a pressure she could not place. He trailed kisses on the side of her face gently and with great care. He had never been like this before... he gently pushed away the hair that fell on her face looking into her eyes before capturing her lips with hers. The force he used was gentle and soft not demanding but just testing...seeing how she tasted. Like he

was searching for something, familiarity a kind of place for him self in her. Suddenly something in her struck, "STOP."

"That's a first." He sighed moving away and crossed his arms, "What?"

"Who are you?" she demanded struggling against the ropes, "You don't believe its me right so do ask me a question and I shall answer."

"What was it that Draco told me when he found out about our engagement?" she demanded, the boy blushed, "How did I ever get stuck with a pug like you. You cried to you're parents and Luscious thrashed me after that."

"D-draco I am so sorry." She replied trying to get up forgetting the bounds only to be pulled back. Chuckling he waved his wand unbinding her letter her get up. Silently she placed a hand on his shoulder tears in her eyes, "I am sorry Draco I would not have cried to my parents if I knew he was going to do that to you. Promise."

"I know..." he replied slowly taking her hand in his own looking into her eyes, "Don't blame you're self I never told any one about what was happening to me at home."

"Can I ask you something?" she asked looking away from him, "Go ahead."

"Since Hermione began training me in physical fitness you have begun paying more attention to me how come?"

"Pansy contrary to popular belief boys don't go for those girls who look like sticks we want girls who look healthy. More healthy they are the more attractive they look that is why Hermione gets so many second glances because she works out and keeps her body in shape. Starving is not the solution eating well but working it out is equally important you will need stamina to hold you're position. See how Hermione eats a heavy breakfast and goes for a light lunch and loads of salads in dinner? That's what I mean by good eating and now that she began rubbing off on you have begun becoming healthier. I mean

you're face is now more fluffed up and nice not skin and bones got that?"

"You mean I don't look fat to you?" she asked curiously, he laughed at her innocence, "You don't you look way much better and no where near that pug face you had before."

"You want me to take a wizards oath?" he teased, she shook her head, "No."

"Good." He replied kissing her with all the passion he could work up. Slowly he made her lean back kissing her cheeks with the same pressure snaking his arms through her shirt as his lips continued to explore her face. His fingers began unbuttoning her shirt underneath as he continued to kiss her down her neck intensifying his pressures as her sighs began pushing him over the boulder. A slow trail nothing fast of as if he was in a hurry she felt her hands grip his shoulders as he moved...her eyes closed in ecstasy and he slowed down running a hand through her hair. "Pans..."

"D-did I do s-something wrong?" she asked suddenly worried, the pleasure within her ebbing away there was something in his eyes. He ran his eyes around her face before shaking his head slowly, "Its something else...I – I can't do this tonight."

Biting her lips to fight back her tears she nodded trying to move but he pinned her down, "Where are you going?"

"Y-you said..." she muttered looking away from him afraid words will fail her, "Yeah I did but I was wondering if you would spend some time with me? Will you stay with me tonight? Please I kind of need you near me tonight. I don't think I can sleep."

"Sure." She whispered reaching for her clothes but before she could do anything his lips caught her in a shattering kiss...

“Good.” He replied kissing her with all the passion he could work up. Slowly he made her lean back kissing her cheeks with the same pressure snaking his arms through her shirt as his lips continued to explore her face. Burying his head in her neck he muttered, “You know I am losing my control with you.”

“When did you ever have control?” she teased as he began gently sucking her neck, “Never much I guess...” he muttered continuing to ravish her neck but in a different spot as her fingers ran through his hair encouraging him silently. She felt her self shiver as the blanket moved away from her body a moment. Slowly Draco disengaged the blanket from below and wrapped it firmly around them making her feel a bit warmer she rewarded him with a smile. He kept looking into her eyes and running a hand through her hair, “Washed out?”

“A bit.” She replied nodding he turned both of them around so that she was on his chest and cuddled her closer. “Better...”

He did not get an answer as she had fallen asleep instantly a smile on her face. Cuddling further into her body she closed her eyes and fell asleep. Raising his head he began running his hands through her hair softly and tried his best to fall asleep. He let his arms stroke her gently running them through her body till finally sleep took over him. Blissful and soft as her breathing was it slowly set him in a rhythm to sleep... The girl should not escape. He heard the vipers voice of that elf speak as he picked up a long sword and moved it towards her, Draco yelled, “Hermione NO WATCH OUT.”

She turned around.... “Draco – Draco wake up.”

“H...Pansy wh-whe-what?” he muttered finally realising he was safe in his bed room, “Shit Pans I had that nightmare again did I wake you up?”

“Y-you were screaming for Mia should I go get her?” she asked, he shook her head, “Sorry Pans I – I did not mean to wake you up. It’s just another nightmare and considering well...you know after all that happened kind of disturbed me. Nothing serious! Don’t worry about it.”

“I won’t Draco.” She promised trying to get up but he healed her back, “Stay with me.”

“Draco....” She whispered but before she could get a word out he pinned her to the bed with her arms up kissing her roughly. She tried to struggle under him but he was too strong for her with one movement he wiped his wand and tied her to the bed letting her struggle under him. “D-draco please let me go...”

He shook his head, no! He let his hands move around her body exploring her...feeling how she felt. Each movement of his hand felt strange. Crazy and wounded he did not stop with only touching her despite her apposing began kissing her skin...she screamed as he began taking her waist in his hand and gripping it. “Draco please don’t you’re hurting me. Please stop this!”

“Stop screaming will you please.” He begged looking into her eyes, the intensity in his eyes silenced her closing her eyes she let him explore her body with his hands and his lips. After a point she slowly began enjoying his touches as the explorations changed. Even a small indication of pleasure and he would work on that spot to increase it by working on it harder...till finally she was screaming out his name in pleasure and he whispered her name into her ear after climaxing. “Pansy...it...you were excellent. You know that absolutely wonderful.”

“Draco – I...” she stammered but he cut her off by looking at the time, “It’s five in the morning. I’m going to work out want to join me?”

“No thanks do you mind if I stay in you’re bed for a few more minutes?” she requested, kissing her head he replied, “Enjoy you’re self.”

Sirius’ Rooms

Sirius throws on a white muscle shirt and a pair of brown shorts stepping out of his rooms jogged down the stairs of the school. The grounds looked wonderful as ever with the mist rolling off and the sun’s warmth shinning down looked absolutely gorgeous. His eyes trailed on them a moment before braking into a run around the lake

slowing down at the sight on the rocks. Hermione Riddle sat there dressed in yellow shorts quiet baggy like his own and a green hoody zip up top Indian style. Her eyes closed and looked deep in meditation, it was quiet surprising to see wizard knowing the art. Leave alone practice it, curiously he stopped his exercise, watching her as she opened her eyes and rubbed her face against her hands. Getting up she stretched around a bit turning to see Sirius there in the process, "Morning sir fancy a jog?"

"Ms. Riddle." He replied as she jumped down from the rock with a marshal arts move landing near him, "Good morning you practice meditation?"

"Yeah I happen to do." She smiled picking up the water bottle and pulled the small plug and raised it up taking a draught, "Want a drink?"

"No thanks." He replied and continued his running, giving him a two minutes head start she caught up with him, "What's the rush I was hoping to ask you a few questions about the spell you taught us last class sir."

"I don't remember you having any difficulty casting it. You were helping the other students if I recall correctly." He snapped as she ran near him, "It was not the casting of the spell I wanted to talk about."

"Then?" he asked, "It's about some dark spells that it won't work against."

"I don't see why that worries you." He shrugged trying to speed up a bit, "It won't sir but my question is this if the emotion behind the spell increases is there a chance that the strength of the spell increases?"

"Quiet an argument you have there and yes it can happen." He replied, "Why would you ask such a strange question though Ms. Riddle?"

"I was curious sir." She shrugged speeding off to continue her exercise, "Hermione."

"Yes sir?" she turned around looking quiet curious, "Who gave you this idea?"

"I just kind of mixed a few stuff I knew and thought of it sir." She replied, he nodded, "Are you aware of the magazine New Theorists? They encourage students to publish their ideas on various subjects. Maybe you could write to them I'm sure they would appreciate you're work."

"I'll consider it sir." She nodded thoughtfully, "Have a nice day."

"You too." He whispered after she left, "'Moine."

The girl went through her normal stunts and running around nearly tripping at a few points. Nearing Hagrid's hut she did fall over hurting her self in the process. A pair of hands helped her up looking up she saw the half-giant looking at her, "Yeah have to be more careful 'round. Yea' would have 'urt you're self-quiet seriously. Look at 'yeah mud all over the dress."

"I'm quiet capable of taking care of my self sir." She replied stepping away from his arms and waving her wand through her clothes cleaning it instantly, "There clothes are clean thanks for you're help."

"Hermione." He called turning around she looked at him curiously, "If yea're interested yeah could attend some of my classes. Today's a good one... yea'll enjoy it."

"I'd rather not intrude sir. Thanks for the offer any way." She replied going away but Hagrid stopped her, "Yeah'll love em' I insist. Just once..."

"Sorry but I have work may be some other time have a nice day." She replied going back to the school, "How 'bout tea then eh? It's been ages since we..."

"Actually I have some previous engagements today sir. I am sorry." She shrugged going away with out seeing the sad face of Hagrid, "How 'bout tomorrow?"

"I need to go see my healers sir. I'll come over if I find some time." She replied going away without turning around, "Have a nice day and please be careful with who you are presenting to your class I won't be around every time in case someone is causing trouble for you."

Before he could respond she had disappeared from the place. Leaving behind a very hurt Hagrid and a confused Sirius Black. Then again there were good points like the refreshing drink of milk Winky would serve her at the foot of the stairs...only this time it was not the house elf waiting with a glass of drink. It was the headmaster himself, "Umm...Good morning Albus."

"Morning dear you're milk." He handed it to her, taking it surprised she smiled at him, "Thank you but you really should not have taken the trouble."

"It was no trouble at all a pleasure if you would call it one." He replied as she took a sip, "Hmm...did you want to talk to me about something sir?"

"How is your health? Any improvements you find within you?" he asked she sadly shook her head, "Afraid not they are still trying to find a solution."

"Any more head aches?" he asked hoping there were none, she nodded yes, "Once a few days ago a part of the pain continues to exist."

"Any developments with..." he trailed off but she shook her head, "Nothing major that papa has not reported as yet. There are some strange happenings among the junior ones but then again I don't think it's something we will need to fear for now. How is his training going?"

"Improvement is remarkable and this mysterious group you refuse to tell me about." He countered she smiled, "Better than I thought sir they are ready for a war whenever the attack may come. I am sure of it. Now it's only about improvement – improvement and more improvement."

“That’s good to hear my girl so when can I meet them?” he asked once again, “Not till I know they are ready emotionally and not till my position can come out in the open. Till then I am afraid you have to wait.”

“All right I trust you enough with the school safety so I’ll leave now and one more point. I need you to help me with something Hermione.” He said in a serious tone.

“Sir?” she looked at him focused completely on him, “There is a mission.”

“What do you want from me?” she asked looking right into his eyes. At that moment after years he saw the same girl who once helped save everything he stood for – at the same time did not let any one know about her role. [Flash back Hermione walked into Albus Dumbledore’s room looking worried sick, her school robes open from running followed immediately by Severus Snape. He had discovered the dark mark in his arm, “Albus the mark.”

“Merlin it fits Harry’s dreams, the dark mark solidifying looks like indeed Voldemort is arising once again. Severus are you ready?” he asked the man nodded, “So am I sir.”

“Hermione child I can’t...” she shook her head determined, “No sir I am sure I can manage this please trust me.”

“Severus?” he looked for aid but the wizard shook his head, “She’s ready Albus there is nothing left for me to teach her even I can’t find a trace of a blocked memory.”

“Then all I can do is give you my best wishes dear child.” He replied sighing as the girl went out with her mentor’s hand placed on her shoulder. Once they left he poured out a glass of fire whisky and drank it in one shot. Indeed old age was terrible especially with such a large burden on one’s shoulder. [End of Flashback His mind once again went to the fire whisky stashed away under his office table. “Albus Dumbledore you need to pay some attention to this and immediately.”

"Yes my dear Professor McGonagall how can I be of aid to you?" he asked walking her to the office, "These are the resent reports of some of the students and I am concerned about it."

"They seem quiet adequate I really don't see why your so worried." He replied sitting down on the armchair, "Albus – please look at them again there are ones who need help in potions and fast if they are going to pass."

"Minerva I have all ready been told about this, Ms. Riddle will start a small remedial course soon for these students. She needs to plan her activities and we will send a note to these students to attend." He sighed picking up a letter that had just arrived from the ministry, "Please don't trouble you're self."

"And what about Mr. Potter, Ms. Black and Mr. Weasly? They need those classes but they won't – not after who..." she stopped her voice trailing of the head master looked up sadly, "I know my dear but I am sure Sirius can convince them for this. After all their marks are quiet important."

"I know Albus but they are just children and they really should not be facing such a war." She sighed placing her head in her hands. The old man sighed at his own thoughts, I know – Hermione should not be facing what she had and is...nether should Harry do that either. They may be children but they are fighting an adult's battle.

Harry's Room

"Adults battle?" Ginny yelled and Harry chocked on his morning cup of tea, "Is that what she said Gin?"

"See for you're self Harry." She retorted as he placed down the nearly full cup of dark drink, grabbing the letter from her hand and read it carefully. She was right about the statement for it clearly said,

Harry n Ginppy,

I can't tell you much but this much I can tell you. We are fighting an adults battle you and I. We are fighting for more than our selves. We are fighting for our people remember that when you face challenges

in your path. There is nothing that could stop you from getting your goal if you set your mind to it.

Regards

Rider

"Harry this girl sounds more like a warrior than a..." but Harry cut her off, "Adults battle Ginny some one's used this word before with me. I – I can't remember who but some one has!"

"Try think for some more time Harry I'm sure you'll figure it out." She encouraged as he leaned back on the couch slightly tired when the door opened again, "So kids what's ups?"

"Dad." Ginny exclaimed giving him a hug, "Thank god you're here. Did your mission go good? Was there any progress? What did you find out?"

"Pumpkin let your old man breathe will you?" he laughed openly as he sat down next to her, "So what does my little girl want?"

"Padfoot look just look at this girl." Harry cribbed, "She keeps sending me these crazy advises and what is this what is this...Adults war?"

"Adults war?" he read it the second time over and his face paled, "H-Harry do you know where to contact this Rider?"

"No she told me not to contact her directly but if I need anything I am to write and leave it the small pouch near the gates. She always answer's my notes why Sirius?" he asked looking at him curiously. "Harry there is something I need to do see you kids latter."

"Sure dad and please relax it's Friday." Ginny called after him, "See you at breakfast."

Wavering to her and ruffling Harry's hair he walked out but there was something unusual about his facial expression. Like he was lost in a past he was desperately trying not to remember but those words had

strung it in him once again. Entering the lighted room of his office placed his feet on the table and began dialling a phone number.

Ministry Office

"Yes Sirius?" Remus asked sighing some of the parchment signing letters to some foreign dignitaries for alliances. He ignored the look he was getting from his secretary. Not that any one could blame her with his white robes trimmed to perfection, "No I am not free tonight what the hell do you want?"

"All right today I'll try but I can't promise you anything." He added sighing another paper and added, "I have a press meet to go to so catch you latter shall we?"

"Minister there is a press meet today evening sir. This is the file with the details of the..." he waved her off taking the thick box file, "I-I'll be right over there sir."

"Martha." He called; she turned around happily, "Yes sir?"

"Could you please send in a hot mug of Irish coffee?" he asked, she muttered, "Yes sir."

He began reading the file getting ready for what ever the press would throw at him; he was the right choice for the minister. He had intelligence, passion and a drive to take him through the whole thing...

Back in Hogwards

Sirius picked up a picture of Lilly and James wedding and looked at them with longing in his eyes....one question marking his heart. Who would have known about the adult war?

Back in Hogwards

Sirius picked up a picture of Lilly and James wedding and looked at them with longing in his eyes....one question marking his heart. Who would have known about the adult war? The adult war was a word that was used among a team of aurors during the first war. Particularly Sirius, James, Alice and Frank Longbottom. The question that really struck him was how did this girl know about it[Flashback The rain poured down on them thunderously as a man walked down the streets of muggle London dressed in a long black trench coat with black trousers and a cap to keep the rain away. The figure stopped in front of a building that looked ready to fall with another thunder at the moss covered place knocking a door that looked ready to fall with one good blow. "Password?"

The voice on the other side was gruff and disguised as the knocker striated up a bit, "Mud blood."

"Enter." The man on the other side opened the door letting the figure inside, "Seriously Mad-eye who thought up of such a password using their own ideologies so that they don't find the act."

"Aah that was ol' James where is the man by the way?" he asked closing the door, the dark brown cloak was off revealing a thick brown coat underneath, Pulling of the cap and coat Sirius smiled his award winning smile, "He said he's on the way."

"Scotch or whisky?" Mad-eye Moody asked him moving towards the bar, "Can I have a tea instead?"

"One tea coming up." Called a female voice and Sirius chuckled, "Hay Hagrid."

"Sirius. Any news of ol' Sam?" he asked gulping a large drink, "Nothing looks like the old man's disappeared in thin air."

"Ain't good great man Samuel Sinsley." He muttered tears filling his eyes, "Took down a good amount of them death eaters before..."

"Hagrid." Frank Longbottom a quiet plump man came up to his side and placed a hand on him, "Don't worry about it old boy he'll be back soon fit as a fiddle."

"Hope he does won't forgive my self for what I did ter him if he doesn't come back." The half giant cried and Sirius patted his head like that of a puppy. Turning to Alise who walked in holding a large tray with tea, "Where is Neville I have not seen him since the last time?"

"He's in the cradle pin there." She pointed to the small baby kicking about in the make shift crib. Sirius pointed asking if she minded, "Go right ahead I know you love playing with them."

"Hay small stuff." He cooed picking up the baby and cuddling it as it screamed happily, "Come to uncle Sirius...my my some one has grown up hasn't he?"

"Padfoot please unhand that small child." Lilly walked in telling him sternly. Her flaming hair set in a French plait with a white rose stuck in her hair, "Let the kids play."

James chuckled and put Harry down and let the two kids play before hugging his own friend. "Lets hope the two of them become great friends hay Pradfood?"

"Looks like it Prongsie." He laughed hugging his friend and brother as Peter walked in, "Hay wormtail so you could make it I see?"

"Yeah I did." He replied placing himself in a corner of the room practically pushing away any attention him self. Before any of his friends could even ask a word Albus Dumbldore walked in looking suddenly old and tiered, "Please be seated there is something I must talk to you about. Today I found an old document containing a very dangerous information about Voldemort's daughter."

"What about her?" Lilly asked thinking about the day old child in the dark place, "She has the true mark of Slytherine on her shoulder blade."

Two people in the room gasped, Remus and Lilly the other's looked blank. James was the first to voice it, "You're point being Albus?"

"She was born with it this has not happened for a long time. My guess is that she is a reincarnation of some kind." He added, "We need to be careful when it comes to dealing with her."

Lilly took once glance at her son and turned back to Albus, "Don't worry Albus we'll take care of her she'll be with me and James. We are all ready in hiding so it won't be much of a problem."

Mad-eye Moody cut him off, "Don't Albus. We can't let these children fight an adults war and if that girl is truly as powerful as she is then the children around her are going to be facing a lot of problems with this girl. We should kill her soon as possible."

"Mad-eye don't be crazy." Sirius cut him off, "You can't kill an innocent child because she's his daughter or because she has some kind of mark on her skin."

"This girl could be the reason for us to loose one of those two kids Black." He snapped pointing at the two innocent children playing quietly, "You can't trust some one like that." [End of Flashback Sirius leaned back picking up his coffee, "You're right mad-eye we should have killed her then it self then there will be no problem for Harry but I will scare her. I will scare her so much that she won't even consider anything for a long time..."

"Who are you going to scare uncle?" Derrick asked walking in dressed in a light yellow tracks and maroon shirt, "Riddle girl so what's you're plan today?"

"What ever Mad-eye has in mind told all of us to get our butts to school grounds." He muttered grumpily, "Wearing comfortable clothing for a day at the drill."

"Translation – get ready for a heavy work load." He replied patting his head lightly, "Have fun."

"I'll try." He muttered going away quiet frustrated. Chuckling he picked up the lesson planner and walked towards the breakfast hall. The need for a good breakfast was in great demand at the moment for him was now strong considering he did not have tea with his daughter and godson today. Going to the breakfast table wished everyone a good morning. "Morning Sirius my boy why do you look so happy?"

"Just a beautiful day headmaster." He replied serving him self some toast and asking for the butter when his eyes fell on the seat where the Slytherine head always sat, "Where is you're hubby Narssisia?"

"My husband is there." She pointed to towards the Slytherine table with her knife. Sirius felt his stomach burn at the sight in front of him. He was deep in conversation with Draco and Pansy about something looking quiet serious by the looks of it. Hermione walked up to him and gave him a light hug around the waist and he placed his own hands on her shoulder. The two of them seemed to be in conversation about this quiet seriously placing a hand on her shoulder. The girl winced and he turned around to check if she was all right...the girl only nodded. Sirius from his position watched the interplay take place with a mix of curiosity and wonder. The old bat did not seem cold in the presence of any of them but more relaxed and calm. Tearing his eyes away from the seen looked at the Griffindor table where Harry and Ron were having a 'sword fight' with those wands from the twins joke shop. Harry at the moment was holding a green snake and Ron a mongoose ironically shrugging the two boys continued their 'fight' while Ginny was deep in conversation with Dean about something. The sight that truly struck him odd was Neville reading a book on herbiology quiet seriously. None of the others seemed to be doing that, "Do they have a test today?"

Professors Sprout looked astonished at the question and shook her head, "None of the classes do today. Odd though Neville came up to me the other day and asked about a few dangerous plants. They were not in the curriculum but the poor boy was happy to learn about them."

"Looks like it he's not good at any other subject like he is with yours." He smiled down at the woman kindly who nodded happily at her favourite student. "He's quiet a nice boy."

"He is." She replied but before any one could respond Narsissia healed her stomach and Severus placed an arm around her shoulder leading her out of the hall. Hermione and Draco left their breakfasts untouched, "Dad – is she?"

"Call the healer tell them we are on the way." He commanded and Draco went away to make the call. Hermione healed her hand, "Papa you go I'll take care of the classes today."

"You do that." he replied, she looked at her mother and smiled, "Take care mummy we'll come and see you after the delivery best of luck."

"T-thank you." She managed to reply to her daughter before Dumbldore came to the seen and sent them away with McGonagall. The girl gave a last glance before the adults were sent away to the hospital for the delivery. "Ms. Riddle."

"Yes Professor?" she turned back, "Please get ready to take over all his classes today."

"Yes ma'am." She replied seating her self and rushing through breakfast. Harry who had heard the whole thing muttered loud enough for her to hear, "Great out of the frying pan and into the fire. We get away from Snape only to go into Riddle." Neville, Dean and Seamus glanced at her nervously but she ignored them looking through something. Pansy poured her a cup of coffee adding some milk and sugar when Hermione dumped some eggs and toast on her plate. Quietly working her way through her breakfast and reading the paper at the same time glanced up when an old looking own flew in falling nearly dead at the attempt of carrying the mail. Getting scared she quickly gave the owl some food in a bowl and ripped the letter off it's leg. Giving a hoot of thanks it drank the milk thirstily a first year with her kind heart began taking care of the bird earning a smile from Hermione. Quickly ripping open the letter read the first page,

Ms. Hermione Amelia Riddle, Department Chief Goblin

Great Hall, Investment Department and Account Maintenance

Hogwards School of Third Floor

Witchcraft and Wizardry Gillitons Bank

Scotland London

Respected Sir/Madam,

This is regarding you're account in Gillitons Wizardary Bank. Gold in the VAULT NO. 801 and VAULT NO. 590 as requested by you previously with complete details regarding the hard money you have and the products you have placed in the vault as well as their status. The documents also contain the accounts of your resent investments and their present value and income they have given you. It also has a brief information is given below in the parchment.

Details of VAULT NO. 590:

Holder: Ms. Hermione Amelia Riddle

Gallons: 15, 000

Sickles: 70,000

Knuts: 90, 000

Other Artefacts:

3 bound journals packed: perfect condition

Large size trunk locked: perfect condition

Medium size truck locked: perfect condition

Details of VALULT NO. 801 (inherited trust-fund supply)

Gallons: 11,00,000

Sickles: 90, 00, 000

Knuts: 100, 000, 000

The booklet holds information regarding the investments you have placed and the property details under your control. Please contact Goblin Petrarance if you need any guidance or if you want to make any changes in the details.

Wishing for your good health and long relationship with us goblins. May your gold always flourish and be never ending.

Regards,

Igoresious

Chief Goblin

Department of Investment and De

Putting the letter away into her bag she turned back to her breakfast. What could all this money do for her? It could not bring back her childhood and it certainly could not give her what she longed for most...more time with her father. A normal life with friends and laughter a chance to live with out having fear at every turn but a life where she had more adult control. The kind of life others lead, unconsciously tears filled her eyes but with out realising it she quietly wiped it away before any one saw. Unfortunately Blaise did...before he could say anything she finished her juice and left the table. Waiting till he was sure she left the table and the room he turned towards Draco and had a whispered conversation with him. "Draco she's upset about something..."

"Hermione?" he asked, "I'll talk to her don't worry."

"Talk to Hermione about what Draco?" Pansy asked pouring him some juice, he stopped her half way with his hand, "She seemed upset hay is it her?"

"No not today do you think it is because of?" she stopped at the sad expression on their groups' faces, "Could be she really cares for him."

"That could be the case." She sighed eating her fruits, "I really wish I could do something for her. Cheer her up some way."

"Don't worry you will." Draco replied gently kissing to top of her head and helped her out of her seat, "Come on we're getting late for class. Transfiguration in our new timetable right?"

"Yeah the head changed it so that Mia could have a whole day off because of her classes in the evenings." Goyal replied walking behind them, "Professor Snape was telling that."

"Why did my old man tell you this and not me?" Draco demanded linking his hand with Pansy as they walked to class, "He did not – Hermione asked him and I was there."

"Wonderful!" Draco muttered walking into the class. The transfiguration teacher began sowing them how to transfigure some mice to pincushions. Draco (the third brilliant in the class) got it with a few tries as Blaise did as well nearly instantly. "Good work Mr. Zabani could you please take over Mr. Goyal and Crabe since you are finished. Mr. Longbottom I said half swish followed by a hit not a touch try again silly boy. Ms. Brown those mice won't bite don't be silly!" Draco rolled his eyes at Pansy as the teacher went away before helping with her own mice by holding her hand and doing for her. His eyes casually looked towards Potter and Weasley to see how they were going to find him struggling a bit with the coordination...what really caught his eyes was the mark on the teachers wrist. As she struggled with the boys a bit of her sleeve had gone up revealing a mark. He glanced again carefully, it was not any mark it was the mark! The mark their Hermione hated the most and was in a look out for! Five large rings set in a circle with a knife coming through them exactly by half was burned into her skin in red!

Dark Side Head Quartos

The sunset lit the whole place with a golden glow making it look almost magical. The balcony was set for tea on the beautiful white seats and glass tables. The china tea set was set for three...and some nourishing eatables. The aroma was refreshing as Lord

Voldemort sat sipping a cup of hot tea. Peter poured out a cup and poured milk into it and handing to the death eater who was telling him about a new laws but a voice from the door cut her off. "Hi daddy!"

"Mia?" he got up keeping the cup down. His little girl looked so sweet dressed in a white dress set in a beautiful cut with dark green prints on it. On her wrist were a set of white and green bangles mixed and a beautiful white watch. A set of long silver based emerald earrings that added to the innocence in her eyes. On her feet was a set of white heal shoes, a long green scarf wound around her waist and fell down her right side. She went up to him and hugged him sweetly, "Daddy I missed you."

"Missed you too love." He kissed on the top of her head and sat down as she sat on the arm of his chair. Seeing the man still standing quiet confused placed her hand out, "Hermione Riddle and you are..." before she could speak a word more he went down on one knee and kissed her hand.

"Princess a great pleasure indeed forgive me Erickson Lenaldo at your service." He replied she only smiled and nodded, "So Rick what exactly do you do?"

Seating himself he quietly replied, "I am in service to you're father young one."

"I meant what work do you do?" she asked, Peter though kept looking at her, "IS there anything on my face wormtail?"

"Te-a-a princess?" he asked, "Please." He busied him self in making a cup for her as she turned back Erickson, "You were saying Rick?"

"I-I work in the ministry, I work with the international trade cooperation to be more exact." He replied, Hermione nodded for him to continue, "My main job is to solve issues on the import and export that takes place between England and other nations."

"Sounds good so what are you doing with daddy?" she asked sipping her tea, "I was giving a brief report on a few products that he would like given in from Bulgaria."

"Bulgaria's what exactly..." she started but got cut off by five death eaters rushing in, "My lord we need your audience urgently."

"Bella?" father and daughter spoke immediately placing their cups down and getting up. Hermione reached her first, "What's wrong?"

Bulgaria's what exactly..." she started but got cut off by five death eaters rushing in, "My lord we need your audience urgently."

"Bella?" father and daughter spoke immediately placing their cups down and getting up. Hermione reached her first, "What's wrong?"

"My lord Verticus and his group has been caught." She told him shivering before the father could speak a word the daughter caught on, "Verticus of the Wizardmont?"

"Yes my lord and all of them who was with him." She replied tears filling her eyes in the shame of bringing such bad news. "My lord Remus Lupin has called for a special trial straight with the truth potion and be questioned under it. No defence nothing."

"Fuck." She swore, "Daddy I need 20 death eaters to be ready wands and clothes ready. All of them have to meet me down in 7 minutes. Bella who are in the building who know the ministry layout well?"

"There are some who are around..." she trailed off but Hermione cut the point short, "I want the strongest of them on the double. No excuses."

"Princess I'll gather them around." She offered going out of her presence as soon as possible. Never had any one seen her like that. She was normally soft and sweet with a fun loving aura but at the moment she was angry and frustrated. Her eyes blazed with a strange fury and stormed out of the room leaving a surprised group behind her. "M-my lord s-should I-I go after..." Peter stammered but the dark lord sitting down cut him off and continuing his tea, "You were saying?"

Ministry of Magic

Remus Lupin sat back on his chair watching as the three death eaters being chained for trial. He felt his heartbeat go up as he ran through the plan again. Just as the truth potion went through the first man's lips the questioning began.

“You’re name?” the ministry representative demanded, “Hendry Oracus Laion Javlin.”

“Are you a death eater?” the ministry representative asked, “Yes.”

“What is your mission?” the man demanded but this time before the chained prisoner could answer a loud bang came opening as eleven eyes turned towards a sight they would never forget. There stood eleven death eaters wands out! Before any one could react three of them on brooms flew down nearly piling the prisoners on them and attempting to fly out as the rest bound the judges quickly leavening only the best duellers to fight. Very few were capable of that! In a heart beat the three flyers rushed out as the other death eaters fought away the jury who were quickly releasing them selves from the spell as they them selves popped out of the ministry under the cover of darkness powder and the coughing of the ministry officers. In all that confusion no one noticed one small hooded figure opening adjourning room, a room that was closed for a very long time. The room had the same runes as she had seen previously. Searching for the right roles she quickly pulled out the comparatively thin role and opened it with anticipation. She had all ready read a similar document previously. The only difference was that this one was set in poetry and not in pros.

As night goes towards day,

As darkness goes towards light,

Magic shall rise to what it once was.

Like the sun’s first rays,

Cutting across the nights dominating darkness,

Softly rippling across the world,

In what the lady once wore.

Beautiful and bright,

Capturing the attention of one and all,

Shall she arise from the ashes,

Like a once fallen phoenix,

Beautiful and graceful,

Dazzling and gentle

At the same time she shall be.

Soft is she like a rose,

Brave is she like the white warrior,

That rode on the Black Slaton.

A horse whisperer,

By her side as his one true love,

Several times ignored shall ride,

Once again in his arms,

Her beautiful hair of gold

Falling on clothes of pure angels.

The mistress of knowledge,

Shall meet her mistress,

As precious blood is shed,

Never to return once gone.

Her dark eyed warrior

Rides by her side being her strength,
Nourishing her with love,
When she needs it most against his hardships.

Great shall be their love.

The swordsmen shall defend her,
Riding by her side as she brings back once more,
What was once taken away by the dark,
Shall return to the light.

Grow shall the small light,

Further than that the words were cut off the parchment making it impossible for her to read them. Replacing the documents carefully listened by the door, sure enough the wizards had left the place shutting the door tightly. Slipping out and making sure no one was around took a deep breath slipping out of the place quietly after placing a charm on her self. Quick movement and grace of an athlete ran all the way near the entrance. She was nearly out! Victory was only a few steps away but a sight made her stop dead. Remus Lupin stood there talking to a man with long grey hair set back in a ponytail. The strong build and sharp features were one she could never forget as his dark blue eyes looked into that of the minister. She could still recognise those fabrics he wore and the royal blue his favourite! The thick silver chain with a sapphire pendent and fancy silver rings on his long fingers. The very thought of him could send shivers through her body and a death like state to her mind. Quietly escaping out into muggle side of London confidently removed the charm placed on her self, "Thought you could escape so quickly?"

"I knew it was too good to be a perfect escape." She sighed turning to face the sharp features and dark blue eyes, "How are you Reg?"

"Same as you are Mia. Though I am interested in knowing why you were sneaking around the ministry missy." He added she smirked taking off the outer robes revealing her previous dress and neatly folding it, "That is for me to know and you to never find out Reggie Hamilton."

"Afraid I would need to know Hermione Riddle." He shot back as she stuffed those shrunk black robes into a bag and pulled out a packet of cigarettes. "Want a light?"

"No thank you. Now tell me what were you doing inside the ministry of magic?" he demanded leaning against the wall with her, "Don't make me force it out of you."

"Forgot what happened the last time dear?" she teased smiling knowing fully well she hit the mark, as he turned red, "See you do now stop interfering with my life."

"I only want what is good for..." she cut him off, "your bank account I know you too well now scram I don't want to see you ever again Reggie and that is final."

"Hermione." He sighed but she suddenly disappeared, "How does that girl do that?"

Dark Side

Hermione stopped in front of a door and knocked quietly. Before long the door opened revealing Rodolphus Legestrage, who went down on his knees and kissed her hand, "What use can I be for you princess?"

"I was wondering Trix is around for a moment." The man nodded moving out of her way as she went towards his wife who was on the bed. Smiling lightly she sat down near her taking her hand in her own, "Is it very bad?"

"Not that bad princess I have faced worse." She gave a feeble smile leaning back on the pillows, "I have faced worse and I shall be rewarded better."

"I know you have faced worse than this Bellatrix but that is more of a reason why I should ask...you have never faced this before." She added, Bellatrix nodded, "Yes but the minute I saw the mark I knew I was doomed princess there was nothing to be done about it."

"Mark?" Hermione looked at her confused she nodded to her husband, "This mark princess the mark of the guardians of the dark. They come after death eaters who have committed great errors against the dark flame."

"What is this dark flame?" she asked a voice by the door answered her question, "I'll give you two tomes of books explaining all about them dear. Now could you step out I need to talk to Bella alone."

"Will do daddy." She smiled getting up, "Good job with the ministry by the way!"

"Thanks daddy." She replied going out followed by Rodolphus who closed the door behind them, "Princess shall I go see to dinner then?"

"I won't be staying for dinner though you go ahead." She replied going to her room and began packing away some of her things. The decision was made and she was going to pull away slowly starting with her books and notes. One by one she made them go into the trunk with a flick of her wrist as a house elf knocked her door, "Yes?"

"Miss your father asked Kitty to give these to you." She replied holding up two large books, "Wow how did you even carry those they look two times your size."

The house elf gave a blank stare, "Your father asked Kitty to."

"It was a joke Kitty." She sighed taking the books and throwing them into the pile with other things. Some times she wondered why these house elves were so easily enslaved, o yeah they were so dumb. Another book went in along with its notes: founders life histories. She sighed so much was accumulated into this one place she had spent too much time here. It made her feel empty the mere thought of leaving this place. So many memories, so much time spent...rum and coke was raised to her lips as she watched the books go in. The drink

was refreshing she took few more gulps she always enjoyed these drinks and a few moments alone. Now it was time to leave the place she had grown quiet attached to bit by bit. Shrinking the trunk and slipping it in her pocket left the place unnoticed. Tears in her eyes but for now she could not shed them! Not for a long time.

Hogwards: Dumbldore's office

The old headmaster was reading a letter when the door was knocked, "Come in."

"Hermione, Draco! How great to see you come in! Do come in!" he called smiling at the children, Draco smiled back when Hermione walked up and gave him a hug, "What is it gramps?"

"Well dear child you and young Draco are now the proud older siblings of a little girl and a little boy." The old headmaster replied as the girl preached her self up on his desk. "REALLY?"

"Really. The delivery took place an hour ago and the two of you must go and visit them." He smiled at Draco tapping an old looking boot, "That would be your port key dears."

"Thank you so much gramps!" Hermione jumped down and hugged the old man before touching the boot with Draco. The old man chuckled lightly before picking up the paper again only to be interrupted once again by a knock on the door, "Sirius? What a pleasant surprise how can I help you?"

"Albus I have a funny feeling about the ministry I'll just drop in and have a look. Can you take care of things here?" he asked nervously, "I know your funny feelings Sirius go quickly I'll tell Harry and the Weasly boys I'll ask them to fill in."

"Thanks Albus!" he smiled taking a pinch of powder and going into the flames yelling, "Ministry of Magic."

He felt himself twist around glancing into fireplace after fireplace till the reached the right one. The ministry of magic fireplace five, quickly

stepping out he almost walked into a wizard holding a wand out to him. "Identify your self with proof."

"Sirius Black, auror making a visit to the Minister's office." He told him sighing a parchment and letting his wand get tested, "I see you have been teaching for some time now?"

"Helping out Albus Dumbldore as his Defence teacher." The man nodded handing him back his wand and a copy of the receipt. "Have a nice day."

"You too." He replied stepping out and walking directly to Remus office and knocked, "Moony think I can have a word?"

"Come on in Padfoot old pal." He called back, smiling as the door opened, "What brings you to my end of the building?"

"WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?" he bellowed seeing the scar on his best friends face, "Nothing old boy at least nothing big. There was a small death eater attack and three escaped."

"Three of them are out and you're saying its nothing? Strait from under your nose and your saying it was nothing?" he added surprised at his friends smile, "What they don't know is that by the next 'ceremony' they will go mental with aggression that their own little pack will kill them. Take a seat, would you like tea?"

"Please I would like a cup of tea and a long explanation from your side." He added, as Remus tapped the small teapot with his wand, "Are you not suppose to have a hot secretary do that for you? A witch with ultra tight robes and low necked?"

"I don't need one." He sighed fixing a cup and handing it to Sirius before making his own, "Scone?"

"Thanks now why would these people be killed?" he asked, "A very ancient potion actually. What happens is this people are given a drop of potion with their drinks and from then on their frustrations increase with out an outlet. They either grow mad until and unless the antidote is given what else."

"Frustrated like frustrated when they can't work?" he asked, Remus shook his head, "No sexually frustrated they can't get any sexual release when inside a woman. It would accumulate after a point and they would..."

"Brilliant." He whispered, "But how did you find such a potion?"

"An old book that was taken away by Mad-eye from our residential thief." He smirked, "Gold mine it was caught his eye only because of the strange book mark by the old author."

"Potion details and antidote right there!" Sirius gushed gulping his tea to gulp down the information, "R-Remus sh-she usually goes to these ceremonies right?"

"Who?" he asked surprised, "H-Hermione Riddle."

"Yeah so?" he shrugged, "W-what if these guys turn to her for...well you know what if they misbehave with her?"

"Kid can take care of her self and surely they won't dare." Remus shrugged sipping his tea. "Besides why do you care Padfoot you never liked that girl much."

"Yeah but still no one deserves to be rapped by such...such beasts." He sighed, he himself did not understand, Why am I concerned about her? Girl was his daughter and well my student."

"How is the ward working going on Sirius?" Remus repeated the question to get his friends attention; "Ward work is fine the place is quiet secure now there are some families who are ready to help out in the war as well."

"Albus mentioned it is there a meeting tonight?" he asked, "Tomorrow night, Severus has got two more kids in his wing now. His own!"

"Really?" Remus asked happily if there was a man who needed kids of his own it was Severus Snape, "Is it a girl or a boy?"

"Both thought you knew she is having twins." Sirius looked up confused at his friend the man nodded, "I thought it will be twins of the same sex one of each good for him Sirius the man needs a family after all he's faced."

"All he needs are a bunch of slimy snakes." Sirius spat, rolling his eyes Remus finally asked, "What is it you really came for not to tell me about Severus Snape's kids is it?"

"No I had this funny feeling that there would be some action in this place and decided to drop in." he shrugged. Right on cue an auror dashed in, "Minister there is an attack on some muggles! Little Willing sir!"

"That is the same place..." Sirius began but Remus cut him off, "Gather the people lets GO!"

Hospital Maternity Ward

Severus Snape held in his arms a beautiful baby girl with light blond hair of her mother and dark black eyes of her father. A beautiful skin that looked so much like her father again as she lay calmly in his arms. His eyes trailed towards the baby in his wife's arms. The little boy had the dark hair of his father and silver blue eyes like his mother that roomed around the whole place casually. The door suddenly opened and their two older children rushed in pausing a moment. Narsissia smiled beckoning them closer to look at the children as the adults sat on the bed. Hermione smiled as Severus placed the little girl in her arms, she carried her expertly, "She's beautiful papa."

"Just like another little girl I know." He replied gently kissing her hair, she only nodded in response quiet distracted. Her eyes seemed determined and quiet strong as if she was considering a very big decision was running in her mind. Her eyes filled with some unreadable emotion as she looked at the children! Taking a deep breath she handed the child back to Severus and smiled, "Papa I'll go tell aunty and uncle the good news! I'll be back soon."

"All right honey but come back soon we want you there when the children have their ceremony." Narsissia told her strictly as the girl bent down and hugged her, "I will mummy. By dragon."

"By Mia." He called playing with the little one in his arms. She stepped out of the room nearly bumping into someone, "I'm sor-Teddy?"

"Hermione?" the man hugged her surprised, "How are you now dear? You do look better than the last time I checked you."

"I'm fine now Teddy thanks for the potions they helped greatly." She added, he smiled at her, "Any time dear you needed those potions badly and I was around to make them."

"How come your in the maternity ward?" she asked him, he held up five bottles of potion, "Blood repleshing (sp?) potions?"

"Take a point yep they are for those mothers who have lost loads of blood in deliveries. What about you?" she nodded towards the room, "Your guardians hay?"

"Yeah twins." She smiled happily, "Can see you all ready love the little ones! Good for you with all the dreamless you tend to consume you need a bit of light in your life. Have you cut down on the alcohol?"

"Not a bit still need them to keep me happy." She shrugged, "Tell you what if you can get away next week end around six close drop in at my place and I'll sell you something that could help you."

"I'll do that." she nodded hugging him goodbye. If her plan worked she knew this much she would need what ever he was going to sell for her. Walking down to the entrance she was stopped twice on her way by healers who had became familiar with her due to treatments. When she stepped out ready to call a day-bus again she was interrupted, by some one calling her name, "Ms. Hermione Riddle?"

"Yes?" she turned around once again seeing a woman with a toad like face and a ridiculous pink scarf around her neck, "I am Dorlans

Umbridge from the ministry of magic. I am from the education department to be more specific.”

“What can I do for you?” she asked politely taking the out-stretched hand, “We would need to supervise you before a proper teaching license can be given would you be taking over classes tomorrow?”

“I will and your welcome to come over any time.” She added good-naturedly resisting the urge to brake into the woman’s head. The lady replied with a sickly sweet smile that made the poor girl want to hex her, “Have a nice day.”

“You too.” She wished practically running away from the woman who called back, “O and Ms. Riddle.”

“Yes?” she looked up at him, “Please make sure you conceal your dealings for the time being.”

The woman walked in to the hospital leaving a bewildered Hermione behind her.

Forbidden forest

Albus Dumbledore walked up looking quiet business like stopping in front of the two hooded figures, "What did he want this time?"

"Who told you they were part of my father's team?" came the voice from near him. He turned around to find Hermione standing there dressed in a white skirt that reached mid thigh with a dark blue tank top holding on to her body. A white off shoulder-quarter top with blue prints in on it and a white sun visitor cap added to the outfit. Simple white sports shoes and simple jewelry completed the outfit. "When you called me I assumed..."

"Well they are not – hold on a moment." She added looking at the couple and pulling out her wand. With a sudden flash an unmistakable protection barrier went around the place, "Now please remove your hoods..."

Slowly the black hoods lowered and Dumbledore's eyes widened with surprise, "Impossible."

"Possible if their destinies are not yet fulfilled." Hermione told him casually before adding, "If you don't mind can you leave to a more private place? I don't think I can hold the shield long."

"Sure honey." James smiled as they pulled the hoods back on. Just before she turned to leave she added the one last statement, "Potter manor will be found in 70 Lainsons. Have a great time."

Before anyone could say a word the shield came down and Hermione had begun walking back to school as if she had been on a mere walk. Stopping a moment to wish a centaur good heath leaving behind a bewildered Albus Dumbledore. Quiet a rare sight! Sighing the man turned to the two of them, his eyes filled with tears as the two of them hugged the old head master pouring in the emotion they had held back. He returned it with the same vigor letting the tears fall down his eyes.

Hospital

Draco was holding with little Sydney Hailey Snape when Severnus was helping Narcissia pack away everything. Hermione was playing with Michael Igorus Snape. "Papa Mike is so cute...aaw will you look at that?'

"Mia I have been looking at this and that for the past half an hour dear. Could I pack up please?" he asked smirking at his girl, "You could papa...they are falling asleep any way."

"Good." He replied giving a final glance at this son in his daughters secured care before putting away some more things. He glanced at Narcissia who looked a little over weight after the pregnancy, lucky that she had clothes for that from the beginning of her maternity. Indeed the woman looked beautiful with her blond hair down and dressed in a simple black long skirt with florescent green prints and a half sleeved florescent green top and a scarf quiet matching to the skirt. She looked beautiful indeed and the motherhood shone in her eyes as she took little Michel out of Hermione's arms. Draco who was watching them after safely putting Sydney in Severnus' arms, that she did take a second longer than necessary to release the child. He frowned but kept quiet as they picked up the things and walked out towards the waiting Hogwarts carriage. Once they were settled the carriage took of and Hermione occupied her self-looking outside the window. Her casual light peach colored skirt and the darker shade top made her look much more beautiful than she originally was. What struck him most though were her eyes. Today those chocolate-brown orbs seemed to have been filled with an emotion he could not place. It was as though she felt further way from them than before.

"Mia?" he asked softly she turned to him, "Something running in your mind?'

"Nothing papa...I was only thinking about a few things." She replied leaning back and rubbing a hand across her face. There were no words said between them through the rest of the journey. Though one thing was clear, she was in some kind of deep trouble. His suspension was only confirmed when she grabbed the letter from Winky the minute they got down from the carriages. "Draco take them will you? I've got some work."

Hermione jumped down the carriage before pulling out the luggage. Just as the bag was placed down Winky popped up dressed in a child's outfit with pockets. "Mistress this note came for you when you were out."

"Thanks Winky." She replied taking the envelope and ripping it open. Before any one could even see it the envelope went into the front pocket. She had moved away to read it seriously...mid way calling over her shoulder, "Draco can you show them the rooms? I kind of need to go out for a few hours."

"Sure Hermione." He called as she dashed away into the school turning into a corner and skidding to a halt in front of the statue of the hunch back witch. Muttering the password she again dashed all through the tunnel finally coming out of the cellar in Three Broom sticks. (A/N: Sorry can't remember the shop so let's just pretend it's this.) and coming face to face with, Madam Rosmerta, "He's arrived and waiting...go."

"Thanks...think I can have some breakfast? Put the bill on tab will you I did not bring my money bag?" she asked tidying her self-up a bit, "I will dear now go and meet him."

"Sorry Paul. I just got the message." She breathed sitting down in the only other chair available carefully looking at her cousin. He was dressed for once gray trousers and a black shirt with fashionable gray robes thrown over. He looked worried and terrified, "What is it?"

"There is a direct spy." He told her with out even wasting a moment, two trays of breakfasts. The waitress placed them on the table and went away Paul opened his mouth again after placing a secrecy charm around them, "There is a direct spy Hermione and the woman is after you."

"I know McGonagall she...she's the one the proof is quiet strong. I saw the mark." She added sighing and drinking some of the pumpkin juice. He paled and asked, "You sure?"

She nodded tears filling her eyes that she wiped discreetly, "We'll get her soon...don't worry about it."

"There is something else as well...may be now is not the best time." He paused but she only looked at him curiously sighing he picked up a thick file and handed it to her, "These are something's I came across you may be interested!"

"I'll pass it over to the main person thanks." She added putting the file in the bag after glancing through it, "Any thing else?"

"Yes there is some movement around the Thames especially the north side. Thought you may want to know about it Hermione I..." he stopped avoiding her eyes, "Good you told me Paul I think it is quiet important, I'll get some one to check on them."

"All right and how about that trafficking of illegal..." he stopped knowing so much about her past she finished for him, "Illegal trade will mostly be from there! It makes sense now, he always spoke of harbors and hidden smuggles. Must be related to this, muggle slavery is quiet a trade with some people."

"Herms..." he started but she cut him off, "I'll be fine need to go any ways papa will be looking for me."

Draining her juice she left again through the cellar and into the secret passageway to school. Quietly opening it she slipped out and closed it quietly only to be caught again by, "Ms. Riddle what a surprise..."

"Good morning professor Black." She sighed turning to the man who was leaning against the wall casually. He was still dressed in white tracks with a red muscle-shirt. "What made you go out? I don't remember it being announced as a Hosmade week end?"

"I had some work sir, merely took the short cut." She replied trying to go away but he caught her by the arm pulling her back on. "You mean you sneaked out of school?"

"No I mean I merely took the short cut sir the head master was all ready informed of my departure." She added but seeing the man's eyes frown she knew he did not believe her. "So I have been Sirius..."

Both of them turned to see the old man standing there dressed in beautiful black robes and a grandfatherly smile on his face. "Ms. Riddle had sent over Winky her house elf to inform me that she was leaving. There would be no need to corner her today."

"If you say so Albus but I've still got an eye on the brat." He added glaring at her before going away, sighing she leaned against the wall looking at the head master gratefully. "Thanks Al' that was great help."

"Your welcome dear though I would like to know what made you step out like that?" he asked cautiously as she lit a cigarette, she stopped offering him, "Trafficking of some kind, think it's them. You may want to keep an eye open for that as well." She summarized blowing out a perfect smoke ring much to the head master's amusement, "I need to go for now though...there is something I need to deal with if you could..."

"I'll leave you alone for now then Ms. Riddle though you should talk to some one soon." He added before going away leaving the girl alone. Tears filled her eyes as she crashed down taking a deep drag of the cigarette before lighting another. At the end of the third she felt a hand on her head, looking up she met the soft eyes of Cho Chang.

"What's wrong Hermione?" she asked gently kneeling down and gathering the younger girl into her arms, Padma too knelt down next to her and began rubbing her shoulder and back. "Honey what's wrong?"

"S-sissy I...I think they a-are selling them. S-selling girls I-like m-me." She stammered, those words were enough for the girl to wrap her arms around the shivering child. "Shh...it's all right don't worry w-we'll find them."

"S-sissy yo-you don't understand." She stammered chocking and clinging to her again, "I-I've se-seen h-him..."

“Hush.” She whispered rubbing her back in a way that she knew the girl would calm down five minutes latter she did pulling back and giving a watery smile, “Sorry...I wet your top.”

“It can be dried feeling better?” she asked gently pushing back the hair from her eyes, “Y-yeah.”

“Good now...go take a nice hot bath and have some chocolate milk shake.” She instructed, “You like chocolate milk shakes don’t you?”

“I’ll ask Winky to send them over.” She smiled getting up and hugging the older girl one last time before leaving. Padma only smiled at the two of them before turning to her friend, “Think she would be fine?”

“I’m not sure, listen I’ll catch up with you later shall I? I kind of need to send a mail.” She replied, “I’ll meet you in half an hour.”

“Sure.” She replied going in her own direction towards the library nether of them knew that a student stood there listening to the whole conversation. He stood there frozen with shock. The ginger haired Ron Weasley. Confused and feeling quiet bewildered he walked down lost at the sight he had just face. What did they mean by that? Since when did that Riddle girl call any one ‘sissy’? Since when did anyone know that Hermione loved such sweets? His thoughts ran in the same line as he walked down the passage nearly bumping into, “Sorry Neville I was not looking at where I was going.”

“T-that’s o-ok.” He younger boy stammered, he really looked frighten for some reason. “I – I was just going to give Professor Sprout a detailed report I had developed. W-would you like t-to come?”

“Sure Nev – not got much I have to do any way!” he smiled walking along with the boy, “What is it exactly about?”

“Dangerous water plants.” He replied happily, “Properties of the weeds and how they aid magical healing. It’s quiet interesting...though you would not be...”

“Not as much.” He replied politely, “Though I’ve got to say you have changed a lot.”

“Y-yes this summer I – I made quite a few friends.” He smiled broadly, “Great people they really know a lot about plants and their importance.!”

“Be careful with who you...” he started but stopped weighing his words carefully, “I mean considering the times.”

“Don’t worry most of them are half-bloods or muggle borns Ron. There are a few squibs as well.” After a thought he added, “Don’t worry they are her- her friends grandchildren. She would never let me hang around with the bad crowd.”

Just as they turned towards a corridor a girl yelling for help caught their attention. Grabbing their wands the boys dashed towards the sound..

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"Don't worry most of them are half-bloods or muggle born Ron. There are a few squibs as well." After a thought he added, "Don't worry they are her- her friends grandchildren. She would never let me hang around with the bad crowd."

Just as they turned towards a corridor a girl yelling for help caught their attention. Grabbing their wands the boys dashed towards the sound. There right beneath the portrait of a small girl holding a bunch a first year Revenclaw had been cornered. Her dark blue eyes were filled with fear as her bright blond hair fell right across her face. Her pleated skirt had rode up her thigh and the simple grey shirt she wore looked rippled. Just for a moment Ron thought he saw Hermione again in those knee length skirts and baggy tops she wore once. Pushing of those memories he turned his attention back again to the girl...she was indeed scared. A large looking boy around their age had cornered her there, Neville recognized as one of the school bullies. Ron pushed his sleeves up and walked up to him, "Hay why are you troubling her?"

"You really want to know ginger? Prefect an' all?" the boy baited him, turning around, "What you going to do put me in detention? Try and I'll have your face in a girls toilet cubical."

"L-listen who ever you are..." he began but the boy cut him off, "Names McLannay kid and how'd you like weepy Myrtle?"

"Actually I am quiet interested in the condition of your fellow student Mr. McLannany." Came a oily voice from nearby, they turned around to see Professor Snape standing there looking quiet angry. The boy let Ron down from his grip turning towards the potions master. "Why were you troubling your fellow students McLannay?"

"Just getting friendly sir not much trouble around is there?" he asked glaring at the small girl who shivered. Severus Snape noted the exchange. "I saw that and there is no way you can escape me now. Come on, I'm taking you along with me for a long talk boy."

Waiting for Snape away he turned to the girl. Kneeling down in front of her gently placed a hand on her. "Are you all right?"

"Y-yes t-thank you." She muttered sniffing, seeing she was still upset he pulled out a handkerchief from his pocket and handed to her, she only wiped her face. Ron gently placed a hand on her head making her look at him, "What's your name?"

"Melissa." She replied, Ron smiled reassuringly, "Hi Melissa I'm Ron Weasley, this is Neville Longbottom. Could you tell us what happened?"

"I..." she hesitated, seeing her state Ron took an instant decision, "Would you like to get some hot chocolate with me? I'm sure it would make you feel better."

"C-can I?" she asked surprised, smiling he nodded, "You can, come with me.... I'll get you some. Perfect privilege."

Winking at her to make her smile he helped her up, Neville told him he needed to go and went away leaving Ron alone with Melissa. The girl silently followed him to the painting of the fruit bowl and tickled the pear. She watched awed as it turned into a handle he pulled open letting her step into the kitchen. Just as he shut the door behind them several house elves surrounded them. Dobby stepped up and asked what they can get for him, "Could we have some hot chocolate Dobby and maybe something to eat with it..."

Even before he could finish his sentence for house elves came balancing a large hot chocolate pot, a cream jar and a bowl of marshmallows with two large mugs. "That's what I call service, would you like something to eat Melissa?"

"No thank you." She replied nodding Ron turned to the house elves, "Could you put it in the far corner there? We would like some privacy."

"We will sir." They replied bowing down low to him before floating them to the small table as others got back to their work. "Thanks you too can return, if we need anything we will let you know."

Once the two of them were settled down Ron poured a mug of hot chocolate and added some cream. "Marshmallows?"

"Please." The girl replied, he dropped three in hers generously before serving him self. Waiting till she took a few sips he asked, "Do you want to talk about it?"

Sniffing again the girl began her story. Ron listened with out saying anything. She explained how he was constantly troubling her because of some 'friends' of his and this was the third time. She also told him how they were always pestering her for information. Information she did not know...tears ran down her eyes. Slowly working up the lion's bravery he wrapped an arm around her and pulled him towards his body. Her sobs were breaking his heart. He was sure it was one of Riddle's works; he'll show that girl!

Hermione sat under the warm sun dressed in a green skirt with a green top with white stripes. Her hair for once was put down casually, those pretty bangles dancing around her wrists as she pasted the comment on another student's essay. She loved working on the benches at times instead of the closed rooms, the papers set casually over the stone study areas. Dean, in his casual white cut offs and brown hood top sat writing notes on some essays. Cho was simply reading a report Hermione had handed to her running a hand through her hair. "I don't get half the things over this plan Herms...how are we going to manage that exactly? I mean what are we trying to do fight a war or are we trying to present some dance show?"

"Not bad sis I mean we could put of a show for them...one look at the charms and the will run away." She teased, the group burst out laughing, Cho joined in the humor, "Hmmm good idea I mean one look at what you put up everyone will run away."

"Nah the sight of me is enough for half the death eaters to run. The rest of them we can beet them easily." She replied confidently, "Besides if my plans go well I'm sure that those people can even shake the foundation of this place."

"Then let's hope that it works." Dean replied turning the page of the book, "Because they way your working us at times I feel like I'm going to faint."

"You won't faint Dean." She laughed putting away another paper, just as she picked up the other someone yelled, "RIDDLE."

"What are you yelling for Weasley?" she sighed getting up and turning to him. He pulled her by the hand and gripped her, "Listen up Riddle keep your little boy toys away from Melissa actually, keep the away from all those defenseless people."

His voice was in a dangerous whisper but it did not stop her from entering his mind and seeing what happened. Pulling away her hand she looked at him coldly, "I did not set any of my 'boy toys' on anyone. As far as your defenseless people are concerned that is none of my concern. Now leave, I really don't want to waste my time with you."

Huffing at her he went away. Once he was out of earshot Dean placed a hand on her, "Do you think we must?"

"I need to talk to that girl...arrange for it." She replied folding her hands in front of her chest, he nodded reverence and admiration in his eyes. "Get back to work, we have a whole lot of planning before we can..."

"Yeah." He muttered as they sat back down again. She went back to correcting the work with out uttering a word. The silence fell upon them till they finished their work and each went their own way. Hermione handed the corrected papers to Severus and turned to go away to the common room when he called her back, "Princess."

"Yes papa?" she looked at him curiously, "Family dinner tonight?"

"Sounds great papa." She replied smiling, "Could I cook?"

"Sure." He patted her cheek and let her go back to her friends. His little girl was growing up quiet fast. He still remembered that little girl he took into his care all those years ago. The little girl he trained to become the commander she was today, the little girl he had trained to

become a spy she was today. The very little girl who became his daughter, his little girl. Tears filled his eyes; Narsissia's soft footsteps make him wipe them away. "There is no need to hide them Severnus."

He stiffened up as she wrapped an arm around him from the back and leaned on his back. "What does she think of the dinner?"

"Likes the idea, wants to cook." He replied turning around and wrapping his arm around his wife. "Told her she could."

"Great." The woman smiled into his chest gently running a hand through the shirt. A strange looking black owl flying in and dropping a letter cut of their moment. "What is it?"

"It's him..." he replied going after Hermione....

She walked into the common room exited and bursting with news, "Hay Draco guess what."

"What?" he asked looking up from the essay he was proof reading, Pansy was reading some textbook looked up as well. "Family dinner tonight."

"Tonight?" he asked surprised, "Umm...Mia I don't think I can come. Get away with Pans sorry."

"That's all right, so it's just mummy, papa and myself." She laughed hiding her disappointment but the Severnus came behind her said something different, "Looks like that may need to be cancelled dear, Draco we would need you and Pansy at dinner today. You too Blaise, something came up."

"What is it dad?" he asked getting up from his seat, Pansy and Blaise followed, "Something came up, princess you may have around nine other guests today."

"Who are all coming papa?" she asked surprised, "An old friend dear, he needs to talk about you and some things concerning you."

"All right." She shrugged, Pansy smiled at her reassuringly, "Mia I'll help you out. Besides it's been ages since we cooked together."

"Cool." She smiled exchanging fives with the girl, Draco looked disappointed as Severus nodded and left. "Does that mean you won't come and be around when I practice Pans?"

"Afraid not today Draco sorry." She looked down at her hands, he slid a hand around her casually, "That's all right...you help Mia out I can look forward for a super dinner tonight then"

"That you can." Blaise added smiling at them casually before pulling Hermione away for 'discussing' his essay. Just as they turned around he pressed her against the wall with her back to him. "WHAT?"

"Shh...look." He whispered turning her towards the couple. Sure enough Draco had pulled Pansy into his arms tightly. Gently whispering something in her ear, Hermione's eyebrow shot up. She slowly placed a hand on his chest tucking it around his waist gently. Hermione smiled happily as Draco raised Pansy's lips to his own...deciding to give them some privacy she dragged Blaise away with her. Right behind the wall the left solidified and Avalon appeared there. "I pray you shall continue like this after the meeting today my dear one."

Croshakes waited in the edge of the forest in his cat form, for a few moments the rainy clouds stopped a moment letting up a small amount of light that solidified to Othalo. Croshakes turning into his physical self bowed down on a knee looked up at the man in reverence, "My king."

"Soldier." He replied happily, "Tell me what news do you bring of the child?"

"She is quiet fine, her training goes excellently." He added smiling, "Excellent has she been attacked again?"

"Not since my king." He replied, "Good then you must return to her soldier, she should not be alone for such a long period of time."

"I shall return at once my kind." He replied morphing back to his cat form before turning back to the school. The rain was slippery and made him dirty as he walked up to the castle littering it with mud and water. The old caretaker was on his back immediately yelling away and chasing the poor creature away before clearing the mess. He passed the portraits and down to the chamber letting himself in right in time to see Pansy and Draco in a lip lock. Hermione was nowhere to be seen, no one else was around either. Leaving the two of them to their own business he went in search of his little charge, sure enough he found her laughing with Blaise Zabini. "What's the joke?"

"Crokey." She jumped up hugging him happily, "When did you return?"

"Just now and before you ask he's fine. Now what is so funny?" he asked sitting down on Blaise's study table, "Nothing big, how long do you think Draco and Pansy are going to last?"

"Who knows?" he laughed leaning back watching as Blaise casually placed a hand around her waist. Her protector picked up medium size ball and tossed it at Blaise, he caught it with the reflexes of a games person. "Good catch."

"Thanks." He smiled tossing it back, "Any developments on the attacker?"

"Not a single one kid, he is still out there some place with his 'friends' if you get my point." Blaise and Hermione nodded, "Everyone are worried, especially about you Hermione. I have special orders to keep my eyes open."

"Don't worry Crokey I'll stay safe." She promised smiling at him sweetly, "Beside with you around who could hurt me?"

"No one can hurt you if I can help dear." She replied, he nodded at her vote of confidence, "Thank you but I'd rather you don't go getting into trouble child."

"I don't get into trouble Crokey trouble get's to me at all times trouble finds me." She replied and the companions laughed at her comment. "True but still try being more careful."

"I will Crokey." She replied flopping down on Blaise's bed and stretching out casually feeling quiet home. "By the way papa said some one is coming for dinner you going to attend as well?"

"No I'll hang around but you attend." He replied touching her gently as Blaise lay down next to her, "All right I'll make a move boys I have a few essays to finish."

"By Mia." Blaise replied hugging her gently, Croshakes let her go as well. Slipping off the bed she walked up to her room pulling out some fresh parchment and began writing the detailed essay. In half an hour she was finished with the essay and turned to her next one when some one knocked her door. "Yes come in."

"Hi." She looked up and smiled, "Hay Pansy two minutes."

"Take your time." She replied as the girl wandlessly rolled up everything and put it away. "Cooking time?"

"Cooking time." They agreed going away hand in hand deciding what to cook. They were practically laughing at silly jokes they were making. "How about chicken fried in greasy oil with cholesterol stuffing and a dash of fatty cream?"

"Yeah or we could make tender lamb with gravy with creatures floating around in it..." Pansy shot back making them fall back in laughter, "Or we could have something that is nice and edible girls. You'll make me loose my want to eat."

"Sure mum how bout a light fried bread with well mashed potatoes, backed corn and light beans gravy along with it? Then there is always rice with well cooked beef?" Hermione asked the woman looked relieved, "Good and none of your jokes on the dinning table."

"What about desert?" Pansy asked happily, "Your famous cake?"

"Sounds great mummy." Hermione hugged her, "We'll start on it right away."

The rest of the evening the two of them spent cooking dinner. Laughing, cracking jokes discussing all sorts of things till finally Hermione picked up the topic of Draco when they were making vegetable clear soup.

Pansy blushed, "Actually I wish I had a word for it..." s he explained chopping the carrots; Hermione was busy with the onions. "I mean he's much more loving...caring sweet. It's so different from before I mean he suddenly comes and asks to sleep next to me...stays after...well stays all night. He even helps me with my studies. The other day I had cut my self accidentally when sharpening my quill he put medicine on it. He never did such things before Hermione."

"I noticed some of these things." She laughed putting the onions in the boiling water and picking up the cabbage and chopping them. "Like the other day in the party..."

"Yeah and some times now he just asks to spend time with me. I don't even have to go behind him" she smiled radiantly chopping some other vegetables, Hermione glanced at her before stirring the large bowl of soup again. Finally letting Winky set the table and left to change their clothes. Hermione selected a honey brown silk long skirt with a light brow sleeveless top to go with it. A beautiful scarf to go with the outfit around her neck. She wore some beautiful make up that brought out her brown eyes better. She was slipping on some shoes when Draco called her. Going out adjusting her dress she looked up smiling but her eyes froze. The smile slipped of her face as she whispered, "You?"

"Yeah and some times now he just asks to spend time with me. I don't even have to go behind him" she smiled radiantly chopping some other vegetables; Hermione glanced at her before stirring the large bowl of soup again. Finally letting Winky set the table and left to change their clothes. Hermione selected a honey brown silk long skirt with a light brown sleeveless top to go with it. A beautiful scarf to go with the outfit around her neck. She wore some beautiful make up that brought out her brown eyes better. She was slipping on some shoes when Draco called her. Going out adjusting her dress she looked up smiling but her eyes froze. The smile slipped off her face as she whispered, "You?"

In front of her eyes stood the very man who spoke to her all that time ago when she was in the café. The man who scared her...the day she first came to know of her unknown guardians from the vampire.

"Good to see your memory is still intact dear child." He chuckled but she was not amused. "Indeed it is me let me introduce my self, my name is Avalon. I am one of your seven star guardians we protect and guide you. Why don't I explain to you the rest over the dinner you took so much effort to prepare?"

"Why don't we..." she replied coldly leading him to the dinning table sitting down on his right as he took to seat at the head of the table. Winky served them wine and soup he began his story. "Dear when you were born we the star warriors knew that you were marked. The duty aroise for us to protect your and develop you unfortunately our numbers were not collected together till you reached the age of...."

"Basically till D.C died." She cut him off drinking her soup, the man nodded having some of his own, "So you were the ones who sent the elves to me...were you not? You were the one who made sure I was saved?"

"Yes once all of us were collected we came to know what you were living with...we reacted instantly." He assured her she only nodded. "We saved you and excuse us...kept an eye on you since. Any were every were you went we knew, when you were in danger we were present to help you except during the rape. My dear his shield was

backed up by something else some dark force or desire that we could not break.”

Narcissia intervened, “She did though Avalon, she broke the shield he healed her in.”

“It was too late for that mummy.” She muttered looking down into her soup. A sudden rattling and the gust stood up his eyes aflame. “Never child never feels ashamed of what happened to you that day. It was for your own good it unlocked within you that was bound. You fought a power the seven of us combined could not beat.”

Hermione looked shocked and froze at his sight; the man took a deep breath and sat down. “I am sorry I lost control dear. You are indeed special little one and you don’t even know it...your life has toughed you for something great something glorious. Surely you did realize its existence when you ran behind the dark elves?”

Her eyes flicked up from her nearly finished soup towards him, a mixture of respect and awe in her eyes. “H-how do you know?”

“Hardly an empathet like you...you did feel it did you not?” he pushed her as she gulped down the last of her soup. His own followed a few minutes latter. Winky cleaned the soup away and began serving the salad when all eyes turned to Hermione. Severnus spoke up, “I think you owe us an explanation princess.”

[Native Flashback “Actually when we began rushing after them they ran deep into the forest. Nearly as far as the temple when...when they were thrown back by the wards.”

Avalon interrupted her, “The wards of the Athenian temple?”

“Yeah they refused to let them...that’s when we began attacking them.” Hermione replied, “They tried to escape again that’s when we took them on and...well had quite a hard fight. I was wounded quite badly and Draco was also cut up badly near his arm. That’s all I remember.”

“What happened after that?” Pansy asked hesitantly, Draco took over the narration, “Actually when Mia got wounded she lost a lot of blood and when I got wounded even I fell unconscious. We don’t remember much till we got up. By then it was quiet late evening and Hermione was not even up some one had cured us though.”

“What did you do then?” Severnus asked again, Blaise answered, “Mia called Winky and got us out of there.”

“I think it’s time my lady you know about your birth.” Avalon began, his face contracting with a strange emotion. Tears filled his eyes at the thought of the large burden he was going to place. “My dear child you share a deep connection with Cecilia Slytherine.”

Hermione was dressed in a white silk wrap around as she looked outside the window. The sun was all ready up and quiet warm, the smell of the fresh cut flowers filled the air along with the morning tea. This was the seen that met Narssisia’s eyes as she walked out of her bedroom after feeding her babies. Scratching the remaining sleep the sight of her daughter though was quiet a surprise. “Mia baby you did not go for your morning run?”

“I-I did not feel like mum.” She replied moving towards the comfort, “Is it because of...”

“Yeah kind of.” She replied wiping a tear away, “Are they asleep?”

“Yeah so is your papa.” She added pulling the girl to the couch where she leaned in and wrapped her self in the secure arms of her mother, “Do you want to talk about it?”

“I-I doesn’t think I can as yet.” She added thinking a moment, “Do you think I’ll be dangerous?”

“Dangerous in what sense love?” she asked wiping away a hair from her face, “To the kids...”

“I don’t think you’ll be Mia, never think so. I know you and I also know about the kind of link you have with another woman but I also know you won’t harm the children in any way. I have known you too long for

even suspecting such a thing.” She added kissing her temple as the girl relaxed in her arms and sighed. “I don’t feel like attending any classes today can I be excused?”

“I’ll talk to Albus and see what I can do.” She promised as Hermione pulled away, “I’ll go get some exercise then.”

Hermione was walking around the roof of the Castle watching the scene around her unfold. “Nice is it not?”

Gasping she turned around to find Cecilia Slytherine standing there dressed in a knee length brown leather skirt and a brown leather sleeveless vest. A half sleeved white shirt underneath her soft hair falling down casually. A sword sheaths over her shoulders, simple leather bands around her wrist. In other words, she looked exactly like an ancient warrior. “Cecilia Slytherine?”

“Right you are my dear child.” She replied going towards her, her brown leather boots casually touching the ground as she walked. “Sit down there is a LOT we need to talk about.”

“There is a hell lot all right why me?” she demanded without even trying to be polite. The woman only laughed, “Let me see...your colorful language that could make a sailor blush.”

Hermione blushed and made a face; smiling sheepishly she did finally sit down next to the older woman. “Now jokes apart, you were not only the most powerful but you had a purity. A purity that tugged me towards you creating the bond. When I felt you in your mother’s womb I knew you were the one. That is why I marked you I knew you could be the only one to beat them. You are the one to finish what they started, you were the only one in the blood line I could count on.”

“If you were always around why did you never – I mean how come you never?” she stopped, “I could not come in the way during that time and – I’m ashamed to say this but – you had to face that pain Mia. You needed to know what you were going to fight against and you had to be strengthened. Everything you faced, you are going through is like a training ground to make the rest of your life a smooth

sail comparatively. I had to make you the best warrior to face anything they throw at you.”

“Anything they throw at me?” she asked astonished, “You mean there is more?”

“Come with me Mia there is something you should know...” Cecilia took Hermione’s hand and transported the two of them some where. It was a bedroom, decorated in largely silver, black and green. Hermione did not have much time to take in the surroundings of the room as the activity on the bed caught her attention. A couple totally naked covered in only silk black covers were desperately kissing each other. She turned to her Cecilia with an amused smile, “You know I have had enough practical experience to know about this?”

“I know and this was the night Griffindor’s second son Demean was conceived.” She added casually, “Demean Gryffindor? I thought that Griff was into red and gold not...o no! O no!”

“O Yes!” she replied, “Demean was my brother. My fathers son not Griffindor’s son dear now look carefully at her hand her wrist more like it...”

Hermione turned back to the seen on the bed and gasped. Right there was the same mark, except in was glowing pure red against the woman’s skin. Her pulse went up and a cold sweat broke on her brow. “Sh-she was one of them?”

“Bingo.” The ancient one replied as the seen pulled away from their sight, “Yes the dear lady old Leo married was one of them. She was the one responsible for my father to step out in the first place.”

Hermione pulled out a cigarette case and offered one to her companion out of habit before lighting her own. She waited till the first drag was in her system, “Wow. How wrong history has been love? So this was...this was – all right what the hell actually happened God dam it?”

“Leo’s wife seduced the old man and then turned him down. At the same time he was lusting after a student, a muggle born to be more

particular. A seventh year dark beauty of the time." Hermione chuckled at the irony of the wordings Cecilia only smiled sadly. "Could not blame him, mother always away and her beauty was quiet noticeable...any ways he made a few move on her."

"Let me take a guess old Gryffindor finds out and an argument starts out. Gryffindor kicks him out right after the chamber is developed?" She asked carefully.

"Right and wrong dear child. Why don't I show you what happened?" She asked waving her hand in a strange movement. A strange orb appeared out of thin air showing Hogwarts but clearly in a different time. A man dressed in green robes walked firmly his dark black hair looking quiet sharp as the silver cane hit against the stone. His black eyes shone with knowledge and understanding as the winds casually danced around him around him was an aura of power and a strange power and strength that seemed to act like a magnet. That was till his eyes fell upon something on the grounds. The autumn evening sun creating a spell around the whole place. There she was, a girl dressed in school robes a thick cloak around her as she casually danced around the falling leaves. Her thick black hair was indeed beautiful setting her bronze skin alight almost. She had deep silver eyes that Hermione was not even surprised the man was attracted to her; after all he looked no older than twenty-five. The girl was clearly towards sixteen or seventeen. He stood there mesmerized by the girl for a long time as she played with out acknowledging his presence. That was till a boy walked up, he looked lackey and his dirty blond hair looked filthy. His second hand robes had several repairs in it as well. Seeing him the girl said something, even from a distance it was clear she was being mean. The boy who fist looked hopeful now had his eyes down looking hurt walked away. She did not look so innocent or beautiful in Hermione's eyes any more but she continued to watch as the girl waved her wand making a branch do some cart wheels. Transfiguring some flowers to balls she had them up on the air with her wand again. The whole performance was watched by the founder.... Suddenly they were pulled out of the seen Hermione looked at the woman bewildered. With out a word the seen changed to another.

Salazar Slytherine was walking down a muggle dwelling, his eyes fixed on a certain house. Walking towards it he took in the beautiful sight of the cottage lit with candles and lamps. He knew this is where the girl lived, and today he was going to visit her...carefully stepping up he raised his hand to knock the door. Two voices from within caught his attention; their words made him freeze.

"I shall beg to God mistress to be forgiven for my great sin. Please give me one opportunity and I shall expose the school of magic." The first voice was of the muggle born he had come to visit. There was another voice, a deep one but clearly an older woman's. "Child if you could bring the worshipers of the devil to justice then God shall forgive you. He shall even remove the mark of Satan from your body. First, offer some of your blood for the purification rituals. After all God's mercy for one so deep with the devil means great penance."

Slytherine froze with realization; the mudblood was going to betray them. He must have known, anger flood through him as he forced him self inside. The sight in front of him made him feel sick. There was a hooded figure holding a pure white ivory knife and a clear bowl in the other. The girl's hand was above the bowl as she was dressed only in a thin white under dress. Something no man would normally be allowed to see her in, "Professor Slytherine?"

The sight of him she grabbed a blanket and wrapped it around her body securely. "How could you barge into the rooms of a young woman like that uninvited...." She never finished the sentence as the lady in the black hood suddenly disappeared. Slytherine though was looking at the girl with nothing but a pure anger. "H-HOW COULD YOU? I TRUSTED YOU WITH EVERYTHING I HAD. I LOVED YOU!"

His yelling of the emotion suddenly made it so real so suddenly that her shocked eyes. A pure frozen shock as the school founder took his sword. The girl was...she understood and the memory had been going towards. That moment Cecilia laid a hand on Hermione, "Now you understood?"

"But if he did not kill her...." She paused, "How did he slay her?"

“Mia there is more than one ways to slay a person. Destroying their sense of living is one such thing.” She replied, “Now do you understand?”

“All right but how did the fight take place?” she asked, “Gryffindor wife had begun poisoning them against each other.”

“A woman can do anything can’t she?” Hermione asked in a sorrowful voice tears filling her eyes thinking of what another woman did in her life. Cecilia smiled at her sadly, “Go for today this much is enough you need to steady your self from now on. Go relax that a lot for one day.”

Order Head quarts

Albus Dumbldore sat down at the head of the table. All the order members had sat down leaving two chairs empty. “Today I have a wonderful news for all of you....we have two of our old order members back among us.”

Voices of curiosity aroused as the door opened and two figures in cloaks and hoods walked in...the hoods fell as thick black hair and a black mane. Lilly and James Potter stood in front of them everyone looked on shocked. Sirius was the first to speak, “HOW THE HELL DID THE TWO OF YOU...?”

“It is an old magic padfoot...a very old magical bond we had with our son. Brought us back when he needed us most.” James replied, holding his arms out for his son. The boy though continued to look suspicious till the wind rider spoke up, “It’s them brother their magical mark know it....go.”

Harry smiled and the next instant the family was in a tangle of hugs. Hugs no one dared to brake...Albus Dumbldore watched the group party half an hour latter. His cup of happiness was overflowing as he watched Harry Potter reunite with his parents. Tears flowed through their eyes as they hugged the boy who had gone through so much in his life. His eyes had tears of happiness after such a long time that it made an old man’s heart sing. The order for the first time was not having a meeting but a ‘welcome back Potters’ party. The music was

over loud and the drinks were going around in plenty...a happy seen all together. Mervina McGonnagal came and sat down next to him holding out a drink. "Harry looks happy....gin."

"Thank you my dear. You always know what I prefer." He smiled, "He does look happy after such a long time. Poor boy after everything he faced...."

"I know..." she smiled sweetly, a pair of green eyes landed on her act and moved away. James saw the opportunity and pulled Severnus away from the crowd to a room inside. "What is it Potter?"

"Well....where is she?" he asked exited, the darker man's eyes turned sad, "S-she died when she was five. There was this blast...no one survived."

James smile faded as well, "Sorry Snape I – I did not know..."

"Leave it." He replied moving away but James pulled him back, "What was she like?"

"A little angel. Just like Lilly." Severnus replied going back to the hall and picking up his cloak left with out a word.

Krishi

Those times

would be my best valentine

"A little angel. Just like Lilly." Severnus replied going back to the hall and picking up his cloak left with out a word. Just as he stepped out someone grabbed him and pressed him against the wall a hand over his mouth. It took him a minute to see the bike rider standing there in the dark before he could pull him self free. "Mia what are you doing hear?"

"Sev she's attempting tonight on Al'." She whispered he could sense she had tears in her eyes, "She's going to give him some slow poison."

"Mia she was giving him a drink when I stepped out." He replied fear filling his eyes, before he could move the door opened again and the Black Rider had run into the room. Severnus followed right in time to see the girl blast the glass before the head master could drink it. The culprit became red with anger but the expression changed immediately at who it was. "Rider? Ho-how did you k-know this place? A-albus t-the charm –"

"The charm is right in place you fucking bitch." She replied, Albus Dumbldore froze; there was only one person who could, "Right Gramps?"

The entire order (except for Severnus, Charlie and Bill) gasped as the helmet was pulled off and brown hair with small golden brown highlights fell down. Sirius was the first to respond by pulling out his wand. James stopped him silently, "She's on our side Pads trust me on this one."

The whole time Hermione's eyes had not left the old woman's as the twins got around the old headmaster protectively. The old woman stepped out to the empty space before the crowd her face cold and merciless. Her eyes seemed to be hungry for blood, "Riddle...young Riddle. Good to have you around. Tell me how did you figure it out?"

A single word was not uttered breaking the pin drop silence as the younger girl waved her hand and the protective robes around the woman flew out. Albus Dumbldore gasped at the sight in front of them, the woman had the same markings as...as the last one. The lady

only smirked at the masked face of Hermione. "So you uncovered me...too bad you won't live beyond this."

Suddenly a red spiral of flames shot from the woman's wand. Hermione was thrown back at the power of the curse but unhurt. Rolling back she landed on one knee the other pressed to her chest and her hands down on the ground for support before she got up again. She quietly made her way towards the old woman, "I trusted you woman. I trusted you a lot. You betrayed more than my trust, looks like your going to pay for this."

Before anyone could say a word a red cobra suddenly appeared with a dull thud on the floor. The kind cobra sat up looking at the woman its eyes shining golden, the same golden shade as Hermione's was. A sudden movement and it was around the woman's body practically crushing it, before any one could say anything. Its poisonous teeth sank into the woman's neck killing her quiet slowly. Giving her just enough time to hit the young girl with a curse right at her chest. All that happened was she jerked a bit steadying her self as the snake came back down bowing to Hermione and then Dumbldore before disappearing just as it had come. Once the stock and worn off Lilly and James ran to Hermione, James placed his hands around the girl, "You all right Herms?"

"Y-yeah." She stammered before falling down unable to stand. Lilly wasted no time in pulling down the zipper of the jacket. Sure enough there was a red mark right on the spot the spell hit her. "Lie down girl."

James did not even let her move, scooping her up he put her down on the couch. Remus helped his friend by pulling off the jacket from the girl leaving her in a white tank top alone. Lilly who had gone out rushed back in holding a purple liquid forced it down the girl's throat. Harry found his voice for the first time since she entered, "Is it bad mum?"

James answered for her, putting a hand on his shoulder, "It is son but the kid can pass through it. I know she can...she's quiet strong that girl."

"You think so dad?" he asked wrapping his arm around the man's waist, he responded by placing his hand on his shoulder, "I know so."

Severus Snape sat down near his girl as her skin slowly began turning normal. She looked tired and quiet week in everyone's eyes. Just as she tried to get up a hand pushed her back down. "Not now dear girl..."

"A-albus I'll be fine." She struggled to get up again and stood on her own feet, only to fall down again miserably. A pair of strong hands wrapped around her waist instantly braking her fall and scooping her up wedding style. "Uncle Sirius I'll put her in my room for now."

"You do that." He replied watching as the girl stepped out of the room turning to the rest of the group. "So what's our plan of action?"

James was first to speak up, "We can't let any one know who she is that is clear."

"Second point, what about how much we can trust the girl. Agreed she is the rider but..." Mad-eye was cut off by Dumbldore, "She is my spy Alstor and there is nothing you will do to clarify that point."

"Sorry Albus but after Peter we don't want to take any risks." Remus replied, "Just once."

"All right just once but nothing big." Albus told him strictly, everyone agreed, "Lilly, James could you escort me to the place Hermione..."

"Let's go it will take some time to go through everything." Lilly replied pulling the hood back on and hugged Harry before stepping out. On the room upstairs, Hermione slowly opened her eyes only to find Derrick standing they're looking at her worried. "Hay w-what happened?"

"You fainted." He replied she took a deep breath, "That means I'm fine."

Before he could say a word she jumped off the bed and ran down yelling, "Aunty...aunty..."

"Princess she's out with Albus, are you all right?" Severnus asked gently hugging her gently, "I'm fine papa."

"Great..." he clenched his arm as the dark mark stung, "Got to go."

She only nodded as he stepped out casually when a hand was placed on her, "Sirius?"

"Sit down, will you we kind of need to interrogate you." He replied shoving her roughly on a seat, before a word could be said nodding to Amelia. Hermione was suddenly bound to the chair with magical chains as the wind rider pushed her special sword on the ground right before the girl's eyes. Brown eyes filled with confusion looked at the white hood as the woman walked behind her and placed two fingers on each temple. Before Hermione could understand anything her eyes were force shut and memories broke through her mind with out her consent, her mind was being broken into. The order members watched as a white beam pass from the center point between the girl's eyebrows through the sword magnifying the memories.

[Flash A six-year-old Hermione is watching as the man who threatened to take her own virginity raps a girl. The poor child was hardly above thirteen as the man force him self upon her his hands clamped over her mouth to stop her from making any noise. Blood flowed down the girl's legs as her bleeding began growing too much. She yelled one last time before it happened, the light left her eyes. Her pain was over was over for ever, she had died, the man pulled out of her and went away. The memory blurred as tears a hand pulled the girl back and slapped her. It was that tall woman, "WHAT ARE YOU STANDING FOR IDIOT GIRL? GO CLEAN THAT STUPID MESS UP." [Flash

Hermione had begun breathing hard, fighting the bounds tears flowing out of her closed eyes, "N-no Polly please...n-not h-her..." The order members ignored the whimpers and forced out another memory. [Flash It was the man again; he was seated on an armchair, a five-year-old Hermione on his lap dressed in a wet see through white dress and panties. The poor child was shivering, a feverish glint of fear in her eyes, his hands running up her thigh as tears fell down

her eyes. His lips close to hers, enjoying the fear coming from the young girl. She kept thinking of one word, dinner...dinner...dinner. [Flash Several younger order members had disgusted expressions on their faces, Harry had stepped out to cry his tears away. Bill and Charlie who only knew she was abused but not the extent had tears flowing down their eyes. Sirius watched it casually, after all Voldemort's little girl did not deserve any kindness. Not in his eyes any way, the girl deserved what she got. The third flash though shook him to the core, the memory of her best friend dieing. Hermione was in a worse shape sobbing out loud begging for mercy as Amelia continued to drill through her mind.

[Flash Hermione, in second year, was standing in Dumbldore's office deep in conversation with an older head master. "It is true sir the chamber has indeed be reopened the cat Mrs. Norris has been petrified. Such magic is beyond the scope of what is taught in school and very dark. Who could do such a cruel act though?"

"Who could indeed dear child?" The woman in the portrait exclaimed, "Especially with such wonderful children like you around."

"I never understood Slytherine and his ideas of pure bloods ma'am. Any one with magic have the right to learn the art do they no?" she asked innocently, "After all they need to control those powers or it would only end up creating problems."

"Quiet right dear." Came the old man's voice from behind quickly getting up she made to bow down to the man who waved it off, "No no dear you must not do such things. Sit down sit down, would you like a lemon drop? Some sweet cakes or anything else?"

"No thank you sir." She replied timidly sitting down and looking at him with worried eyes, "Aah yes so do tell me what is it you wanted?"

"S-sir w-when Harry spoke to the snake I..." she railed of, Albus Dumbldore nodded, "Aah yes you realize that you too are gifted with the power."

"Y-yes." She replied visibly shaken, "My dear I knew this time will come soon...y...you are the daughter of Lord Voldemort and Windy

Sofy more... Slytherine's descendent." (Sp?) The girl sat down with a crash her eyes filled with tears. Albus simply continued, "I know you did not open the chamber dear but I also know your in danger..."

"P-professor..." she whispered, "I...Harry..."

"I know it is quiet difficult for you dear. Why don't you take rest and think it over a hot chocolate. They may help." He added patting the girl's head and letting her go off from the office. It was a lot to digest after all. [Flash

Amelia was looking for another memory, [Flash Hermione is panting and sighing on the bed as a... a blue been brakes the connection and a hand grabs her and the angry face of James Potter is in front of her, "WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT HANDILING HER?"

"James I-let me go." He obliged by dropping her down on the floor before turning to Hermione who was in Lilly's arms. "You all right honey."

"Y-yeah I...I'll be fine. Can I have some bear?" she added, "Kind of feeling my head spin around."

Some one handed her a can of the drink as she finished it thirstily, "Cheers... Professor Black?"

"What happened to Sirius?" he teased but sobered, "Why don't you spend the night in my place. The party is over and everyone will be going...."

"If you don't mind I'd prefer that Sirius." He nodded helping her up to the bathroom as the order members showed them selves up except for Remus. He went along with Sirius to his room and watched as the tossed the girl an old shirt, "Change into these I'll go get you some warm milk."

"All right but where do I sleep?" she asked Sirius smiled, "Right in this room next to us. Today we are going to take care of you. Dumbldore's orders.."

“YOU KNOW UNCLE JAMES WILL HAVE YOUR NECK IF YOU TRY ANYTHING...” Remus cut her off, “We are not trying anything dear. Albus told us to make sure you get a good nights rest. Now could you please change and get into bed?”

“Give me a minute...” she replied going to change. Three minutes latter Sirius was tilting the glass of half filled warm milk for the girl to drink. She was busy gulping it down as Remus rubbed her back trying not to laugh, “Aand done.”

“Aaak I hate that taste.” She complained as Sirius put away the glass and Remus gave her a kiss on the head. “Sleepy?”

“Hmm...” she yawned as he placed it down, by the time he turned she was fast asleep. Time and again though she woke up shaken by strange dreams and someone constantly calling her. The voice, the voice was something she knew from somewhere. Checking to make sure Remus and Sirius were asleep she quietly slipped out and went down to the kitchen to get a glass of water. “Can’t sleep?”

She yelped and dropped the glass before turning around, “Did you have to do that Cecilia? What are you doing in this place any way?”

“I’m connected to you stupid not the school and yes I had to do that, you should be resting not going around like this.” She replied sighing, Hermione only stuck her tongue at her before drinking the water, “Well?”

“What well...you are suppose to be sleeping it is only four.” The guardian replied, Hermione shrugged casually, “Any ways you wanted something?”

“I came to tell you not to give too much attention to that voice you keep hearing. It is a trap.” She replied, Hermione nodded, “I’ll keep that in mind. Thanks.”

“Glad to be of help.” The woman replied disappearing, sighing she finished her glass and went to the bathroom to get ready for the day. Half way through a storybook about an adventurous wizard she felt someone’s presence and looked up, “Morning Remus.”

"Could not sleep dear?" he asked coming and sitting next to her, she simply cuddled into him with out saying a word burying her face in his chest. Only when he felt his nightshirt getting wet did he realize she was crying, "Herms...honey what's wrong?"

"W-why me?" she asked weeping into his shirt, wrapping his arms around her he silently shushed her pulling her on his lap. She simply sobbed and sobbed wrapping his arms around his neck just the way he had seen her do with Severnus once. Slowly he began rubbing her shoulders till he felt her calm down. Once she pulled away he wiped the tears and smiled at her, "Better?"

"Yeah...umm...thanks Moony." She smiled, "Your welcome why don't you go set your makeup right?"

"I'll do that." She responded going out letting the man relax a bit, handling an emotional teen was not his core point. So much he could say for him self. Slowly he let his thoughts drift to the girl, she did look quiet nice in the white skirt and yellow tank top. Much more like the little angel she truly was than the wild cat she tried to present to everyone. Made him wish more that he had a daughter, his own little angel. His meditations were broken by a sudden crash in the hall, "Tonks!"

"Sorry D.C." she replied with a sorry laugh before thundering down (by the sound of it) to the library, "Emergency...."

"Bingo." He whispered as she banged open the door, "Hermione...o hi Remus. HERMIONE?"

'She's gone to fix her make up. What did you want?" he asked getting up, though the young woman looked quiet intimidating in her leather robes and dark violet hair any one who knew her would not be so intimidated. "I need to talk to her Remus it's urgent."

"Talk to me about what Tonks?" Hermione asked coming in, "Nice hair by the way."

"He told you not to step out." She breathed, "Who?"

"Dumbledore strict orders asked you not to step out for sometime in your biker thing." She replied, "They are after you."

"Death eaters?" she questioned, the auror shook her head, "Worse the holders of the dark flame...."

"Finally caught up have they?" she smirked, Remus rolled his eyes, "Hermione this is not a laughing matter. It is quite a serious matter."

"Yeah it is as serious the color of the robes you're going to wear to the next party." She responded, "For god's sake Moony I'm not scared I can handle them but for your satisfaction I'll go to school."

"Thank you." He replied as she placed a hand on the port key and popped away to school. Landing gracefully on her feet she went into the school and began looking around for Sam. Finally she found him in a remote location in the school library reading a book quite seriously. There were three rolls of parchment filled with notes and she smiled, "Busy?"

"Kind of...hey how did it go?" he asked looking up, "Fine. I need to go meet a few people so I'll catch you later."

"Alright." He almost went back to work before he called her, "Mia?"

"Yeah?" she turned around, "Can we meet today in your room around evening? There is something I need to talk to you about."

"All right I'll be free." She smiled and went away, he leaned back and smiled before returning to his work. Hermione was walking around the school searching for Draco when Cecilia appeared again, "You need a good work out soon kid. I need to train you for it."

"I'm all yours then." She responded as they continued walking around, "Right once your work with Draco is finished meet me on the roof. Same place."

"Done." Hermione replied making a right turn bumping into some one again, "Sorry... YOU?"

Forbidden forest

"Done." Hermione replied making a right turn bumping into some one again, "Sorry... YOU?"

"Hi Hermione." Ron Weasley muttered, "What do you want?"

"Listen...I I came to ap-polo..." instead of responding she walked across the wall three times, he gasped when a wall appeared, she quickly pulled him in and locked the door behind him. "Sorry about that Ron, you were saying."

"Bloody hell." He muttered surprised, the room was totally strange with a low glass table and some cushions to sit on. "Room of requirement, gives you the setting you need. Any ways what did you want?"

"Umm... about the way we acted..." she cut him off, "Is and will be necessary till I tell you so."

"A...all right, still I am truly sorry." He added, she simply nodded without a word, "It's just all I could think of were mum and dad..."

"They knew." She told him suddenly, he a palled suddenly, "What?"

"They knew about me told them after the chamber incident." She told him sitting down, he followed looking at her intently, and "I told them when I came to the burrow everything starting from who I was, my childhood, my life with the high-elves...everything. They accepted me Ron. They accepted me knowing it was my father who hurt Ginny so badly, knowing the kind of people I had faced. They were the first people I had closest to my family.... that is why I punished her rapist. Not because of anything else, just pure rage. Felt good...."

Ron watched as she spoke his eyes grew wide and he was nearly torn between admiration and fear of the girl in front of him. "S-so you really?"

"Yeah...I am spy for Albus." She replied, "That's why I went there in the first place that and to find out who murdered my mother."

"T-thanks for telling me this Hermione." Suddenly he hugged her tightly pouring all his emotions into the hug and the holographic hugged him back with the same intensity.

"Sorry about that Cecilia I had to distract him before holographing." She replied sitting down Indian style next to her ancestor, "I know, now need you to go on a mission before I can give you your next lesson."

"Great waiting for action what is it?" she smiled rubbing her hands, when the instructions were given her smile faded, "What?"

"Steal the knife set of Nilvera from the History of Magic museum," she repeated, "The dark flame is after it for nearly generations...."

Hermione's face grew wide with a smile as she understood what was being said, "If I steal it would become the greatest mark against them."
"

"Exactly but remember one thing Herms make sure you don't get caught or the stealing is not connected to you." She added, "Don't worry guides leave it to me the blades will soon be mine."

"I know they will be now why don't you go and finish your homework?" she added pushing the girl away, waving she jumped down the wall and began walking back into the castle ruffling the hair of a first year boy on her way smiling. He looked at her strangely but smiled running a hand through his hair walking his own way. Just as she bumped into some one he called out to her, 'can't you watch – Mia?"

"Sorry papa." She gave an angelic smile to him he pulled her towards him, "It's all right baby now why were you running about like this?"

"I was not running around papa." She replied sulking, "I was not looking at where I was going."

“Alright love I was looking for you any way.” She looked at him inquisitively, “Albus wants you to bring the new teacher to school he is arriving in the station in a few moments.”

“Great and who is this new teacher?” she asked not very interested in the job, “Alexander Shelton.”

“Alexander Paul Shelton?” she repeated, “Yes.”

“Sev Alexander Shelton who wrote Simplifying Transfiguration – the link between theory and practical application?” she added, “One and the same.”

“Alexander Shelton author of Basic rules of transfiguration?” she asked again the man nodded, “Yes Mia.”

“Papa you have any idea how famous this chap is?” she asked, “Yes dear I know he helped you appreciate the art of transfiguration. You have mentioned him a lot of times now run along you need to go pick him up.”

“I’ll go do that.” She smiled and ran away to get changed. After fifteen minutes she finally decided on brown trousers, a brown tank top with some yellow writing in gibberish that looked beautiful. She picked up her car keys and began driving to the station playing some music and drinking beer at the same time. Pulling over she walked in right in time to see the train pull over and a few people hopping down. One such man she could click as the new transfiguration teacher with his light sandy brown hair and light brown eyes. The dark green jeans and white and green striped under shirt made him look quite different from the look of a professor. His white over robes were left open with some large bags and large trunks next to him, unlading a few more. Hermione walked up to him casually, “Excuse me Professor Alexander Shelton?”

“Yes?” he asked turning around to see a girl who looked so much like, “Ms.....”

“Hermione Riddle sir.” She provided holding out her hand as he shook it firmly, ‘I’m from school and you could say your welcoming cavalry.”

“You look too young to be a teacher.” He replied surprised, she shrugged, “You could say that...can I help you with your bags?”

“Umm sure...it’s kind of large for a locomotor’s spell at the moment.” He laughed nodding Hermione helped him out with his bags to the car and began chattering with him about his work. When they reached the car she even helped him put everything away neatly. “There – shall we leave or would you like a round of the village first? It is really beautiful.”

“Sounds good!” he replied smiling as he sat down next to her in the car and the engine jerked to life, she continued to feel his eyes on her. As she drove she asked him if it’s all right to drop the car off in her place in the village and take off walk around. “Sounds cool.”

“Great.” She smiled and pulled over into her garage and began taking him for a walk around giving him an introduction to everyone. Showed him around the sweet shops, three broomsticks and the teashop, coffee shops and few other shops – that is where her mobile rang. “Excuse me.”

“Hello?” she spoke moving away, he watched as her face palled and her smile faded at the sound of who ever she was speaking to, he watched on curiously. She turned to see him once pure fear stuck in her eyes out of instinct he pulled out his wand. She looking at him quietly, “We need to go to school right now.”

“What about....” He stopped seeing the car was all ready standing there right for them to jump in and rush as she moved like a maniac. His suspicions were right; in a few minutes three demetors were flowing down sucking away the happiness of everyone around them making children scream in fear. They seemed to be a fog in the place, a fog of sadness and coldness that would never leave. He felt his chest clench with pain and his mind grown dark but suddenly nothing. He looks up, “Hogwarts grounds the wards have been placed against them.”

"A-all right th-thanks." He muttered looking at the girl next to him as she placed a mild cheering charm on him, she seemed to jump out of some place, he could not tell where. That was when he turned his eyes to the building, "Wow!"

"Place has that effect on people you studied in South America right?" she asked driving in but much slower, "Yes Melencasis quiet a nice place you would have liked it Ms. Riddle."

"I'm fine where I am thanks." She replied pulling over and getting out of the car, "Professor Hagrid good morning."

"Riddle headmaster was expecting yeah 'bout now. Yeah need to let me know before..." she cut him off, "I inform the head that is more than enough. By the way this is Alexander Shelton he is our new transfiguration teacher."

"Lo professor Rubis Hagrid, keepers of the gates and keys in Hogwarts and Care for Magical Creatures teacher as well. Good to have yeah aboard." They shook hands, "Everyone call me Hagrid."

"Hello Hagrid names Alex by the way and not professor." He added smiling, "Got to go meet the headmaster now, could I catch up with you latter?"

"Do come for tea some time." Hagrid called waving to the man and going off, once they went in Hermione began showing him around everything. The castle, the wonderful portraits and the changing stairs telling him all about the place, more like reciting Hogwarts a History. That was till finally they reached the statue she spoke the password, "Crunchy Clusters."

"Head master likes sweets?" he asked stepping on the stairs, "More like chocolate freak don't worry told him that at his face. We've arrived."

"Come in." the old man called as she knocked the door, "Special delivery head! Your instant transfiguration teacher package has arrived."

"Hermione." He warned her before turning to the teacher who walked in giving the girl strange looks, "Excuse her Alexander, she is quiet jovial. I am Albus Dumbldore headmaster of the school."

"Alexander Shelton sir, I can not express how happy and honored I am to work with you." He smiled holding Albus' hands in both of his own, Hermione only raised an eyebrow, "Like wise young man what can I offer you a cup of tea or would you prefer a cup of coffee?"

"Can we have some hot chocolate?" Hermione cut in, "We just got away from a near attack."

"O dear, how many this time dear?" he sighed looking into the girls eyes as she moved around the table, "Three, did a bit of fast driving to get away from them. Creeps were terrible...."

The effect of the charm began going away as the girl just as she poured three mugs of hot chocolate and placed some marshmallows in them. He could not help but feel that she was more than what she presented her self to be, he could tell as she passed the drinks around. "Thank you my dear, you do seem to know your way around the head masters office quiet well."

"Yes she does spend some time around me enough to take a few liberties." He replied as she sat down on an armchair, "That is only because you let me gramps. That and you have an excellent collection of books for me to read at all times."

"That too." He laughed sipping his own drink, "Excellent as usual did you show the professor around the place dear girl?"

"Most of it...may be a teacher could show him the rest in the next trip?" she added making her self-comfortable, "Excellent idea how would you like that Alexander?"

"Alex please and yes I would love it." He smiled at the headmaster looking around on were to place his empty cup; Hermione who had finished as well took his and placed them in the sink. "I'll take your leave gramps, sir."

The men nodded and the younger one got up and opened the door for her as she smiled her thanks and left. Hurrying down the stairs he sat down and out onto the corridor looked around before picking up her phone and jamming a few numbers. "Hello Freed can you and George get away from your shop around lunch... You can great; can you meet me in my place at the village? Great see you there then."

Just as she cut the call she bumped into some one again making them drop their books, "Sorry 'bout that let me help you."

"Thanks Hermione." Neville smiled as she handed him his books with a wave of her wand, "No problem, I was looking for you any way make your self free at lunch there is a meeting."

"What meeting?" he asked she tapped her wrist and he nodded, "What do I need to bring?"

"Nothing just comes along with Dean and Seamus I'll let them know too." She replied going in search of the other two, she traced them down soon and informed them of the meeting. "We'll be there Hermione."

"Great did any of you see Padma and Cho?" she asked, "Library."

"Thanks Dean." She smiled and went to inform them personally of the meeting, finally she found them gave quick orders about the lunch meeting. Cho looked at her strangely, "What's with the personal invite?"

"This is a different kind of meeting sis." She replied storming off to the kitchen searching for Winky, "Hay babes."

"Mistress wants Winky?" she asked jumping up and down, "Yeah can you cook up a huge lunch for a bunch of us at my place? Drinks and all.... clean it up a bit as well. We will be having a meeting there."

"Winky will get everything ready for mistress she will." She nodded and disappeared with a snap of her fingers some other house elves

that were around waited patiently for her to turn her attention to them.
“Would miss like some tea?”

“Can I have a take away coffee?” she asked, the house elf quickly ran to get the request knowing from Winky how she liked her coffee, Dobby (who had been out cleaning) came in and stopped, “Ms. Hermione?”

“Hay Dobby.” She grinned kneeling down to his level, “You wanted something?”

“Professor Dumbldore is searching for Ms. Hermione throughout school. He is saying that there is some news....” He got cut off when another house elf brought Hermione’s request in a tray. Grabbing it she dashed out of the kitchen and went strait to the headmaster’s office for the second time that day. “You wanted to meet me sir?”

“Hermione you are hear Remus wanted to meet you urgently today for evening tea, there were a few people who had to meet you.” He gushed looking worried, Hermione nodded looking confused, “Why me?”

“Not sure dear but do be careful they do not know who you are and the times are not good now.” He added running a hand through his beard, “Who ever it is be careful about what you say...”

“Will do can I go now?” she asked he nodded releasing her. Sighing she looked at her watch, there was enough time for her to have a relaxing soak before lunchtime. Filling the tub with a relaxing aroma of mixed flowers some perfume candles and a bottle of red wine. Slowly stepping in she spent nearly half an hour listening to the smoothening music and the drink mixed with the sensations of the bath. Finally popping out looked at her self in the mirror smiling, “You look wonderful dear.”

“Why thank you.” She replied blowing a kiss and began drying her hair with a towel when a knock came on her door, “Who could that be?”

Draco’s Room (Slytherine quartos)

Draco stood in front of the mirror pulling on a silver-grey muscle shirt with dark blue tracks when some one knocked the door, "Come in...o hi Pans."

"O I'm sorry Draco I'll come latter." She replied making a move to go out when he called her back, "Don't be silly it's not like anything you have never seen before. Just close the door."

He watched as she closed the door observing the knee length light brown dress she wore with the simple brown earrings he had been forced to give her for a gift some time. Turning to him she again looked down as if afraid, "You wanted something?"

"Y-yeah actually my father wanted to meet you now for – for a few minutes." Understanding what she was trying to say he smiled and walked up to her placing a comforting arm around her, "Relax I'll take care of it."

"You will?" she asked looking up her eyes filled with hope that it made him smile, "I will take care of it don't worry."

"Promise?" she asked looking at him carefully, "Promise."

His reply got a strange reaction from her, for the first time she reached up and pressed her lips on his. Just for a second he froze in surprise, just for a second before he responded to her and grabbed her waist stopping her from moving away. Pressing her harder against his body as the kiss deepened, but she did not let it go too far. "Father is waiting for you Draco."

"Aah yes the old beast." He sighed, Pansy only laughed at him but did not say anything else. He made no move indicting he was going to let her go. Suddenly she squalled surprised when she felt him pinch her bottom, "That was for good luck."

"You did not have to pinch so hard." She muttered looking down he only stole a quick kiss and went out throwing on a set of green robes. Smiling he walked out of the common room only to bump into Mr. Parnkson directly. "Sorry sir."

"That is quiet all right Draco." The man replied, he looked nothing like Pansy except for his blond hair, quiet lanky and not exactly the kind of man you look at twice. His lack of looks were replaced by his intelligence and knack of earning money. "Why don't you show me around the dungeons it has been too long."

"Of course come right this way." He smiled and took him along took the man showing him around the dungeons. Fifteen minutes later he came to the point, "Draco my boy I am sure you are aware that just because your noble father passed away it does not mean your engagement to my daughter is broken. You are still bound by your father's words."

"I remember sir." He replied, "As you will also remember she was raised for you and leaving her would be a great dishonor brought upon both the families. Something that can not be tolerated?"

"Yes sir I am quiet aware of it you do not have to worry you have my word that I will not break my father's word." He replied respectfully, the old man looked into his eyes for a moment before nodded, "That is all I ask, and Draco could you please give this package to Pansy her mother asked me to pass it on."

"I'll do that." He replied pocketing the package and said his good bys to his future father-in-law. Grinning happily he walked away not anticipating the storm that came after the calm. When he walked back in he found her cleaning his room and folding his clothes that had been scattered around the room. Walking up to her and hugging her from behind and kissed her shoulder, she squeaked in surprise, "Draco."

"Yes dear?" he teased, turning around she hugged him, "Don't do that!"

"Don't do what?" he teased, "This?"

He kissed her again on her shoulder making her cling to him, liking the feeling he began pressing kisses through her neck making her

shiver and sigh. He ran his hands down and slowly up her dress but suddenly stopped, "Your not wearing any thing underneath."

"Does it matter when I come near you." She teased he raised his eye brows, "Really? We'll see about that for the next of the whole week."

"Whole week you not coming to me?" she asked, he nodded and she began laughing, "You – you survive a whole week no ways."

"We'll see?" he asked, "We'll see and to make it more interesting I'll even get Herms to place a charm on me if I brake that within the week."

"Done." She smiled and walked with him right behind her. They marched into Severnus quartus and knocked her door. Hermione opened it dressed in a light brown bath robe that reached only up till her knees. Draco raised his eye brow, "Should we come latter?"

"No just give me two minutes." She replied closing the door, she walked out with 20 seconds to spare dressed in black cut offs and a yellow 'light me' tank top and light sandals. Her make up as usual quiet bright and her hair still a bit wet from the bath. "Yeah so what is you wanted?"

When they told her about the challenge she burst out laughing, "Let us make this more interesting shall we? Try not going to each other's beds for that time period. Shall we?"

"MIA." They yelled she laughed, "Tell you what why don't the two of you get ready for today's lunch – n – meeting will you?" she requested.

"Of course dear." Draco bent down and kissed her cheek and dragged Pansy away with him to let Hermione get ready. Fifteen minutes latter she walked out with a black jacket in her hand and a wand being stuffed (for the sake of apearences) before running out through the tunnel and into the village. Upon entering her house she noted the people she had asked for all ready seated and waiting for instructions, "Sorry about that guys got a bit late. Any ways strait to my point, I have good news as well as bad news."

“Great.” Dean smiled, “Good news is that I think we are almost ready for war, developing strategies and well pushing our selves is what is needed now. The bad news is that the war is coming much closer.”

“Who told you this nonsense Herms.... Our little grim expert?” Freed joked lightening the mood since everyone were laughing no one noticed her flinch. “Actually it’s just a few developments I noticed in daddy’s place the last time I – I snooped around.”

The whole group became serious, they know what the man meant for the girl who never had a family all her life. Cho, who knew most of the story felt her self choke. No one dared to say anything, Hermione took a deep breath. “So can we review what we have so far? When we are at it we also need some one who can develop some strategies.”

“Any one who can play chess would do Herms?” came a voice that made all of them turn around shocked.

Krishi

Hermione lay back on the bed next to Harry and Ron; Ginny had curled her self up on Harry’s chest. Harry was running his hand through her hair watching as Hermione who was enjoying the head-massage Sirius was giving her, unable to take her silence he finally asked, “What made you charm your hair into that bushy mess Herms?”

Forbidden forest

"Any one who can play chess would do Herms?" came a voice that made all of them turn around shocked. She looked around to find Charlie standing there looking quiet amused, "So this is your group?"

"A part of it what are you doing here Weasley?" she asked. "Don't be so rude Herms any ways we actually came to meet you but Dumbldore said you were out. Freed, George what are the two of you doing here by the way?"

"What do you think they are doing they are helping me out, now tell me what did you mean by the chess player?" she demanded, "Ron, he could help you out with the strategies."

"Sounds good thanks any one has any other ideas?" she turned to the group Dean got up, "Neville could assist him Hermione in filling up loop holes. He is quiet good at that."

"All right with you Neville?" she asked, "Glad to be of help Hermione."

"Great! Mind sitting down Charlie?" she asked before turning back to the group, "Any more ideas?"

"Not very sure about this Hermione but... well he could get help from the heads of the groups. You know for the main strategies and all." Cho added, Hermione nodded, "Wonderful so now the next point- yes Winky?"

"Lunch is ready miss." She replied, "Thanks love, we shall discuss over lunch. Settle down guys you too Charlie your officially in from now on."

"Why thank you what to I do?" he asked picking up a turkey sandwich, "Help us with the order will you? I don't have much time for them as well."

"Done." He replied biting into the sandwich, "Right, coming to the point I need some major details starting with the kind of protection we can place on the school. All right I want a list of details regarding the

wards, the flying stunts and I need a list of dangerous plants with a brief on each. Also I want a list of possible dark uses of elements as well. When can I have this – discuss and let me know ‘morrow max.”

Dean who was writing down on their note pads raised his hand, “Question.”

“Shoot mate.” She encouraged picking up another sandwich, “Can we get any information on what the founders placed on the school?”

“I can get that but give me a week or so.” She replied writing that down in her green note pad, “Any thing else?”

“Yeah the order is going to have a problem.” Charlie added looking worried, “Albus is on our side though he does not know who is in the group. Don’t worry about that though the order would stop of from development. Any ideas?”

“Nothing from us.” Draco replied after a moment when everyone looked cast fallen, “Why don’t we open it in the larger group?”

“We could do that – great.” Hermione nodded and the others agreed, “Those were the major issues so is there any other problem needs to be discussed.”

“Nothing at the moment why don’t we get back with this and then we can take the next step?” Neville asked as they placed their limejuice glasses down and wiped their hands on the napkins and winding up. “I’ll message so keep the bracelets on.”

“By Herms...” some of them called as they port-keyed away, Freed and George hung back with Charlie as Draco, Pansy and Blaise used the floo to get some material from their homes. After a quick word the twins apparated away leaving Charlie and Hermione alone, “Quiet an organization you have girl.”

“Thanks and again what are you doing here?” she asked, “Actually I came to tell you the great ones want to meet you some time. When ever you can make it and by the way inside the place you can’t holograph or holograph through either.”

"Got it...but for now I can't say when I can come but one thing is sure. I will come." She added, Charlie nodded, "That is all I ask."

"Good because I kind of need to get to a meeting." She replied Charlie nodded and walked her to the club again. "You sure you don't need me to come with you?"

"I'm used to this thanks." She replied going in and smiled at the girl on the desk, "Hi Hermione Larry is in room no. 15, told you to come in directly."

"Great thanks." She waved and went down the corridor and knocked the door, "Come on in! Hi Hermione."

"Hay Larry so ready to..." he waved her down to the cot and she lay down closing her eyes as he applied the medicine on her hand preparing for the bite. A bite that surprisingly never came, "I c-can't..."

"What?" she yelled, "Why?"

"Your beautiful you know that?" he asked suddenly she felt a cold run through her heart and moved her hand away, "I – I need to go."

"But Hermione your..." before he could finish she was out the door shaking her old memories rushing into her mind past the barriers. Flashback That pale man who had been visiting quiet often stepping down to her level and running a hand through her lips. "Your quiet beautiful you know that dreary? When you grow up you'll have many men come for you."

Hermione at that time was only five yet it shook to the grounds she walked on. Larry's pale vampire skin that second reminded her of that man who used to so often visit. The man who visited her so often in her nightmares wanting to make her cry. The man she could never run away from, the man who was so strange that it made him even scarier. End of Flashback Crying softly as possible she rushed back to the school and dashed directly into the staff room tears following out of her eyes. The whole room was empty except for Sirius who sat

correcting some essays and drinking some tea. Looking up at the sound he put away his cup and got up, "Herms honey what's wrong?"

He simply wrapped his arms around her and let her cry into his chest. Fifteen minutes latter she curled up on his lap and wept bitterly. Slowly running a hand through her hair he hushed her and kissed her hair, "Now tell your uncle Siri what made his little girl cry so much?"

She gave him a watery smile, "Can I call you that or would you prefer uncle padfoot?"

"Uncle padfoot, now tell me what's wrong?" he asked running a hand through her hair. She curled into him and told him everything. The abuse, the memories and the childhood she had he wrapped an arm around her and let her cry again feeling a heavy heart. He Sirius Black placed her in such a place. He had suspected her. He had... Merlin he could not think of it. She continued crying in to his shoulder till suddenly the door opened, he looked up and stiffened up. "Umm... Snape – I mean Severnus..."

"Papa..." she jumped of his lap and went up to her guardian and hugged him, "Chocolate."

He did not rely only gave her a one arm hug and rubbed her shoulder, "Had a good cry?"

"Yeah ended up spoiling uncle Padfoot's shirt." She smiled but Severnus only rolled his eyes, "Uncle Padfoot now is it? I only came to tell you your patient is much better now. Enough to release her into the world and do be careful."

"Thanks papa... I'll take care of everything." She replied going away to do her work leaving the men alone. "See that you have changed your views Black."

"I – I have now that we are fighting on the same side." Sirius replied, "Umm listen I – I'm sorry for what I did with you. I kind of took out my anger for me on my family."

"I know.... It's over don't think about it Bla- Sirius." He corrected, the man nodded, "Thanks Severus umm listen I was wondering if you.... If you.... What's wrong? Is he calling?"

"Yeah could you tell Albus?" he asked, the DDA teacher nodded as the other man stepped into the flames and went to his rooms. "Surprising what it takes to get two enemies to become friends..."

"Hi Shalaka!" Sirius grinned, "Don't pull that trick with me Black there is no way I am even doing any of your work for you."

"Actually I was hoping you would have a private dinner with me..." he smiled, she raised her eyebrow, "and what is this with you and asking co-workers on dates?"

"Is that a yes or a no?" he shot back, "Yes I would go with you for a dinner."

"Tomorrow at seven?" he asked, "Sure."

Hermione walked out the staff room wiping the last of her tears when Sam stopped her for a moment. "Sorry Mia got a bit late."

"It's all right... so what is it you wanted to talk to me about?" she asked looking into his eyes, "Can we go some place else?"

"Chamber bedroom fine with you?" she asked, "More than fine."

Seeing the smile on his face and went with her... they wasted practically no time once they got into the bedroom. Half an hour later.... Hermione pulled over her top again casually, "You are the only girl who simply gets up right after you come."

"I know." She replied pulling on her shoes and walking up to the mirror to wash off the make up and applied some fresh ones on before brushing her hair. "Besides I don't like hanging around after getting what I want. Listen I am going to get some coffee and start working on an assessment want to join me? For the coffee..."

"Only the coffee." He replied pulling on his own clothes and going with her to the corridors, "Hay forgot, Shalaka wanted to meet you."

"SHIT! Totally forgot thanks for reminding me, I'll take the coffee with me then..." she replied, "Why don't you come with me?"

"Right now?" he asked, "Can't kind of have a study date with Pansy's friend Rachel."

"Have fun." Hermione smiled, "You try focus on what she says will you... and not on her prospective B.F?"

"You mean uncle padfoot? Not a chance." She replied opening the door to the kitchen and yelling for Winky. "Two take away coffees and some eatables on the double. Anything for you Sam?"

"Yeah some tea and cookies." He replied giving her a better explain look, taking the package Winky handed her she went out and walked towards the residential protectors quartos, "May I come in?"

"Yes... o hi Hermione sit down dear. There was something I wanted to discuss with you for some time now."

"Coffee? Got us some on the way..." She replied, "Good thinking and as I said there are something I need to talk to you about starting with your powers."

"Nooo...." Hermione groaned, Shalaka replied, "Yes! Now sit properly and wipe that look of your face. Mia you..."

"Can listen to her lecture latter." Avlone smiled at her, "Really?"

"Really child because I need to talk to Shalaka right now." He added in a no argument tone, Hermione nodded and stepped out of the room leaving the coffee there... Shalaka turned to Avlone and looked at him questioningly, "What is it father?"

"Her birthday is closing in." he reminded her, "She is going to turn fifteen this year."

"I know... this year w-we need to tell her everything." She sighed, "There is more child she would need to learn much more about controlling her powers and combining them."

"This is the year is it no?" Shalaka asked, Avalon nodded, "This is the year the prophesy of Merilin shall come true..."

"Yes this is the year..." he sighed sipping some coffee, "Is the Potter boy ready?"

"Nearly I have not been watching him that closely though had to have my eyes on Black... it is fine now." She added, the old man nodded, "How is that lady...the one she..."

"Casandra? Don't know I have to ask her about the woman father. I do know she is back in the world though. Apart from that nothing." Shalaka looked guilty but the older man smiled, "Then you must ask Hermione about the woman. She is quiet important for the mission she holds knowledge that is quiet deep and pure..."

Krishi

Hermione lay back on the bed next to Harry and Ron; Ginny had curled her self up on Harry's chest. Harry was running his hand through her hair watching as Hermione who was enjoying the head-massage Sirius was giving her, unable to take her silence he finally asked, "What made you charm your hair into that bushy mess Herms?"

Forbidden forest

Potter Manor

Harry sat down on the couch pulling a cushion on his lap as Sirius and Hermione were running around. Despite being Hermione's best friend in big brother in more than one way he had never seen this side of her ever. Pink had really brought out more than just her feminine side, though he never saw much of it. The pink dress and the pink bangles she wore really brought out her feminine side, she hardly looked like the eleven year old he saved from the toll. He looked every bit like the woman she was slowly growing into. Sirius looked so different in cotton trousers and a white button up shirt, nothing like the man who snarled at him from behind the photograph back in third year. Ginny sat next to him and wrapped an arm around his waist and leaning on his shoulder. Thank Merlin for the muscle shirts Moony insisted on me buying... he just could not get over the feeling of her on his shoulder,

"She's beautiful isn't she?" Ginny whispered, he turned and looked at her soft brown dress that was pulled up by those thin straps. He loved them, "Not as much as you..."

"You always say that honey." She replied pressing her face into his brown camouflage trousers and stretching out on the couch more comfortably. He moved her hair so that the brown stone earrings don't wind into her hair the way she hated it. She looked at him slowly before finally speaking, "How many more days Harry?"

"How many more days before what honey?" he asked, "Before we initiate her..."

"I don't know but so much I know we'll talk to her soon." Harry replied looking up just as Lilly walked in, dressed for once in long dark green robes that brought out her eyes, "How cute just the seen I need to see before we eat."

"Mum!" Ginny and Harry cursed as Sirius put the bowl of chips on the table near the dip and Hermione sat down near Harry bumping into him gently, "Finished playing around?"

"No ways big b, just taking a light brake... aunty can we have some juice of something?" she requested, "Sure honey Hades the lemonade?"

"Coming mistress." The elf called as Hermione picked up some chips and scooped the dip, "Hmm aunty no one can make dip like you do."

"I know." Lilly laughed sitting on a singlet near them as James and Remus walked in holding a large stack of parchments each. Both of them were dressed in brown work robes that looked nearly soaked, "That much work?"

"That much work we need to go though..." Remus replied, "Where do I put them?"

"Place them their Remus I'll start working on them soon." He nodded and put them away, "What is the status on your side Hermione?"

"Back pain and sore muscles..." she muttered, Remus laughed out before stretching and pulling her into a hug, James smiled, "Don't pamper her Moony she already has Lilly and Sev pampering her..."

"Since when did you address papa as Sev James?" Hermione shot back pulling Remus next to her and snuggling into Remus more comfortably, "Possessive?"

"Curious." She shot back giving him a look as Remus wrapped his arm around her waist to keep her there. Lilly rolled her eyes as Hades floated the glasses over to the guests who helped them selves. "Hmm Aunty lemonade is really good..."

"You've got an owl." James told her as a bird flew in and dropped an envelope on her lap, "It's from Jasmine... wow this is thick."

Ripping it open the girl read the letter sent to her,

My dearest child,

I hope my letter finds you in good health and shining happiness. Is your family going well after the arrival of the young ones? In your last correspondence you said that you had a certain amount of problem with your teacher, is it all right now or should I throw in a word to the headmaster? If the situation arises so I shall be willing to interfere with a talented solicitor in case there are any slips. You would not have to worry about that; after all it was my work (as you are probably aware of) that stopped you from trouble when you last slipped. You could of course always mention the little incident to him though.

Dear child the real reason I am writing this is because I am afraid that your theory was right. The theory you spoke to me about in your last letter on the mark. Putting on great difficulty and a few spells that were very necessary we (my self and my wonderful team) have uncovered some resources that trace those marks back a long time. Much more than you thought they were possible when you wrote to me. Mia – the serpent and the skull were planted there they were not developed. They were planted, Mia honey do be careful on what you do, I have collected so far I have copied for you into the parchment holding the use of some complicated charms. You may be aware of their charm. Please read what is pasted below especially the one marked!

The snake has always been associated with the dark magic over a long period of time. Reality of the act though is that snake venom has always had the ability to enhance some of the potions effects. This has been true for a long time with very ancient potions that date back even behind the time of Merlin. Some of the potions used had made even self-destruction possible....

"Lills y-you better look at this!" Hermione muttered handing her the parchment, the woman looked confused before accepting the letter. As she read through (James doing so over her shoulder) what Jasmine had to say to her. Sighing a bit Hermione excused her self and stepped out into one of the inside rooms shaking. The picture was too clear, the memories... memories that had scared her to near death. Tears gushed down her eyes as she flopped down memories gushing through her mind once again, Flashback Hermione had come down one night for a drink when she hear a woman begging a man... what it was she could not understand. Peeking into the room

she saw an Indian woman, not older than eighteen or twenty screaming and begging for the man to get off her. The woman by the looks of it was dressed in light blue pajamas they normally wore and had something red above her forehead. Even as a young girl she did not know why but she felt her self gripped to the sight that was so common in this house. Except hearing the woman's broken English she gathered the man was her husband's friend... and she wanted nothing to do with this. The man above her only laughed meanly before sending his hand... End of Flashback She heard someone yelling her name, "HERMIONE! HERMIONE your safe... nothing will happen to you."

"U-uncle Siri?" she muttered suddenly wrapping an arm around her and crying bitterly. "Shh honey it's fine your safe your safe."

"Re-really?" she asked looking at him, "Really... there is no one who could hurt you now honey."

"What if they do?" she asked, Sirius pulled her on his lap and said, "Then give me the same treatment you gave me."

"Uncle Siri!" she cried hugging him, "I know you did not mean any of them, I can feel emotions from your side remember..."

"How could I forget that..." he false sighed, "Listen why don't you take a nap and I'll come and get you for dinner?"

"Yeah I'll do that... thanks uncle Padfoot." She replied climbing into bed, "You sure you can sleep in that?"

"Hmm...." She shrugged Sirius smiled, "Hades..."

"Yes Mr. Black sir? He came and asked, "Can you get some bed clothes for Mia and some milk as well?"

"Yes Mr. Black sir Hades will do that for you." He replied popping away a minute later he returned with a silver tray holding a grey nightdress set. Near it was a goblet filled with milk. "Thanks Hades I'll take it from this point!"

Placing the tray on the table she picked up the clothes and walked into the bathroom before she came back out in a silk robe wrapped around her waist. Sirius looked up and smiled, "Good your ready now gulp some of this down and you can sleep."

"No you feed me the milk." She replied, Sirius sighed and helped her hop into bed and picked up the glass of milk, "You know uncle Siri there are only three people who can make me drink my milk."

"Really who?" he asked stroking her hair, "First is mummy, then there is daddy -"

"Daddy?" he asked.

"Yeah! Daddy my dad..." she replied, it took Sirius a moment to understand before he smiled, "You call him daddy?"

"What else would I call him?" she asked, "Take your milk honey you need some sleep..."

Pressing the glass to her lips he tipped it up forcing the milk into her, "Good girl now sleep..." he kissed her forehead and tucked her in, instantly she fell asleep. Sirius stayed there and stroked her hair gently till he felt some one come there. "Thanks that's the second time you've done my job."

"Is that was she is to you?" he asked, "A job?"

"No she's much more than that..." Severnus replied, "She's the first person who loved me unconditionally. She is the first person who waited up for me before eating dinner... she is the first person who shared brake fast with me in summers. She was the first person who actually reached out to me when I was feeling terrible. She was the first person who could understand what it meant to be a spy... she was the first person I could call my daughter in public."

"Sorry she did mean a lot to you isn't she?" he asked, "She means a lot to me Sirius."

"She was abused a lot was she not?" he asked, the other man nodded silently, "She's going to miss him a lot... I know it."

"Does he ever – do he ever?" Severus shook his head, "Not once never. She is still a child though a child who needs care."

"Yeah she is... she is! God dam it I can't believe how I treated her..." he sighed running a hand through his hair, "I know you did not mean it, she knows too..."

"Yeah – yeah she told me but why her? Why is she..." he stopped, "Tea is served... Lilly wants us there come."

"Sure come on lets go." He replied getting up leaving the sleeping girl there... just as the door closed she opened her eyes and cried her pain out. She felt so alone even though she had so many people around her at all times. Half latter Harry, Ron and Ginny decided to join her seeing she was up... Sirius let her put his head on her lap and slowly began running his hands through her hair in an intimate way.

Hermione lay back on the bed next to Harry and Ron; Ginny had curled her self up on Harry's chest. Harry was running his hand through her hair watching as Hermione who was enjoying the head-massage Sirius was giving her, unable to take her silence he finally asked, "What made you charm your hair into that bushy mess Herms?"

"Harry when I was in the orphanage I was abused so badly that there was nothing I could do..." tears filled her eyes but she continued, "I did not want that to happen in school and since there was nothing else that would make me look bad my hair was the only thing I could change. So... well you know the rest."

"The sorting hat was right about putting you in Gryffindor Herms no one else could have survived it so well." Ron complimented her earning a smile from the girl, "Thanks Ron."

"KIDS DINNER'S READY COME DOWN." Lilly yelled, Hermione smiled thanking her stars dinner at Potter's was quiet an informal

occasion. She sat down next to Harry and filled her plate with some of the food that was served. Though she did sit, dinner was something she never had as the phone rang, "Hello?"

"Mia I need you to come to the cottage now, one of the patients are having a major emergency." She sighed and looked at Lilly, "Aunty please pack up my dinner I need to go out I'll come and eat."

"Sure honey." Lilly smiled watching as the girl ran out looking quiet worried, "Fifteen minutes babes."

Cottage near Riddle Manor

Hermione rushed in looking quit tensed, "What's wrong?" Her reply was in the faces of three worried looking people.

Forbidden forest

Cottage near Riddle Manor

Hermione rushed in looking quite tensed, "What's wrong?" Her reply was in the faces of three worried looking people. "Alright where is the bloody patient?"

"Right this way misses." One of the women led her inside to a small room set aside for serious cases. There on the small hay bed laid a man who looked only a few years older than her but a beard covered his face. His eyes were closed but there were scratch marks on them, the clothes were ripped beyond identification and there were quite deep wounds all over him. She felt a strange feeling in her heart, as if she knew him quite well she knew him a bit too well. Reaching out for his hand she quietly checked his magic level and his pulse it was there, he had a chance of to survive. A very small chance of survival but he had a chance, she knew what to do this time. "Get me some mandrake juice right now double dose quick."

"Miss...." One of them handed her a glass she quickly pressed it to the man's lips forcing it into him. Just as she gulped it down checking his pulse all the time, it began rising. "Half a dose of blood repressing now..." Half an hour later she bound the wounds with powerful medicines and got up, "He should open his eyes in twenty four hours, if he does not contact me if he does again contact me. Keep a close watch on his progress I want an hour-by-hour report with minutes on anything abnormal."

"All right then Miss." The woman replied as Hermione checked the pulse of the person again, "By the looks of it the person had faced terrible wounds but you don't have to worry. Make sure you change the bandages every hour as well."

"We will mistress and thank you for coming to our aid." She thanked Hermione nodded, "He had this with him miss hope you can find something."

Hermione took the large back-pack and began looking through to see if she could find anything on that man. There was a water bottle on

the side space of the bag. Inside were several spaces set up for putting things away magically. At least we know he is a wizard. Aah what is this... there was a map of some place with some strange marks on it. Strange chap really but by the looks of it he is into some mission.

Apart from the files there were few other things that I noted about the things. He had some weaponry and even some strange books in some kind of code. That much she could identify, "All right keep the bag away and do not touch anything in it all right."

Potter Manor

Hermione sat down on the end of the table since everyone had finished their meal, Lilly sat on her usual seat and ran a hand through her hair. "Are you all right dear?"

"I'll be fine aunty it's just today's case was quiet complicated..." she sighed leaning into her touch, Lilly rubbed her shoulder gently and told her to eat something. "You'll feel better once you have some thing Mia..."

"Where's Harry?" she asked digging in, "He's gone to finish some essays."

"Great." She dug into the dinner as Lilly poured the wine for her, Hermione gulped down the soup hungrily. Hades brought in the salad and set it before her. As she worked her way through the meal Lilly worked her though some of the latest findings on the ancient magic. "They are using a combination of arithmacy, runes and the cosmic calculations that is set by the astronomical calculations."

"So basically what they did was combined magic with logic. Amazing!" she sighed Lilly patted her head and went back to the meal as Lilly went on about the possible charms placed on those places. Hermione continued her dinner listening and nodding at the right points, "So basically I need to get the information about where what charms are placed, done."

“There is a lot more than that princess you need to know what are the dark foundations placed in the chamber.” She added, Hermione looked up for a moment before biting her meat, “Seven danger points, only a pure blood or half-blood can go across those points. In other words children with no history of magic in their blood can go inside. Seven places where there are books on the dark arts and other dangerous art effects. Out of them three can not be accessed without the use of the password. Two chambers set aside for the nurturing of some of his pets, I’ve exposed them to very strong sleeping gases so that they won’t wake up for a few years and sealed the place magically.”

“Princess is there anything you have left undone?” she asked, “Nothing as yet... for now. Hmm finished...”

“Desert?” Lilly asked placing some hot chocolate in front of Hermione, “Thanks... tastes great.”

“Aunty I’ll be going to daddy’s place tonight. “All right when will you come back honey?”

“Day after... tomorrow is my birthday and it is on a Sunday so I thought I could spend the day with him...” she looked down, “Have a nice time honey.”

“I will aunty good night.” She hugged Lilly and left the place on her bike.

Dark Side Head Quarts

The dark lord lay holding a beautiful woman in each arm under those sheets. One was a beautiful dark blond haired woman another had deep red hair both clad in dresses that exposed more than covered. The red haired was busy kissing him all over his arms and shoulders when the other was letting him eat her face. On the corner was a glass prison holding two death eaters imprisoned... their eyes burning at the sight... he continued to kiss the blond as his hands pressed around the other’s breasts. She began sighing as leaning into his touch as he let go of the woman’s lips. “Ladies I’d like a show...”

Both the women got up and smiled sweetly at him waiting as he slipped on a night robe and sat on the couch... though a show was something he never got that night. There was a loud thud in a room nearby distracting him followed by a few bangs. He sighed, "What did you do this time Bella?"

Quickly throwing on some robes he walked up into his daughter's room to find the girl in question throwing a large bag right at his death eater. "What's wrong dear?"

"Daddy finally!" she sighed, "Just look at this idiot will you? I tell her to get me those light baby pink dress robes for my evening party and she gets the grey ones. WHAT PART OF GET THE PINK DRESS ROBES DID YOU NOT UNDERSTAND?"

"I am sorry princess I... it was a mistake." Bella stammered, Hermione got even more irritated, "Too bad you can't afford mistakes. Why the hell can you get it you fucking bitch there are wizards coming from all over! We need their aid I need to look good not magnetic but good."

By the time the teen was finished the older woman was shaking nearly in tears. It took nearly three minutes of work from Dark Lord to pull the girl away. Finally she sighed and picked up a packet and pulled out one cigarette. Lighting it she began smoking one after the other... her father sighed, "What's wrong honey?"

"Everything daddy!" she sighed, "This is my first birthday party. I don't know what to do. You can't learn these things from a book. I'm going to change into some night clothes."

Voldemort turned to Bellatrix, "I did not realize she never had a birthday party my lord."

"Who did you expect to give her a birthday party Potter?" he snapped looking away from the bathroom where his daughter had gone to change, Bella looked down muttering, "I did not mean it that way my lord. I assumed Severus would have..."

"You assumed wrong Bella Severus is not a very social man and his throwing a party for a Gryffindor mud blood would arouse questions." He snapped, "I'm sorry master that did not strike me..."

"When did anything Bella?" Hermione asked coming out tying the green mid-thigh length robes as she had over her nightdress, "Daddy I want some hot chocolate before going to sleep."

"You will get some honey... Roxon." He called and the head-house elf appeared there, "Yes master?"

"A hot chocolate for my daughter now." He ordered, what both of them did not know was a small plump man stood in the shadows watching the exchange between the father and daughter. Quietly slipping out he walked all the way to the outskirts of the building before turning him self into a rat, there was some one who must know about the progress. A man who was quiet important in Hermione's life.

A small room in the Temple of Athena

Avalon passed up and down the floor looking more than just worried, he looked terrified. His pure white robes blowing around him, "She... she actually hurt the woman? She yelled at her for a mere dress making her father come to see what's going on?"

"Yes sir, she did... the whole mansion shook by the way she acted." Peter replied shaking his head, the dirty robes he wore a strait contrast to that of his host. The man who was his mentor and true master. The man who could ask him to kill his best friends and he would do it only to keep Hermione safe. He nearly did destroy the man he loved (as more than just a friend) by placing him in hell for nearly twelve of his life. The man he destroyed his friendship for... and betrayed James and Lilly. The man who urged him to make sure it was Harry who was the marked one. The man who commanded him to become the pet of a wizard family... who by luck had a son befriending the son of his old friend. His true master, the man he would lay his life down for at a mere request, "Her excess magic was practically oozing out of her..."

The man's eyes flashed at the last statement, with fear, "Peter, this could be dangerous. If her magic goes out of control then there could be a serious damage. Considering her heritage and everything about her..."

"Because she is the heir of Slytherine?" Peter asked, "Or is it because of her father being a strong wizard as well?"

"Er... there is more to the story Peter." Avalon sighed; Peter began looking at him like he just grew a new head. "I'm listening."

"Why don't you have a bath and change into something else... this is going to be quite a long night for us my friend." He sighed, Peter made no more to leave before saying, "I trusted you... I hope to trust you after what you have to say."

Avalon slowly nodded as his most trusted servant went out of the room. He knew that the whole future was at the balance... based on what he would say. He had to judge his words carefully and present his story with care. Peter after all was more than just his trusted soldier, he was his biggest ally and his strongest spy. The only person he could trust with this knowledge outside the circle. The only man he could trust with his life... and Hermione's life. Sighing he opened out his heart, "What do you know about Windy's father?"

"Nothing... no one does... not even her uncle who raised her all her life." He sighed, "All that is known about Nadine Sofymore is that she died in child birth leaving the little girl with her brother and his wife."

"Nadine Sofymore went missing for a short period before her pregnancy... she actually went missing near the mountains of Cartias." Avalon paused for effect, "Cartias... what about them?"

Forbidden forest

08/02/2008 11:17:00

Dark H.Q – Hermione's rooms

Hermione stretched out next to her father tucking her self in his arms and looked at him. "Daddy tell me a story..."

"Story? All right... has Severus told you about the Cartias?" she looked blank, "All right then listen closely as I tell you. Once upon a time in a far away a village lived a man called Rowan. Rowan was a well-known and well-loved man in his village... he was also a very good-looking bachelor adored by many girls in the village. He was one of the most brilliant men as well... but he was certainly no ordinary man. He was a powerful wizard..."

"Wizard?" Hermione whispered, "Then what was he doing in that village daddy?"

"Yes honey a powerful wizard... a wizard who found it within his power to control snakes... he was in search of something in the village. Something that could help him gain a great treasure..." the dark lord smiled at his daughters wide eyed attention, "... a treasure he wanted very badly. A treasure that could make him so powerful that no one could touch him. A treasure called Halacost... Halacost was not a mere treasure alone it had a legend behind it. A legend that many believed to have had a basis of truth. A treasure than would bring to the finder an abundant power. The power to control the five elements.. The sword of Shaza. A powerful sword that could give it's master the power over the elements. Rowan was a man who was brilliant but he had a thirst for power. Power that had always been denied to him, but he did not leave it but constantly looked for it. Going after legend after legend... village after village helping the muggles with potions in return of information and stories. Looking for the clues at each point of time going from one place to the other till he reached the village. It was some were in this village that healed the key to one of the largest powers ever... it was some were around the village this village this sword was hidden. One night when the storm

was going to come in a strange things happened there was a knock on the door. Rowan was surprised because none of the villagers ever came to see him at this time of the night till today. When he opened the door he found a beautiful girl standing there. A sheet of unshed tears in her eyes, in a fearful voice she asked... 'Please sir come help my father he is so sick.'

Rowan felt his heart beat go up; this girl was the chief's daughter... the one man who had the scrolls to the treasure. Seeing the opportunity he left with some potions to see the old man and sure enough he was very sick. So sick that there was blood coming out of his mouth as he laid in bed... our wizard being the man he was poured some thing into his mouth. A strong drink that got the man betters instantly. The old man was so happy that he offered Rowan anything he wanted... and Rowan asked for the map of the legend. The old man not knowing what it was gave it to him happily. That night suddenly Rowan had disappeared form the village and so did the daughter of the chief. Three days latter the girl was found in tattered clothes dead... no one knew what happened to her. Since then every ten years a strange girl has been a girl who's body lay on the banks exactly where the girl's body was. Legend says Rowan woke up a monster that was guarding the treasure. A monster that needed to be satisfied every ten years with lust... since then every time a girl was found dead the villagers burned the girl's body to keep in peace with the monster. No one knows what the monster looked like... but till date every ten years a girl dies and is placed on the alter."

"Wow daddy..." Hermione sighed, "It sounded so realistic so... true."

"I know I have that talent dear now sleep you need your rest." He told her making her close her eyes. Soon her breathing was steady and she fell asleep curling into Voldemort in her sleep. He wrapped his arm around her placing the blanket securely around them and fell asleep him self. Her grip was too tight to move away from even if he wished to do so...

Next Day Morning

Hermione woke up to a breeze and the smell of something very nice... "Hmm good morning."

"Happy birthday princess." Her eyes flew open, "Daddy! Thank you... thank you..."

Voldemort balanced himself as she practically leapt on him and hugging him, "Wow some one is energetic. Why don't you go wash up and come. Then we can have a breakfast."

"Be right back." She smiled running into the bathroom. Voldemort sat down and began reading the newspaper as the sound of a tap being turned on came from the bathroom. There was nothing that was new, that much. He turned page after page when suddenly a hand crept up behind him and hugged him, "Daddy I'm ready."

"Come forward and let daddy take a look at you..." he replied pulling her forward and smiled when he saw the new dress she wore. It was a mid-thigh length green skirt with silver thread work and a green top within. Over it was a third piece of dress that was quiet similar to the skirt. Her hair was set up partly with some hairpins letting her brown eyes get highlighted even more. She smiled at her father happily... he looked mesmerized at the beautiful girl in front of him. The silver necklace she wore with emeralds and matching earrings. The light makeup she wore and the soft expression reminded him of the only woman he loved – her mother. "Mia? You look so beautiful."

"Thanks daddy..." she replied sitting on his lap, "I'm hungry when can we eat?"

"Today we are having a private breakfast princess... just you and your daddy." He replied snapping his fingers. Four house-elves appeared holding a large tray of dishes. "Hmm all my favorites daddy pancakes with chocolate syrup. Orange juice... scrambled eggs and bacon? Wow!"

"Come let eat this and start your special birth day shall we?" he asked as she poured out the tea for the two of them. "So what is in the schedule today?"

"A lot of things... after breakfast we are going to shop disguised though you can't be seen with me. We are going to get you lot of things for the rest of the day till lunch. Lunch is going to be a party comes lunch out in the gardens. Then after lunch you and your friends are going to have a private party. Your style!"

"Really daddy thanks you so much." She replied hugging him, "Not a problem honey sit down and let's eat."

Peter watched outside looking at the sunrise as his mind wandered back to what he had been told about. Flashback "The mountains of Cartias are where Rowan is said to have lived."

"Rowan... Rowan of the Halacost? I thought it was a legend..." Peter replied, "No... Rowan was not a mere wizard. He was a very powerful one... but he had a horax (sp?) placed away from the eyes of everyone. He continues to live but a cursed as a life. That of a monster that gains lust every ten years... every ten years a girl of purity is taken up and she unpurified for a sacrifice. Only then he lives and lives on... each time a girl kept dying till it was Nadine who was taken away. She had survived but with out much life left in her. That was when it happened... they found her pregnant with Windy and ended up dying in childbirth. She had only enough time to give the girl a name before she... she died."

"So Hermione is..." Peter shuddered, "Yes Rowan's granddaughter she is partly a monster. She holds the elemental powers within her but she does not know much about it. Peter the girl is a the decedent of two very dangerous wizards apart from her father. Slytherine and Malcom the evil."

"M-malcom the evil..." Peter repeated, "Rowan – Rowan is the Malcom Tharus the man who killed Griffndor?"

"The very same..." Avalon replied, "Peter you must protect the girl with your life. She needs all the help she can get."

"I will... I will protect her with more than just my life." He whispered... End of Flashback "I will protect her with more than just my life... I will protect her with my soul and being." The direction of the winds

suddenly changed and blew into his room. The flame grew from the small candle till suddenly there was a woman magnetizing the light towards her. Her soft bright flame dress, her strawberry blond hair blew about even with out the wind, "Do you really Peter?"

Despite her powerful presentation Peter looked directly into her beautiful red eyes and spoke the words, "Till I depart this world."

"If that is your choice then so be it." The lady suddenly disappeared leaving an unconscious Peter behind.

Hermione came in laughing as her father waved his wand to send the bags away, "And what did those children do?"

"One of them ended up crying like babies." Her father laughed, "Really daddy?"

"Trust me love... ready for your lunch and party?" he asked, "Give me thirty minutes I kind of need to go change out of these. Why don't you go see if everything is ready?"

"I'll do that much for you..." he replied, "Thank you daddy."

Running up to her room she quickly washed away the make up and changed into a beautiful brown halter neck set in a zig zac pattern floating as she walked. Her hair was left totally open as the brown heels she wore constantly clicked to the floor. Many of the passing death eaters stopped to wish her a few to even check her out, till a sight brought her to a halt and raise her eye brow. "Some one looks hot."

"Thanks Mia you do to!" Draco smiled and kissed her on her cheeks, "Happy birth day princess."

"Thanks Draco so where's Pans?" she asked looking around not being able to find the girl, "She's with Stephen Malfoy and her father..."

Hermione laughed liking her arm with Draco's as he escorted her to the garden, "So that is why the long face."

“That’s why the long face...” she teased, “That’s why the long face. I really don’t get it Mia why would they hold her there if they want us to get married. All this because mum and dad are now married and Stephen has the ‘custody over me’ so they are reassuring the bond. Don’t they realize I am all ready feeling attracted to her.”

“Drac no offence mate but you have not touched her for the last week.” Hermione countered, “Does it even matter?”

“No.. wow hold it did Draco Malfoy just say that sex is not the basis of a relationship?” she teased, “Hay I have not had sex with you and we have a good relationship going.”

“I’m your friend.” She reminded him, “I meant romantic relationships.”

“Aah I agree I did think so previously but lot of things have changed from now and then so the answer is no.” he replied, “How ‘bout you? What are your ideas on relationships?”

“Nothing – I am either into one night or flings no strings attached.” She replied, “Right! Aaan my lady your party venue has arrived.”

“Thank you kind sir.” She replied graciously as the doors opened. The room was beautiful with the use of powerful charms they had made it a outside lunch. The whole place was beautiful having green grass... trees... blossoms and a wonderfully set dinning table. Soft music, dances and laughter – some thing she always wanted. It was now her party! The one she always wanted.

A/N: Sorry guys but I’ve not had a proper b’day party so I can’t really write about it. That’s why I’m kind of changing the track of the story.

Hogwarts: Snape’s private rooms

Sirius walked through the floo and looked around for Narcissia. She was holding the babies and playing with them on the couch humming a soft lullaby. “Good afternoon Mrs. Snape.”

"Hello Sirius." She dragged, Severnus walked out of his lab pulling over his robes stopped a minute when he saw Sirius, "She is at her father's place."

"Err I know actually it was the two of you I needed to have a chat with... about her." Sirius added at their skeptical looks, "Besides it is kind of important."

Severnus sat down next to his wife and wrapped an arm around her, "What is it?"

"How old was she when she started identified that power of hers? The one similar to a dememtor..." Sirius asked, "When she was near twelve right after the whole chamber incidents."

"Her power to control the elements?" Sirius pushed, "When she was staying with the elves."

"Right and the involvement of wandless magic?" Severnus shrugged, "Since she began school... her wand was only a aiding tool. What is your point Sirius?"

"My point being if she is so powerful why could she not fight that squib? After all magical children do have magical bursts when some one is trying to harm them." He replied, "She does not recall anything like that. My question is are you sure she was truly abused and not placed under false memories?"

"No I checked her wounds and I found some physical traces of abuse. There are no false memories or any other charms that can do such things. That is quiet clear!"

"He was no squib then Severnus." Sirius replied, "There were some very powerful spells that had suppressed her powers. He was either a wizard or he was some thing more."

"Something more?" Narcissia looked up at him surprisingly, "I think he was a mixed bread of some kind. I've got some people to investigate this on other excuses they will be giving me a report quiet soon."

“Great! Thanks Sirius but with the dark lords issues would it not be kind of strange for the people?” Severnus asked, “Not the way I set it up, I said those people were trying to stop the people from joining Voldemort so it’s fine... Aah the first report package has arrived.”

A brown ministry owl flew down and dropped a package on Sirius’ lap. “Let’s see what the old dragon has to say shall we?”

Opening the package he turned it around along with the rolls of parchment came a long thick silver chain along with a locket and letter in a separate package. Sirius opened it and read it aloud, “Sir this was found among the properties of one of the girls. She said it belonged to one of the women involved nothing more. On inspection I found several traces of magic on the chain and locket please take a look at it. There is something strange about the locket.”

“Sirius can I look at the chain?” Narcissia asked putting the children in to the mobile bed and picking up the locket in her hand, “These? How could this be possible? There is only one such set in the whole world.”

“This is any important chain and locket?” Sirius asked, Narcissia nodded, “This chain belonged to Slytherine but it was sold away to some strange person a long time ago. At least that was the story that had been going around.”

“A Slytherine locket? Hay Herms said that Salazar Slytherine was quiet unhappy with his family at a point of time. So much he hid away most of the...” Severnus added but Narcissia shook her head, “No this one was in the family for a very long time actually. Till the last male in the line but he gave it to some one. A lover if I’m right but nothing more is known about it...”

“A lover? All right I’ll talk to Hermione about it, see if she can find out something about this.” Severnus replied, Sirius shook his head, “It’s all right I’ll talk to her myself. Thanks anyway...”

“Great, we need to go to her party now I’ll try and talk to her...” Narcissia offered but Sirius turned her down, “It’s all right don’t let her

know for now please, at least till I am done with my reports. After that I'll talk to her my self."

Dark Quartos: Hermione's Birth Day Dinner and Dance

Narcissia and Severnus stood by the door of the hall greeting the birthday guests; being the 'guardians' it was their prime duty. Narcissia smiled at each of them radiating a dangerous beauty dressed in a beautiful red halter neck dress that dipped a bit too low in the front and cut too deep at the back. The only thing holding it together was a small string of red... she wore her hair up in a bun with a string of rubies holding them up. A beautiful diamond and ruby mixed set of earrings dangled down. The bracelet she wore adding to the whole glamour... near her husband in his usual black. The dark lord sat at his throne on the dais looking around at everyone. That was his work, look around importantly, not do much after all this party was his daughters. Personally, he would have preferred a muggle hunt but she insisted on a party he recalled her request fondly, the first one she made.

Flashback Bella walked up to the dark lord after an initiation of a few more members, "My lord may I make a suggestion for the Princesses upcoming birthday?"

Hermione who had been on a tomb stone cut her off, "If your considering another muggle hunt then the answer is no."

"W-what else would you like on your special day than filthy muggles get what they deserve?" Bella questioned looking confused, Hermione smiled with a twinkle in her eyes, "First preference is not something I can ask my daddy but second I think he could cover."

"What would that me princess?" Voldemort asked observing his daughter, she was dressed in simple black jeans with a cream cashmere sweater, two sizes big for her that fit quiet well. He suspected it was due to the black hood t-shirt she was wearing underneath topped by a leather black leather jacket. "Can I have a party? A huge one? I – I never really had a party in my life."

"Mia." He cut her off, "What you want you will get." End of Flashback

The guests who were talking animatedly suddenly stopped speaking. He followed their eyes to see what made them gap at... wow! That was Mia? She looked stunning. She wore a new set of dress robes specially made for the moment. A light green that had been set a bit off shoulder...holding her tightly around her till her waist then falling down casually till her knees. Her make up was light and perfect bringing out her brown eyes wonderfully, Voldemort raised an eye brow... that was his daughter? She did look very beautiful indeed...

Forbidden forest

08/02/2008 11:17:00

Pansy's room

Pansy was looking through the clothes she had with her... three sets, the first a brown set that would have looked wonderful on her, a light baby pink dress that would have (again) looked good on her. It was her favorite dress after all and there was one last one. The silver dress that would have complimented the shirt Draco was planning to be. Sighing just once in her life she wanted to do something for her self, just once. Sighing she picked up the pink dress and changed into it... That was one thing she was now willing to do, just life for her self, just one day. Picking up the pink dress she studied it affectionately... it was beautiful. Set on a slightly wide v-neck before clinging to her body till her waist then falling down up till her knees casually. She sighed, she would look beautiful in this dress, and it was a gift from her grandmother on her birthday. She loved the dress... slipping it on she examined her self in the mirror. Not bad... the dress really brought out her skin and hair quiet well against her wavy blond hair. No heavy make up today though... some light touches of everything... some perfume and she was ready. Well almost... she was having trouble wearing the pearls she selected for the evening. The deep shade complimented her outfit wonderfully, even though it was nothing more than a string of pearls set with a final tear drop pearl falling down healed up by two pieces of pure gold. There was a knock on the door and before she could answer Draco barged dressed the way he told her he would be. Dark blue robes with a silver shirt that brought out his eyes wonderfully. He looked at her only to stop and sigh seeing her. She mentally prepared to get scolded and ask her to change. Instead he simply waked up and took the necklace from her and turned her around slipping it on a fixing the hook. Slowly letting his hand lay on her shoulders and slipping down before wrapping it around her waist. "You have any idea of what your doing to me woman?"

"N-no." she stammered, he pressed his lips on her neck and shoulder, "Hmm... in that case let me show you..."

She gasped as he turned her around and pressed his lips to hers; taking the opportunity he slid his tongue inside exploring her mouth softly yet filled with something more than just lust. Their bodies drew together as it almost entwined closer as... "There... come let's go."

Pansy jerked back to reality, "Y-yeah."

"Umm Pans..." she looked at him, "T-the dress... zip it's down a bit... turn around I'll do it up for you."

She turned around.... Thus not seeing the smirk he was giving her... slowly he pressed his hand around her and pulled her into a hug. Slowly he whispered, "Thank you... thank you so much for wearing this dress."

"W-your welcome." She replied hugging him back, pulling away he placed a kiss on her head and pulled her along to the party... the whole time holding her hand tightly in his. Draco walked her in and looked around the party for Blaise who was talking to a strange man. Catching his eye he waved the two of them over, "Draco this is Sir Hendry De-Lafair, he's just joined the Lord now because he was unavailable doing the lords work."

"Sir De-Lafir, this is Draco Malfoy. He is still in school..." The two of them shaking hands cut off Blaise, "This is Pansy Parkinson..."

"Aah young Ms. Parkinson a pleasure." The man took her hand and kissed it bits too forcefully making her shrink back smiling forcefully. "Same sir..."

"Your not having anything can I get you a drink?" he asked but a voice cut them off, "That would not be necessary..."

"Aah Princess what a wonderful moment you decide to grace us with your..." the man started but a glare from Hermione made him stammer, "Your... p-prese-ence."

"Hendry don't even try your drink-n-drop trick in this party. You have more than just the host and the law to answer to..." she replied in a

chilling voice that made even her father, who was listening in, flinch visibly. "O- of course princess."

"Good, Draco are you not suppose to ask Pansy for a dance now?" Mia prompted, Pansy blushed and looked down, "Hmm naah don't feel like."

"Dragon." Hermione muttered with her teeth clenched when Pansy was in near tears, she pulled away slowly and walked away. He gave her a look that communicated that he had a trick up his sleeve, she rolled her eyes and pointed to the way the crying girl went. He smiled and walked the same path following her. Right then Blaise came and slipped a hand around her waist pulling her closer after he handed her a glass of white wine. "Cheers."

Their glasses clicked, drinking a gulp she smiled at him, "What's he got in that mind of his?"

"Aah that's for us to know you to find out love." He replied as she rolled her eyes, "Blaise Zabani don't make me use my tricks on you."

"Your tricks were honey?" he asked smiling at her, she glared at him understanding exactly what he meant. He smiled and kissed her on the top of her head, "Chill... they look cute together don't they?"

"Who are they?" she asked looking at the couple who were dancing nearby, "That is Flint and his new date.... Hopefully she could be the one based on what the rumors say."

"Your right they look good together." She sighed drinking some more of her wine, "How long do you think before he beds her?"

"I'll give a maximum of three hours." Baise grinned, she looked at him and smiled, "Three hours it is."

Finishing their glasses Blaise placed it on a nearby tray and asked Hermione for a dance as a slow number came up. She wrapped his arm around her waist as hers went around his neck slowly as they danced, her eyes fell into his as they swayed unknowingly the distance between them closing. She felt like a blushing virgin again

as she felt his arms touched her skin sending flames all over her body. The blood rushed to her face as she smiled looking away. Blaise felt his heart beat faster and faster as he twirled her around to his hearts content.

Hogwarts

Sirius continued to look through those books, he knew the legend from some place but he could not click where. He continued digging through the stuff in the old part of the library... he tried to find that one solution he was seriously looking for once again frustrated. Finally looking through the last section he stopped and looked through and there it was in a dusty corner. The hard covered book that had some old papers within it... opening the book he found what he wanted. The very story he had been looking for was in there.... Slowly turning the pages he placed it on the right one before the desk and began reading. The story of The Cartias ...

The very story that had helped him understands the girl, each word compared to the text and details he had fit right in... except the last. He knew he had to do it; they fit in exactly the curse, the time and Hermione's powers. Sighing he leaned back, there was some one who had to know and some one he had to talk to at the moment. "Albus..."

"Aah Sirius my boy I was expecting you... The new class time tables that are going to be needed for the next term's time tables and all... what is it Sirius?" he asked, "Hermione she is exactly what I feared she was..."

"O... No how are we going to brake the news to her?" Dumbldore asked, Sirius looked at him blankly, "Much more importantly Albus how are we going to explain it to Harry and Ginny?"

"Explain what to us what Padfoot." Harry asked walking in as if he owned the whole place; the two of them were dressed in tracks after their training. "What is it?"

"Harry...." Sirius began and after taking a deep breath, fifteen minutes of talking and two shocked faces latter, "We're dead.... If Hermione finds out she'll totally loose her morale."

"We need to make sure she does not Mr. Potter that is the duty you had Ms. Black will need to take up for the time being. I trust you can manage that considering your history with Ms. Riddle?" Dumbldore looked at Harry and Ginny who nodded importantly, "Well then it's settled now I need to find some one up to find out as much as they can on this creature."

"All right I need to go tell them about a few other things and Ginny needs to go to head-quarts as well. We only dropped in to inform you..." Harry replied looking quiet serious, "Thank you dears."

"Well I better go down and start my work as well Albus." Sirius replied going out of the room still worried about the little girl he had come to see, some how his mind was not ready to accept that she was an adult in every sense of the word. He still saw her as a child with a lot of brains, just the way she was in third year. Slowly he walked up to the staff room to collect some parchment to start his work, half way through his work there was a minor distraction of a bird tapping the window. Without looking up he waved his wand letting the window open and the bird fly in, then he heard a soft thud of it falling. A thud that made him look up, it was a beautiful falcon that had an arrow stick near it's wing shoulder... bleeding. Sirius immediately rushed to the bird's aid placed a quick spell to stop the blood flow before pulling out the arrow physically. Suddenly before his very eyes the bird turned to Shalaka Martin, "T-thank you Sirius I can take it from this point."

"Your not, I am taking you to the hospital wing now the spell won't hold long." He replied leading her to the flames. Once he got her across safely, turned to the school nurse, "Is she very serious or?"

"Nothing I can't fix Sirius... do you have any other wounds Shalaka?" she asked kindly, "Umm a few inside."

"Sirius could you please go get the headmaster and try find Alexander Shelton?" she asked the man nodded and rushed out.

Cursing the new (unwritten) rule about sending messages through other means to not scare the students. How would it look like to see silver animals running around school among teachers? Searching around he finally found Anthony coming down from the path of the owlery, "Tony Shalaka is wounded they want you in the hospital wing."

"Thanks I am going there right now." He replied breaking into a run Sirius rushed to Dumbledore's office and barged in with out knocking the door. "Albus Shalaka – she's wounded badly."

"Thank you Sirius." The headmaster replied taking of immodestly, he walked up to see the old nurse placing some bandages on the wound. His heart filled with pain, "How are you dear?"

"I've seen days that have not been this good Albus." She replied as the healer spread some medicines on the other wounds on her body. "This is not so bad... by the way Mia really has a well trained group."

"Those kids did this to you?" he demanded outraged, she smiled, "Only the scratches and small hexes on my body. Rest was the dark flames work."

He sighed, "I'll talk to her about this when she comes back tomorrow."

"Please." She muttered as she tried to pull out a thick package from within her skirt, "I found these with some of the death eaters involved with the dark flame. You may want to look through it..."

"Thank you my dear please take rest, I shall look through these." He replied kissing her hand and taking her leave, this seemed quiet important. That much he could say glancing through the pages, a bit by bit information on the kind of women Tom liked. Body, topics, smell, hair – Merlin they had even captured details on his preferred sexual actions. This was much more serious that what he first thought...

In an Unknown place

A man dressed in a cloak and hood stood facing the window, another man walked in his blond hair contradicting his dark maroon robes. "Good evening your highness."

"Aah Stephen Malfoy it is good to see you back among my places." He replied, "Another decade has passed I see..."

"Yes your highness it is time for another virgin sacrifice..." he replied, a smile that created a glitter in his eyes, "Another strange one to de-flower. You have seven candidates to look through your highness."

Krishi

Forbidden forest

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"Candidates? Any within the bounds of the school?" he asked, "One your highness a strange girl with no friends she won't be missed at all."

"The real question is my dear man is she...." He lowered his voice into a wisper, "pureblood?"

"She is your highness." He replied, "The daughter of Lovegood the man who publishes Quibber."

"That man's daughter hay?" he grinned, "show me the details Malfoy do show me the details."

"Your details my lord..." came the reply as the man handed him a roll of parchment. The dark green eyes of the man shone against his dark golden blond hair that shone against the light of the full moon. His wonderful face lit with an inhuman glitter as he opened the precious place, "Aah a beautiful girl, strange yet beautiful. She believes in what others never see... beautiful. She has never been seen by any boy, strange. Aah what is this Stephen a wonderful line and she has not even got her first kiss?"

"No your highness she has not yet received her very first kiss...." He replied smiling, "A wonderful cadet my boy a wonderful cadet indeed. She has all the qualities I wish in my... brides."

"That she does my lord...that she does." He replied smiling, "Tell me... do the Riddels know of my existence?"

"No great one.... They do not as yet do you wish to inform them?" he asked, "No! They are not to know for now, not till I say so. When is the next trip from school for the students?"

"The next week end..." he replied, "The teachers will accompany them."

"Aah there shall be another among the group. Another who wants to meet this young Miss. Lovegood." He replied laughing, far away in a birthday party Hermione felt her vision leave for a few minutes before zooming back to reality. She felt a hand on her shoulder, "Are you all right princess?"

"Yeah papa I'm fine I kind of had a problem seeing for a few minutes." She replied, "Your washed out love why don't you and your friends go to sleep it's nearly midnight."

"Yeah we better do that." She muttered, "Good night."

"Good night sweet heart." He whispered hugging her, "Good night daddy..."

"Good night love..." the man replied hugging her gently and kissing her.... After a series of good nights and last wishes she finally left with her gang falling into a deep sleep the minute her head fell on the pillow.

Next Day Morning at school

Hermione skipped up the stairs and bumped into Dumbldore, "Gramps, good morning."

"Good morning Hermione." He replied hugging her back gently, "How was your party yesterday?"

“Wonderful but I know it’s back to the drill today so I’ll end up becoming all serious again.” She smiled at him, “Umm gramps where is uncle Padfoot?”

“Uncle Padfoot is in his rooms... why don’t you go visit him?” Albus offered, she nodded and went away to wish the DADA teacher a good morning her favorite way, sneaking up on him. She found him right outside pulling on a gray jacket as she suddenly yelled, “Uncle Padfoot!”

“MIA! How many times have I told... uuh never mind. You came early how was your party?” he asked, “It was nice thought I’d come and see you... how was your private exercise time with Shalaka today?”

“There was none love, she is in the hospital wing.” He replied running a hand through her hair, “She was hurt... a good team of defenders you have there by the way.”

“Defenders?” she laughed, that was the nickname some of the adults had come up with for the group who was with her. “Thanks I’ll let them know, breakfast is served, I’ll go first.”

“See you in class.” He muttered as the girl walked in taking the seat beside Draco Malfoy, “Good morning.”

“Hay Mia, Pansy is still not arrived.” He cribbed glancing at the door again, “I did not see her today morning... you did not make her cry yesterday did you?”

“No I was really nice to her I promise.” He muttered, “I.... I really did not do anything to hurt her. At least nothing I...”

“Save it Draco.” Blaise interrupted, “She’s arrived, why don’t you ask her your self.”

“Good morning!” she wished taking a seat next between Draco and Blaise, “Your late.” Draco snapped she shrugged it off serving her self some eggs and toast, “Sorry actually it took me some time to get that alcohol and cigar smell off me...”

“All right but you better eat something or you’ll feel hungry all day.” He replied pushing some eggs towards her along with the morning tea, she smiled her thanks and begun pouring her self a cup when the owl post arrived. One of the owls flowed down and dropped a package next to her and flew away, Hermione who had just given some money for the paper glanced up curiously, “What’s wrong Pans?”

“Nothing it’s just...” she trailed of Draco irritated pulled the package towards him, his eyes suddenly turned hard, “Is it...”

“Yeah...” she replied running a hand through her face Hermione looked confused, then looked at Blaise who looked equally confused. “Umm Blaise can you pass me some of the juice please.”

“Sure.” He passed the drink to her silently; they could say she was not ready to talk about it. None of them pushed it and quietly ate their food and walked away to their first class. Transfiguration, Anthony stood in the front dressed in light brown robes waiting for everyone to settle down. “Good morning class please put away your textbooks today we are going in for a pop quiz.”

A groan rose from the class but he dismissed it with a wave and sent the parchment with the quiz towards them. All of them began working on it Hermione casually answered it easily when Anthony began walking around and looking through their work when Hermione handed her answers in first. “Done sir.”

“Aah as usual the first one to finish.” He laughed as she rolled her eyes, “Go... your work is done.”

“Yes sir...” she replied just then Flawks suddenly appeared with a note, Anthony read it and turned to Hermione, “Your needed in the headmasters office run.”

“Sir.” She pulled her bag over her shoulder and dashed out of the classroom thanking her athlete skills. Dashing down two corridors she finally panted the password and practically barged into the office. “You – you wanted me urgently?”

“Hermione thank goodness dear there is another mark set at school like the previous one.” He replied urgently, “This time near the wall of the Chamber.”

“Let’s go.” She replied as the headmaster rushed alongside her... there it was she started at the wall next to her. It seemed impossible but there it was, another note but this time it was not set with a snake, it was set with a mark of a silver spider. Right bellow it there was a message as if hand written in silver ink...

Beware little one, danger awaits your sword.

A flower has been chosen and the predator has begun the flight.

A flight that shall not take long set with wings of power.

Your gracious sword is to be sharpened,

Blood shall fall once again, beware little one.

Hermione read the last line once again and she felt the grown beneath her be pulled out from under her as she fell down shocked. Albus who stood nearby grabbed her shoulders and steadied her, “Child are you all right what’s the meaning of this?”

“A-albus I – I kind of need a few minutes could I?” she asked, he looked at her carefully and nodded, “Take your time.”

“Thanks.” She replied smiling and walking into the bathroom and pressed the port key she had set up there. Once in the chamber she yelled, “Cassandra!”

“What’s wrong honey? What’s with the lonely place?” she added looking around, “There is a message on the wall underneath the silver spider.”

Cassandra’s eyes grew wide with horror, “What does it look like the spider?”

“More like a black widow than anything else.” She replied, “Anything I should be worried about?”

“It is something WE should be worried about...” the guardian sighed, “uuh Mia I kind of need to talk to some people. You go and finish your work and you cannot step out of school till I return. I don’t care if your father called your or the black rider is needed. Keep working on your training!”

“Yeah I won’t do anything stupid.” She sighed returning to the bathroom and taking a long walk to the library – there was a history essay to write. It’s going to be a long day. Dumping the bag on a chair nearby she began looking through some of the books they’re taking down notes and going through the boring books listening to some music. She had quit some time considering the next two classes were double potions and care for magical creatures. She quietly worked her way through the materials when once again a flash interrupted her in front of her eyes. This time it was certainly not an empty darkness this time... nether did it leave imminently. A different room came into focus, a room with eight pillars that seemed to disappear into the darkness with a black glass ball suspended in the middle. Sixteen men dressed in long black robes holding black candles did a strange dance around the globe before stepping back. Sixteen women dressed in ribbon like clothes went up dancing and beating their breasts stepped back again. The men went up and did their dance.... The women stepped up closer dancing around each of their partners before going down on their knees. The men practically poured the hot wax on the bodies of the women as they moved their bodies against the drums. A man dressed in red blood robes came in holding a girl that hardly looked older than fourteen in his arms. The girl seemed drugged but conscious enough to move her body to the beat as well, slowly he placed her down under the orb. It went higher.... The man went above the girl kneeling down with his legs on either side of her body as chains magically appeared binding her hands and feet.... He grabbed her breasts furiously kissing the girl as his hands moved lower.... Rubbing her all over her naked skin. The child was reaching out to his touch craving it.... Suddenly she screamed in pain.... A far away voice was calling out to her, “Ms. Riddle... MS. RIDDLE!”

“W-what happed?” she muttered looking around she was in the library, “Where am I?”

“You’re in the history section Ms. Riddle and you nearly fainted.” The lady replied pulling her up, “Do you need to visit the hospital wing?”

“N-no thanks I kind of need to go get some fresh air though...” she muttered packing everything and practically running outside. Once outside she crashed on the floor, lighting a cigarette. Running a hand through her hair she sighed, “Merlin what the hell was that.... It was scary.”

As she walked for a few minutes to clear her head a door opened and Sirius stepped out. “Ms. Riddle? Come inside you look like you could use some tea.”

“ If it is not too much trouble sir.” She replied, “Not at all come inside.”

Closing the door and warding it Sirius poured a cup of tea for her. Running a hand through her hair he let her lean on him seeking comfort. “What’s wrong honey?”

“Uncle Siri I – I kind of had a vision... or some thing. It kind of brought back some memories...” she replied sipping some of the hot tea, he continued massaging her shoulder. Slowly he felt the stress move out of her body as the tea worked it’s magic. Placing down her empty cup she turned and hugged Sirius softly thanking him before leaving the office. She was feeling like a mess....

Night Draco’s Room

Pansy hesitated by the door before knocking, “Yes come in...” he called from within, slowly she opened the door to find him on the bed reading some book. “Umm Draco?”

“Yhe- O hay Pansy come.” He called out to her gently shifting inside creating space for her on the bed. She slowly closed the door and slowly sank down on the bed next to him, he put the book away and placed a hand across her shoulder looking into her eyes. “Anything you wanted to talk about?”

“Y-yeah the gown they sent today. I-it means that...” she got cut off by him pressing his lips to her forehead, “Pansy... are you afraid of the engagement announcement? You know it’s only a formality and – well it’s not like we have not known it. We’ve known it since childhood.”

“I – it’s not about the engagement alone Draco... I’m more worried about what it would be like for you. I know...” Draco sighed, “That was because you were not the Pansy you are now and I was not the Draco I am now. Pans... you’re the only one who is able to accept me for what I am. There is no one else who is able to that.”

“Thank you Draco! Thank you so much.” She replied hugging him tightly he smiled rolling them over and hugging her back. Both of them were (once again) disturbed by a knock on the door. “Yeah come in!”

Crabe walked in panting, his eyes were glassy, “Draco it’s Hermione.... She – she is in the hospital wing.”

“When did this happen?” Draco demanded, “Not long... sh-she fainted in the corridor. The Bloody-Barron got Professor Snape.”

“Let’s go.” Draco replied throwing on his cloak as they dashed towards the hospital wing ignoring the calls of the portraits. Just as they entered the found Sam all ready standing there holding an arm of the unconscious girl, Severnus and Narcissia were standing nearby talking to the school nurse. Pansy gently placed a hand on his shoulder making him turn around, his eyes were filled with fear. “What’s wrong with her?”

“Not sure, she is unconscious but there are no other marks on her.” Sam replied leaning into Pansy who wrapped an arm around his shoulder gently rubbing his hair, “They tried but she’s not waking up. I’m getting scared.”

Goyal was the first to speak after a long pause, “What are we going to do?”

The nurse returned holding a small piece of parchment, "Nothing... she is under a lot of pressure and her body got quiet stressed. That's all, there is all ready too much magic being done on her to give her anything more. You will have to find another way to reduce the stress. Now she needs a very relaxing sleep... she will wake up in half-an-hour."

Sam pulled away from Pansy thinking deeply, "I think I know just the way to do that... if you could excuse us, we need to make some arrangements."

Once all of them were out Pansy turned to him, "What arrangements?"

"Something my dad used to give her when she used to get over stressed. He sent over the whole trunk of those things in case she over exerts her self." He replied, "After all he knew her pretty well."

"Yeah so what is it that we are going to do?" Pansy asked looking between Draco and Sam. The boys sighed and went to the old bedroom Hermione used. The room was quiet clean and neat, Draco pulled out a light cream bed sheet and spread it with a wave of his wand. Sam pulled over a light green quilt over it making it quiet warm. Pansy began setting up scented candles as Sam had told her as Draco building a warm fire, Winky popped in with a flask of hot chocolate with a mug on the side of the tray. "Keep it on the bed side table Winky..."

"Yes sir." She replied to Sam and looked around to see if anything more was needed, Sam was closing the thin curtains in a way the moon shone in but not letting in the cold. "Finally... now we can drop her off when she gets up and let her get a good nights rest."

Forbidden forest

08/02/2008 11:17:00

Hermione's Old Room

Hermione stretched out completely in her bed looking around. The fire had gone out (obviously some time ago) and the candles had come down to simply a flame. The hot coco was finished and the dirty cup was next to her. It was also a wonderful sleep, not the best but wonderful, she flopped down and went down the stairs to start her daily rituals when a tapping sound distracted her, "Owl? At this time of the morning?" with a flick of her hand she opened the window letting the bird in. it was from... "Grandma?"

Dearest Mia,

I hope this letter finds you in good health. Is everything all right at school, Severus informed me about the recent happenings at your school and your life. Love please do take care of your self better the dangers around you are growing and there is not much anyone can do about it. Please don't take rash decisions your life is important not only for you but for many people who depend up on you.

The purpose of this letter is to also let you know, there are some people who are picking up a lot of dark magic activity close to school. Dark magic that does not fit into the pattern of the death eaters; there is some one else, there is not much chance they know it is you. Still be careful – any small thing can warn them it is you who is the child. I suggest you speak with one of your guardians on this subject. That reminds me there is a new guardian who has developed. I know nothing of the person at the moment though so I can't help; all I know is that (s)he could be dangerous or useful. Keep your eye open, Athena her self has chosen this one, we are in search of the person as well. We will find the person, rest assured. This is a clear message – you have another loyal one to lay down their sword for you. Another you must know about (if Athena feels so) it means that you are in even MORE danger. Please keep your guard up at all times and train

harder. Make sure your enemies don't know of your 'powers' till it's too late.

I write this letter to you as a warning as well my love. The time has come again when another girl will bleed in the later of evil. Her precious blood (that can be shed only once) shall feed the monster once again. Stop it if you can, please I beg of you dear. You are the decedent of a great person, always be aware of that!

My little love, do take care of your self and give my regards to your family. They are very great to accept you as what you are. Always remember that my little love, always do... May the light of Athena lead you.

Love and blessings,

Your Grandma,

Jasmine

After reading the letter twice Hermione took a deep breath and ran a hand through her hair. She had a feeling something was to happen today, she better take a visit to Tallawany. After all the old cow was the person how had been set to take care of her by Dumbldore. Sighing she decided to skip exercise and prayer going directly to a super hot shower and a trip to the tower.

Tallawany's Private Rooms

The woman sat in deep meditation when some one opened the door and began making tea, muggle way. She slowly opened her eyes and smiled, she knew who it was, pulling a robe over her body she walked out to see the girl dressed in thick jeans and a brown leather jacket making tea. "What's wrong Hermione?"

"A lot of things..." she replied pouring the hot water from the kettle into the kettle and letting it settle on the leaves. She poured some milk and began heating it; "I got a letter from Jasmine today..."

“What does it say?” the professor asked moving near the girl, she handed the letter to the woman as the milk heated, moving away to heat some crumpets in the small oven. The older woman read it in silence before looking at the girl, “Then what I presumed was right... Hermione how many people know the true extent of your powers?”

“Very few, my healers in the hospital.... I am under tight security and confidentiality. Most of the order members there and those so called guardians. My friends... the ones I told you about.” She added with an after thought, “None of them will let it leak.”

“All right Mia have you err... Hermione I can’t let you know about the problem as yet. You will need to find out as time goes.” She replied, “I am sorry dear.”

“That’s fine but I do feel kind of shook up...” she added picking up the milk and transferring it into the milk jar and setting them on the tray along with the crumpets. The teacher took over the tray and poured out a cup of tea for the girl and handing it to her, “Why?”

“Daddy... I – I’m not sure if I can let go.” She replied sipping her tea, “You know you must though dear or many lives will be lost.”

“I know I just hope I get the strength to do so....” She sighed, “You will dear the fates shall give you the power.”

“There is nothing more I ask for...” she replied leaning back, “I don’t want any one to suffer the way I did...”

“Then fights against your own emotions dear think for the greater good.” She replied as the girl cried silently letting her emotions out and filling her heart with stone. A stone that had gone beyond emotions of her self and seeking a family!

Potter Manor

Harry and Ginny sat on the dinning table with work spread out, when some one opened the kitchen door. Harry looked up and raised an eyebrow, “Morning Harry.”

"Morning Moony..." he dragged seeing the man look frustrated, "Where is your dad?"

"Dad and Padfoot are doing something in the study." He replied pointing to the door with his quill, "Good and your mum?"

"Mum has gone shopping for Christmas decorations in Muggle London." Ginny replied as Remus sat down near them, "Then it's safe to talk... Harry not to spoil Christmas spirit or anything but there are chances the war will really get home to Hogwarts a little after the school reopening. Do you think your ready?"

"I'm more than ready Remus it's Hermione you should be worried about." He replied sighing, "There is a lot she continues to hide."

"I know kid but she's refusing to open up." He sighed running his hand through the boy's hair, "Harry she also mentioned about some group..."

"Yeah Ron's part of them too but she has shut him up as well. Always says to focus on my training and not poke my nose where it does not belong." He replied, "He keeps getting some owls though constantly and keeps writing them."

"That sounds like those two..." Remus laughed, "She's chosen the right person though for the job, if there is anyone who can develop strategies against the dark side it's Ron. It's making him feel more important as well... I caught him saying just the other day he had some responsible work to do."

Remus laughed out loud, Hermione did the right thing by handing that responsibility to Ron. That way he was not feeling small or left out thus he never created any problem for the people. She really did something great... "Good morning Ron."

"Morning Moony." Ron smiled looking up from the books he had been reading on war as he walked in, taking a seat opposite casually he asked, "What brings you to the Manor?"

“War at Hogwarts is closing in...” he replied, Ron nodded solemnly, “You think you can do it Ron?”

“Strategies and training are going strong we will be ready with some of the best ever if our plan works. If Hermione is not able to get those people then we are on the negative side but I’ll have to simply increase the protection and extend some other...” he rebelled Remus smiled and nodded happily.

“That is the reason there are no armies of aurors at school kid. I have high hopes for you!” he replied, Ron turned red at the compliment, “Found anything interesting?”

“Nothing new, there are a few things I would like to discuss with the twins. I have asked for a meeting.” He added slowly Remus and Harry gave him a look of surprise, “This one is with Hermione with us, I called her just some time ago. Said she’ll come.”

“You kids sound busy....” He replied, “Yeah we want to be prepared at all times, Hermione is having one of her feelings.”

“Feelings?” Remus looked between the three, Harry answered, “Yeah just the way she felt about the tournament.”

“So you kids decided to keep an extra eye out for everything?” Remus finished ruffling Ron’s hair affectionately, “I’ll see you kids latter I need to talk to James.”

“Hay Moony.” Lilly called walking in with a bag of groceries, “Hay Lilly I was going to have a chat with James and Sirius. Now that you are over as well I really think it is time you start getting some Christmas dinners ready we really missed them.”

“You will have a wonderful one if you let the boys off the hook in time.” She replied handing the bags to Hades, “So what are you doing at the manor? Really?”

“A meeting with four adults.” He replied offering his hand, “Shall we?”

"We shall...." She replied linking her hand into his, Harry and Ginny began laughing when Ron walked away picking up a call, "Yeah? O hi Hermione."

"Ron I need to meet you now, can you come to my house at the village?" she asked her voice had a tension in it that got him worried, "I'll be there in half an hour."

"Thanks." She replied cutting the line, turning around she found Neville who looked at her with a worried look in his face, "What is it?"

"Hermione those plants they must have a watery dark place to grow. We don't have any were watery or dark place that is large enough to cover up such a bulk?" Neville replied, "Wet and dark place... well hidden? Would the chamber do fine?"

"Afraid not Herms err there have been nearly three generations of that sake there and the amount of venom set in would destroy the plants." Neville replied, "All right, we'll see if she can find some place. Any updates with the mandarks?"

"Almost ready and I really think we can do this." He replied Hermione nodded, "I'll talk to Dumbldore about this other problem as well. Maybe even ask around the ghosts there are many that could help me out."

"I'll do that, is there anything else you would like me to do?" Neville asked, "Yeah I would like you to arrange a meeting between the charms group and the herbiology group can you arrange that for me?"

"I'll go talk to Cho about it..." he replied picking up his mobile, "Hay when your at it could you ask her mum about those Manchurians?"

"Sure." He smiled, Hermione were busy giving some instructions to Croshakes on some things she needed, "All right Crooke I kind of need you to do a few things for me..."

"Mia I KNOW WHAT TO DO it's you who should be worried." He sighed, "I know the danger you are in, you are ignoring it."

"I know exactly what is happening you don't have to worry..." Hermione cut him off asking him to leave just as Ron walked in, "What's wrong Hermione?"

"Ron I badly need some help, can you take over for some time?" she asked there was a rush in her voice, "There is something I must go to check and I won't come back till a day after... or may be just before school starts again."

"You don't worry mate." He reassured her placing a hand on her shoulder, "We will take care of everything.... Go do what you must do. The meeting?"

"No I can't attend you take charge and simply decide you can ask Bill about the finance part of it, she's in charge." Hermione added walking away to her room Ron followed, "All right what about the documents that will be needed to get the records?"

"Ask Cho she's in charge there." Hermione replied, "Done, also there are some reports I am expecting ask Cho to help you out there."

Hermione with a wave of her wand got a large back pack for what looked like a trip. Ron also noticed the stuff she was picking up, it meant only one thing. She was going for a hunt!

Hermione packed up some jeans, shirts and some warm leather jackets with some boots into a backpack and threw it over her shoulder. Pulling her hair into a pony tail she set out for the journey of knowledge. She flew on her bike for a few hours (quiet fast) before reaching a place safe enough to move through without worrying about anyone following. Slowly creeping in she went to the books of records. The place where one could trace back ancestors and take up family connections. Running her hand through the family names she went down to S – Slytherin. Tracing down the documents down to Salazar she checked the name of his family... there it was staring at her right at the face. Rowan Slytherin, right next to it was written, Rowan of the Halox. Hermione gasped, her daddy had told so many things about this man, he was the man who took the pure blood propaganda to the next level. He was the one who took the dark arts, it was him who started Durmstrang. It was because of him that many people lost their lives, no one knows where he went after a particular point of time. He had simply disappeared after a point giving space for another man, the man who killed Griffindor. This much I know from the bed time stories daddy and papa told me, the question is what does this mean? Why is my life in danger with all these things? She sighed running a hand through her neck when something caught her eye on the parchment. There was no death date, it was said as “Unknown? Off ooh who's calling me now? Hi sis...”

“HERMIONE AMELIA RIDDLE WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR OFF TO?” Cho yelled on the other side that she had to pull the phone off her ear. “Aaw sis please cool down. I had to check up a few things, my work is almost done and I'll be there in a couple of days all right. Before you ask, I'm staying at my daddy's place.”

“You sure?” it was Padma's voice that made Hermione, “Sure, don't worry I won't get into any trouble.”

“You can't no one gets into trouble on Christmas eve.” Dean replied making her laugh, “Thanks Dean I needed that... hey listen who are all there?”

“Not many people except the three of us, who do you need?” Padma asked, “No one, actually Cho can you get some one to check about Malcom the evil?”

"Sure I'll see what I can do and Merry Christmas." she added, "Merry Christmas and good night."

Christmas morning – Dark Side H.Q

Hermione stretched out slowly in her bed cuddling to her the pillow before getting up. "Good morning honey."

"Good morning mummy..." she muttered sleepily smiling at Narcissia, "Merry Christmas."

"Thank you honey and merry christmas, mind getting up it's nearly seven in the morning." she added kissing the girl good morning. Instead of letting her leave hermione healed her finger, she whispered, "C-can I sleep just a little longer please?"

"What's wrong honey you don't have a fever do you?" Narcissia touched her gently but found nothing wrong with the girl, "Nothing bit shook up..."

"All right honey... but make sure your down for breakfast." she instructed her daughter before tucking her in and leaving. Closing the door she gasped when she turned around, "My lord... you gave me a fright there, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Is she still sleeping?" he asked, Narcissia shook her head, "No she wanted to stay in bed a bit longer I asked her to come down by breakfast."

"All right... are Draco and Pansy up, she was saying that she wanted to go out with them for something." she shrugged, "I'll go take a look."

Pansy's Room

"Draco get up!" Pansy cried for the nth time, he only muttered something and turned to sleep again, "Draco please get up and have a bath it's Christmas."

"Let me sleep for a few more hours... please." he muttered pulling her down and sprawling down beneath him, "Pansy... why are you wearing a wet towel in be... oh good morning."

"Good morning and could you please get off me?" she muttered, "Sorry... umm what time is it?"

"Draco it's seven in the morning." she muttered looking away, "Give me ten minutes I'll get ready."

"Please..." she replied as he went away to get ready for the day. Quietly she pulled out some fresh robes for him and set them on the bed picking up her own clothes for the day. A light brown dress that was thick enough for the winter and some jewels for the day. She had just zipped up her dress when Draco walked out of the bathroom, "Finally... wow you do look good in that shade you should wear this more often."

"Thank you." she replied putting on the earrings when he walked up closer, "Let me help you with the chain."

"There done, I need you to do something else for me today?" she looked at him confused, "What is it?"

"I want you to come with me for a private lunch, just you and me. Will you come?" he asked turning her around and kneeling down looking into her eyes nervously. She placed a hand on his cheek gently nodding, "Sure..."

"Thanks..." he replied holding her hand and kissed it gently, "You don't know what this means to me... ahem.. umm get ready I'll save you a seat at breakfast."

"All right now go I'll change and come down." she replied giving him a kiss on the cheek before pushing him out. He could not wipe the smile of his face even when he bumped into Blaise who raised his eye-brows, "What?"

"Umm nothing." he grinned, "Yeah sure... and where is your fiancée?"

"My fiancée is still getting dressed for breakfast." he rolled his eyes, "I really don't get it, why does she take so much time only to get to dressed. She looks good in anything with out taking so much time."

Blaise chocked on his mug of coffee, "Of couse now that she has put on weight."

"Yeah I know, before she used to look so sick going near her was torture. Now it's different..." he replied casually unaware of his mother's presence at the back listening to every single word he said. She smiled thinking how much her son had grown up. More importantly, he would not be like his father at all, that much she could assure. That smile was still on her face when she sat down next to her husband at the table, he raised his eye brow. Slowly she told him everything she witnessed, "That is good, the girl won't be hurt that way... she does love him a lot."

"I know..." she got quiet seeing Hermione walk in dressed in some casual lilac robes instead of her normal look. She raised her eye brow at her daughter who only shook her head, before kissing her father good morning and sitting down at her own seat. "Daddy you have not even served your self anything?"

"Honey I -" he began but before he could say a word she served him some pan cakes and eggs for both of them, "Sev pass the juice will you? Bella pass the butter will you?"

"Yes princess." she replied handing over the butter dish with the knife that slipped from the dish nearly cutting Hermione's hand. "WHAT THE HELL? CAN'T YOU EVEN PASS A BUTTER DISH PROPERLY?"

"I a-am s-so-sorry..." she muttered fearfully, "It's all right actually I'm sorry this kind of caught me off guard. "

"That's all right princess." she replied surprised, Hermione never apologized to anyone, "Umm anything else you need?"

"Hmm no, Pans mind passing me some toast will you?" Pansy nodded handing her the food, "Thank you, daddy mind starting your breakfast?"

"Ofcouse honey." he replied biting into his toast as Hermione smiled and rubbed her hands, "Merlin I am so hungry hmm eggs are really good. Hmm almost forgot Draco that package you wanted has arrived."

"Thanks Mia." he nodded biting into his bacons Pansy looked at the two of them curiously, "What package?"

"I ran out of drinks she ordered them for me because she is a member." Draco replied, Pansy nodded understanding before going back to her food. Three women in the table could not shake the feeling that there was more to this than what men the eye.

The smaller ball room (Dark Side H.Q)

Hermione was sprawled out with a cigaret in one hand and a beer in another hand, Draco was busy rubbing Pansy all over as he forced her to share a kiss with him. Blaise was also there listening to the radio his eyes trailed on the actions that was taking place between Draco and Pansy. His eyes constantly trailing on her much more than necessary at times in places where they should not have been trailed. Some time latter he switched off the radio and went out picking up a packet of cigarets. Seeing him go Hermione followed him to the balcony and slipped his arm around his waist from behind. "What's wrong honey?"

"Nothing Mia." he replied before thinking for a moment, "Watching Pansy and Draco..."

Hermione turned him around by the shoulder and looked into his eyes, "You still love her don't you?"

"I – I'm not sure Hermione it is really difficult to watch the two of them simply go on and on..." she gently ran an hand up and down blowing into her face. She smiled at him as he bent down placing an arm around his waist, "Come I'll distract you for some time."

"You sure?" Blaise asked knowing exactly what this was leading to, "Yeah I kind of need a stress out as well."

A smile crept across his face sadly as he bent down and pressed his lips on hers, kissing her passionately, a kiss that burned into her very soul making her forget everything else. The knowledge of her father and his upcoming death. The feeling that she was betraying someone who loved her, the guilt of destroying what she always dreamt of... everything burned with the kiss they shared as clothes were shed – ripped off each other, painfully, hungrily taking the pleasures that was being offered in exchange for the same. Soon both of them lay spent, tired and wrapped up in nothing but a quilt when they woke up from their sleep, "Hmm how long have we been out?"

"Two hours after the sex so that will be like three hours... we have time." he replied stretching out Hermione nodded silently not sure what to say, "Is this your first time?"

"WHAT? No I – I've been with quite a few..." Blaise rolled his eyes, "Most of the protection squad would be the right world I meant waking up near someone."

"Yeah not sure how to handle this..." she muttered, "I'll tell you how to handle this then love get up have a bath and get dressed. This happened, this does not change anything between us let's go."

"Right! Let's go." she replied getting up and simply walking away he shook his head that was one woman men could not cross and survive she was also one men could not get over easily. "Hermione Riddle you are a mystery one can never figure out..."

"Hey Draco where is Pansy?" she asked hopping down with a glass of brandy next to her friend, "Gone since she almost walked into you and Blaise. Could not leave him either could you?"

"Sweets I've left you alone have I not?" she laughed ruffling his hair and got up Draco rolled his eyes, "I won't do you even if you were naked and had me drunk. You like my sister remember?"

"Yeah yeah I remember where are mummy, papa and daddy?" she demanded, "They are all out princess... now could you stop drinking?"

"Fine one last glass?" she muttered, "One last glass."

"Hmm done now can we go play something I am bored." she asked childishly, "Sure Droopy!"

The house elf pops in, "Did master Draco call Droopy sir?"

"Yeah get that ball from my room will you?" he asked the house elf bowed low and popped away, "We can play something to get your excess energy down."

Pottor Mannor

Ginny curled up next to James holding a cup of hot chocolate his arm around her as they watched the flames, "What do you think will happen?"

"Not sure, Ron said Harry was called by Dumbldore to his office. Nothing more he him self did not know why Harry was called." he replied, the night before Harry had gone into to Dumbldore's office and he was yet to return, Ginny sat worried, every time she tried to establish contact with Harry he refused to reply. Only thing she knew was he was alive and healty. James had sat with her the whole night when Lilly was out trying to find out where that idiot of her son had gone. It was morning and she had just returned when the flames suddenly burst to life and Harry walked in, "HARRY JAMES POTTER WHERE WERE YOU ALL NIGHT?"

"Sorry mum something came up?" he replied, "Came up?"

"Yeah I – I don't want to talk about it all right please just let me be." she nodded understanding, "All right but just try not take up so much that you can't handle it all right."

"Sure mum... Ginny can I have a word in priave?" he asked, she got up and followed him, "By the merry christmass."

"Merry Christmass son." both of them ecoed as he dragged in girlfriend away, locking the door he turned to her his eyes blaizing, "It was because of him."

"Because of Slytherine?" she asked, Harry nodded, "Yeah and his son they are the ones who blew up the pure-blood thing through out school. They were the ones who looted some temples for gold and hid them away in the chamber away from their family. Set it aside for the noble heir who would continue their work after them, you know the whole opening the chamber and all."

"Merlin that was their idea? Just go around and..." Ginny sighed, "They are so in for it when Hermione finds out about this."

"She knows and she is upset about this but that is not our problem now. Gin – some one is leeking some kind of resrouces for the dark side. Potions ingreedients something is up." he replied, Ginny healed out her hand, "Ingreedients list." he handed her the paper, sitting down she looked at them her carefully, reading them twice before comming to a conculction, "Harry where is mum?"

"Study." Harry replied, "Fier call order members who are into potions, call the person in charge of the health in the minnistery. Urgent meeting – some place else, not head quartus make sure some suspected spys are there. I have a theory."

"I'll be and Grimlands." Harry replied but she called him back, "No wait first call dad up and tell him to come here."

"Right." Harry went to the flames Ginny to Lilly, "MUM you've got to take a look at this."

"What is it honey?" Lilly took the parchment and looked down the list, "All these are ingreedients some were or the other related to..."

"Snakes, I know is there any potion..." Lilly shook her head, "Not that I know of but I'll ask Severnus."

"Yeah and mum there is something else you should know about, see these ingreedients they cna't be used in any potions heat destroys

them. It could be for some kind of ceremonies too difficult to say." she replied, "Except if they are placing in a live cobra."

"Your right... it could be GINNY HOW ARE YOU SO SURE?" Lilly demanded, "It was in the chamber walls that is how I..."

"Sorry love, wait there is this book in the library on dark ceremonies and serpents go check on it immediately." she nodded, "Yes mum."

Three hours later Sirius Black sat with his hands in his head his face flushed with anger, James was yelling, "I STILL DON'T GET IT what kind of a ceremony is he trying to work through? Serpents?"

Amelia looked at the book and the list once again before, "Why do I feel this is not his work?"

"Who else would it be?" he asked, "I am thinking more in the lines of Hermione Amelia Riddle that girl is the only one with enough talent to actually work up such a potion and has the ability to control serpents. It will take a willing sacrifice he does not have that power."

"It can't be her... it is certainly not her it is something else. Some one else." Sirius replied, "Something is missing, something is going on that is not clear."

That moment, no one in the room knew how right he was, as an unprotected Hogwarts had the monster in its residence once again.

Hosmade Village

"Where is the girl?" he demanded holding against the showering snow, a thick fur cloak covering him completely from head to toe. Rowan watched as his man pointed out to a girl who stood near the school gates, her long dirty blond hair tied up as she continued looking for something. Even when she was covered under an odd jacket and robes bundled up there was an aura around her that magnetized him towards her, unlike the others she was unique and special. That very moment he knew he wanted the girl, she was to become his through seduction. "Stay here!"

"As master wishes." the man replied bowing down low, pulling his own cloak over him he went up to the girl and stood next to her. "Merry Christmas why is a beauty like you alone and out?"

"Merry Christmas... I was looking for some snow-serpents they are very powerful magical creatures. So powerful not many accept their existence..." she added blushing, "Am I truly beautiful?"

"You are my dear why don't you sit down next to me I would love to discuss the snow-serpents with you if I may? he added, "Really would you like to I have no one to talk to me..."

"I do not either." he replied sadly, "I am feeling very dull at the moment do come and share a cup of cocoa with me..."

"Me? Are you sure?" she asked, "Please..."

He took her hand in his and slowly pulled her away from the school into the road on the way to the village. She left everything behind her bags, some books and her quills. His hand in hers they walked a long way towards a cafe in the side as they sat down his eyes continuing to mesmerise her making her speak out, cry on his shoulder and tell him her deepest secrets. His hands rubbed her shoulders and back in comfort till it neared dark when he sent her away with passionate words and promises of 'be back to see you' from there. That night Luna Lovegood wrote a long letter to her father about her new friend and how she connected to someone after a long time,

Dear Daddy,

Merry Christmas once again because I am very happy. Today I met this wonderful man. Rowan, he came over to me when I was looking for snow-serpents. He took me over for a mug of cocoa and we discussed so many things, snow-serpents, gnomes, the hallows, my studies, my life at school... I cried for a long time on his shoulder daddy and he comforted me. He was such a good friend, he did not run away but healed me and listened to my problems. He said he wished to see me once again.

I have never met any one so charming – he was so wonderful and special. Never have I seen anyone like him someone who does not call me Loony but Luna. It was wonderful the coco with him, I have never had a friend like him I am truly happy today. I'm hopping to meet him again soon...

Love,

Luna

Far away in a home close to the Burrow, three men dressed in dark green robes went into the house, half an hour later the house was burned down to ashes.

Christmas Ball

Hermione Riddle walked down dressed in a beautiful pale gold off shoulder dress that reached near her ankles Her hair had been brushed back and pinned up partly with her make up set enough to highlight her eyes. She looked so stunning everyone stopped speaking only to stare at her. Gracefully she came down the stairs for the first ever christmas with her family. The whole night she danced, she chattered away, drank to her hearts content... the evening was a hit. The night was still young and became a memorable moment for many of the young girls who attended that evening. Still no one took the spotlight like Hermione, with her grace and light hearted chattering. She became the star of the evening, dangerously gracefully and with control. A pair of dark eyes continued to trail on her drinking her with his eyes, Severus Snape. One thought was constantly ringing in his mind, Why does Mia always remind me of my little girl time and again? Why?

“Severus?” He turned around, “My lord, was there something you needed?”

“Nothing at all you looked quiet lost.” he replied, “I was wondering why you are not dancing with your wife?”

“I – I did not feel like... may be latter.” Voldemort nodded, “May be latter then, you should ask her for a dance latter though.”

“I shall my lord.” Severus agreed, “I shall.”

Sirius Blacks Apartment

Derrick Black entered the house with a bag in his hand, “SIRIUS ARE YOU HOME?”

“Yeah come on into the kitchen Derrick.” Sirius called out the boy dumped his stuff on the couch and went inside, “Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas.” he hugged the boy and handed him a gift, “Thank uncle and your gift.”

"Thanks kid, go have a shower and get ready. We are enjoying it with the order." Derrick smiled, "Sounds good I've been looking forward for a fun time."

"You will get it all right, now this is your gift." he handed him a gift, "Can I open it?"

"Sure." Sirius continued to make the sandwiches and continued stacking them. Derrick opened it so quickly then his eyes lit with happiness, "Thanks uncle Sirius this is really beautiful."

"I knew you would like it the minute I saw it on the shop window." he replied, "This is one of those things that reminded me of you. Now go get ready, we have a party to attend to and quickly."

"Sure are Ginny and Harry coming as well?" he asked, "Yeah they are..."

Athena's Temple: Prayer Hall

A small man with a hood over his face stood in front of the statue of the woman tears falling down his eyes. His mind was split in two, one side he was thinking of the little girl he had come to consider as his reason to live and on the other side the only man he loved in his life. The very man he betrayed, the very man who made his choice of duty or love quiet difficult to make. He was after all in love! Why Sirius? Why was I chosen and not you to be her guardian I am not brave like you nor am I strong.

"You are something more than that Wormtail." he turned around surprised, "Priestess?"

"I know Wormtail." she replied, "We sensed it when you became Hermione's earthly guardian there is something about you that made you get chosen. Right?"

"I – I think your right." he yelled when his mark burned, "I must go..."

"Take care my friend there is some one counting on you." she replied nodding him his permission to leave. Peter quickly crawled away to

the entrance and back to the Dark Lord who was standing outside with a collection of his 'most trusted' death-eaters. "My Lord."

"Wormtail princess wanted to meet you go inside." he ordered turning back to the group, Wormtail rushed inside, who knows what that girl was braking at the moment. Surprisingly – nothing, she was sitting on the bed nursing her knees. Quickly locking the door's behind him he stepped up to her, "Good gracious girl what in the name of Merlin is it that you are sitting on the bed in nothing but shorts? You may freeze over or something w-what is that?"

"A fucking wound thats what Wormtail it is I can't get the stinging to stop took a lot hell of work to hide it from daddy could you do something about this?"

"I'll see what I can do..." he reassured her sitting down and dabbing the healing potions right below her knees, "Aw aw aw aw its burning..."

"You have been through worse Ms. Riddle." he replied slowly dabbing the wound with another potion, "There this should start the healing process just a few more minutes and I can give you another potion that would heal the whole thing with out a trace. Ready?"

"More than... gwad I hate this..." he looked into her eyes and smiled, "What was this this time, dare, fight or were you trying to do something heroic?"

"None of the above I slid down the stairs when some one called me." she replied, "Ohh there you go this should clear the wound."

"Thanks wormtail now I have a party to attend to could you just go and make sure that everything is fine?" he nodded, once he was out she wandlessly called a drink before getting ready for the party. "A ball with the biggest families ever so what do I put on?"

Using a flick of her wand she opened the closet containing her closet for what she could possibly wear; some time latter she pulled out a soft honey brown dress made of silk. It was something her father had got for her when he had gone to China. She loved it enough to have a

dress made of it, the top as in a halter neck with thread work adding highlight to her physical features. The rest of the dress simply flowed down into an umbrella cut stopping near her ankles. It was subtle enough not to pull attention away from the others yet fit for such a party. It was all that she needed today to stand aside, "Winky!"

"Yes mistress?" the house-elf popped in the girl healed up her dress, "What jewelry? You know better about these women better than I do."

"Would miss like her gold pieces they shall look wonderful with..." she asked, Hermione smiled and nodded, "Sounds good could you get my collection please... or no wait I know which one shall look best with this outfit..."

Ball Room

Everyone were starting to gather inside the ladies dressed in beautiful dresses made by designers excessively with expensive jewelry adding to their glamour. Their make up highlighting everything they had, at times too much ripping way their beauty. The music was played by a small band setting up the most classical songs ever gently letting them ripple through the air. Everything about the place was beautiful at that particular moment very beautiful. Outside a snow storm had started again everyone inside though could simply ignore the whole thing, after all it was not exactly their problem. They had magic to warm them, they had powers to help them through out their problems. After all the whole thing was set up purely by magic. So many pure blood people were in that party and it was in this place several young pureblood girls were going to have the opportunity to present them selves to society. Those who were betrothed with the pureblood boys they were betrothed to and those who were not attached, for a view to the families looking for girls. An old pureblood culture to stop their children from mixing blood. The two of them welcomed every single gusts into the Malfoy manor waiting for Draco to get ready to take over the family traditions as the first born child of the Malfoy family. Behind the smile and the sweet words of welcome was a mother who feared for her four children and the girl who was soon to become her daughter-in-law. It was in this large house that carried for her so many memories of horror and rape. She could

only hope her son did not turn out to be the cold man his father was... that was all she could do, hope.

The young night enjoyed the song and dance of the hosts and so did Hermione, she loved parties and always enjoyed a good song and dance. Se danced with several men that evening enjoying her time of freedom, the freedom and love she knew she could not enjoy for long. After all this was Ms. Hermione Riddle the daughter of a dark lord, a smile lit in her eyes at the thought of her brother. Her brother who was safe from everything this identity, this position and the danger. A night of happiness that could become a memory for her when she was fighting latter. The beauty that she was renowned for had brought so many of the gusts to the house, to this night. She was proud of it, "May I cut in?"

She turned around from her meditations as the man she was dancing with gave her over to her father, "What's wrong love?"

"Papa?" confusion written all over her face, "You were looking peaky."

"I am feeling peaky again..." she replied, "How about some lime juice they will make you feel better."

"Sounds good." she replied nodded he took her hand in his and lead her to the bar, just as they reached near it she suddenly fainted. "MIA... PRINCESS!"

Hut near Riddle Mannor

Cassandra sat down next to a new patient and picked up some potions feeding him the drink carefully, "Just a little more love..."

The little girl took it and then smiled, "Thank you miss."

She was another one of those children who needed great care and were sent over to this cottage secretly by the head healers. So many people affected by the war were suffering there and she was healing her own war by helping others heal. She loved this job and took great care in doing what she did it was not every day that you could help others in pain. All the blessings of family and friends

helped these sick people regain life and some even get a reason to live, serve others who were like them. They had begun lighting the light of love once again in the magical society love for those who were helpless and not related to you. "Your welcome love now sleep you need your rest." she put the girl to rest and walked out to see other patients a girl who had been another 'victim' was still unconscious but she was improving health wise

when a strange blue bird shot down towards her before erupting in blue flames. Her face grew pale, Hermione was in trouble...

Dark Lord's Room

Petter felt his heart beat suddenly increase as he poured a drink for his master. The mark Athena had placed on him grew warm, he knew, he knew his young charge was in some kind of danger. He glanced at his Lord sprawled out on the bed, he was naked and kissing girl hard and fast. Peter won't be missed tonight, that much was assured, slowly he slipped away and out of the place. It was empty except for some of the residential death eaters. He could just slip out tonight and go to see what happened to Hermione. Slowly he crept into Hermione's room in his rat form, his heart wept at the sight of the young girl inside there... her face was pale and her breathing very shallow. It was there in that bed that his charge was fighting for her last breath. His lips uttered a prayer for her after years, a drop of tear fell down upon the ground from his eyes as her breath begun calming down a bit more. It was steadying but she was still unconscious, Pansy was at her side her eyes tears filled with tears for her friend, "Professor what's wrong with her?"

"Not sure?" she asked, "I am not sure Pansy she suddenly became unconscious and she is like this since." he rubbed the girls hands under his as her healers tried all they could to save her. There was nothing they could do about it at that moment except try. Peter's eyes darted towards the door when the hospital door opened and a man in thick brown robes blowing behind him, "Avlon?"

"Pansy. Draco. Severnus. Narcissia. Out, now we don't have much time." she replied, "Wh-what about that snake?"

"It stays I need that in this room. Out and don't let any body inside." he barked and they left the room the door locked by it self and suddenly his voice softened, "Come out Peter she needs you at this moment."

"What happened?" he asked going towards the girl, "They are trying to destroy her soul, Cecilia is fighting for you on the other side. Your services are needed."

"My services sir?" he asked, "Sit down next to her and take hold of her hand, focus all your magic from your core onto that girl. Sit down we don't have much time at the moment."

"Yes sir." he sat down and took the girl's hand in his, "Think of what she is to you and think of why you want to save her."

"I shall... even if you need to take my life for that work. Who ever you are..." closing her eyes he felt all that he had within him reach out to the soul of the girl within his heart, the little child. The sweet little girl who was sacrificing so much in her life for those around her. The girl who had become something that pushed him to even leave all that he believed in, his friends and his lover. The little rat he was had been used to good that night he saw the little girl who was marked. His eyes reached filled with more tears as he poured all he was worth and his magic both dark and pure. All that he was he poured into the young saviour, the atmosphere in the room suddenly changed as Avalon chanted some thing. The candles in the room suddenly blew out with out any wind, Peter after a long time felt hope in his heart. A hope that he poured into Hermione's body creating a magic so great and strong. It slowly brought life into her body as he felt a connection touching her soul softly. A strange connection that uprooted the core of her magic from within to touch her need to live. A need that raised the consciousness, she felt her self gain a better control over her breath. It was not filled with gasps but slowly became easier to take in, color began returning to her face very slowly. She was still unconscious, alive but continued to be unconscious. Suddenly a glow came to the whole room emitting from the joint hands of Hermione and Peter. Avalon fell down tiered and with the lack of energy his body. Slowly he got up a feeble smile on her lips, a smile of victory. She had been saved.

“AVLAON?” Severnus and Draco yelled as they healed the man in their arms, “W-what's wrong with him dad?”

“I-I don't know...” Severnus tried to take his pulse but Avalon pushed him away gently, “I am fine, you won't have to worry about her she is safe. I – I just need some pepper up potion please.”

“I'll go get it.” Pansy ran to get the potion when Draco stood near Hermione rubbing her hands and feet alternatively. She began constantly groaning but her eyes did not open at all, Draco started getting worried, “DAD SHE IS NOT GETTING UP.”

“She won't get up for some time son the fight has taken up a lot of energy from her body.” Peter replied his voice shaking, “I felt it... That much I can tell you son, let her rest for some more time please.”

“Peter! Some one may come you must leave. Inform the dark lord immediately on what happened this is quiet urgent.” he nodded and disappeared from the place. Severnus took hold of her hands and begun rubbing them gently to get more warmth into her body just as the doors banged open and Dumbledore marched in followed by the wind rider and Cassandra who looked like they were going to burst with anger. Those blue eyes were blazing when he saw the girl unconscious in the place. Looking at Severnus then at Avalon he demanded an explanation. “How did this happen to her?”

“She got sick suddenly.” he replied, “I'm not sure how...”

“Looks like some one tried to curse her to a slow death. She is sick as well so it took a faster effect.” he added sitting down next to the girl and feeling her temperature, “Some thing is not right we need to get back immediately. Severnus keep telling me how she is every hour. At the hour.”

“Yes headmaster.” he did not have more time to reply as the old man left with his friends. Cecilia watched tearfully at the girl, she knew, the girl did not have much longer. There was no way to save the girl only ways to increase her life span shortly but no cure, only more pain. How am I going to keep your morale up under such circumstances as

your spiritual guardian? She watched as her father walked in after Dumbldore worry written all over his face. "Severus how is she now?"

"She is safer comparatively but she is still unconsciousmy lord but it shall take her some time to become better." he assured the father, "She is out of danger."

"Who did this to her?" he demanded sitting next to her daughter, "Not sure who ever it was they used some strange way to poison her. She is lucky to be alive."

"Mhmm." Hermione muttered turning in her sleep, Voldemort immediately placed his hand on her, "Let her sleep you can let me know the details latter. She is out of danger that is enough for me."

"Yes My Lord." severus replied as the man once again left the place, the coldness in the air reducing but certainly not disappearing from the room. Narcissia and Pansy took their seats by Hermione once again holding her hand sending her hope through touch. She slept though for a few more hours with out any disturbances till morning. "Aah Ms. Riddle you have finally woken up. Good girl."

"Who are you?" she demanded trying to getup, "I won't advice you to do so."

"Again who the fuck are you?" Hermione snapped, "Nice language for a lady dear. I am from the ministry, Doris Umbridge the ministers senior secretary."

"Let me rephrase that lady who the fuck are you REALLY?" Hermione demanded, "Smart girl, I am Doris Umbridge the in-charge of the Ministry's Top Secret projects."

"I AM NO PROJECT SECRET OR NOT." The lady chuckled, "I know, about your previous life as well."

"What the do you want?" she groaned laying back, "Nothing I only came to check upon how you were dear."

"I'm not three and yes I'm fine now do you mind leaving I need to change." she added giving her the sour eyes. "O I shall dear and just for your information I know about Casandra..."

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"I'm not three and yes I'm fine now do you mind leaving I need to change." she added giving her the sour eyes. "O I shall dear and just for your information I know about Casandra..."

"You don't if you do she would have been in some office being 'tested' by your unspeakables." Hermione snapped at her, the lady smirked, "I know but the ministry does not yet something you can control."

"What do you want?" her voice cracking with anger, "Nothing except some small pieces of information ms. Riddle."

"Which would be?" Hermione raised her eye-brow, "I want to know about your relationship with your transfiguration teacher."

"What about Alex?" she played innocent, "Don't play innocent with me girl I know you have some kind of relationship with him. What is it?"

"Alex is my brother, well half-brother to be exact." she replied to the shocked face of the toad-faced woman, not in a million years did she expect that. "If this gets out..."

"It won't but I would have to talk to him... excuse me." she muttered with a shaken voice. Hermione lay back down trying to gain her energy back. A hand touching her made her open her eyes again, "Sam?"

He silently smiled before bending down and kissing her cheek. Softly he whispered in her ear, "You think she'll have the talk with him?"

"I know she would." she replied leaning back, "Besides it's high time he knows about everything."

"Your right princess shall I get you something to drink?" he asked, she dismissed him with a shake of her head. "Thanks any ways... hay Pans what made you come here?"

"Hay Mia I just came to check if you were all right." Pansy placed a mug of hot coco on the side and sat down on the bed, "Your temperature has gone down."

"I had a temperature?" she replied confused, "Yeah a mild one nothing serious. Now tell me what do you want for dinner?"

"Dinner? I thought you would be with Draco for dinner." Pansy rolled her eyes, "Come on Mia you know he is more interested in the desert than the food."

"Pansy don't you think that is being a bit harsh?" she asked, "Harsh? Mia this is Draco Malfoy we are talking about the only reason he is even keeping me is because I am willing."

"Pansy..." Hermione started but she cut her off, "Come on Mia have you ever seen him holding my hand with out a reason? Hug me when I am upset? Ever listened to what I said? How is this a relationship when we are like this?"

"Your right Pansy how could we consider this a relationship when there is nothing more than sex between us." she turned around shocked, "D-draco?"

Draco Malfoy stood there with some flowers in his hand and his eyes blazing with hurt, tossing the flowers away he wiping his eyes. She looked at her, "What can I do?"

"Go talk to him...." she replied giving the girl a slight push, Pansy nodded before going. Hermione lay back still unable to move completely feeling her body be zapped from energy her body weak for words. She did not here another person walk into the place and sit down next to her holding her hand or leaving after half an hour. The sleep was only disturbed by Jason suddenly shaking her awake, "Get up love... come on."

"Umm uncle five more minutes..." she begged turning over, "I'll give you five more hours if you just get up now so that you can go to school."

"Why?" she muttered into the pillow, "Your magic needs some help and that can happen only in school."

"Carry." she replied, he scooped her up and carried her to the fire dropped some floo powder before saying, "Hogwards, Sirius rooms." but she was already asleep when he walked into his friends room. Sirius who looked up grinned and took the girl off his arms placing her carefully on the couch letting her cuddle into him still asleep, "Would you like a drink?"

"No I need to make a move." Sirius nodded, "Sure but just inform Sev I'll keep him updated. Merry Christmass."

"I'll do that Merry Christmas." he replied popping out Sirius called a house elf and gave some instructions before going away him woke up stretching her legs as Winky massaged them with a special oil. A warmth spreading through her whole body as she tried to relax from that point. Using wantless magic continued reading the book when Sirius pulled it out from under her eyesight, "Great book for ancient dark arts kid but I think this would interest you more."

"Really what?" she asked for the book and the next second a bunch of curse words spilled from her mouth, Sirius rolled his eyes, "Can no one discipline you kid?"

"Sorry uncle Sirius I kind of got shocked." she muttered grabbing the book, "Are you sure this is true?"

"Sorry love but YES that little serpent you keep popping out all over the place is a mark that you share with the darkest witch to walk the earth love." Sirius replied, "C-come on uncle Sirius I'm sure she is just one of those pure-blood obsessed women."

"Hmm umm sweetie the book says she's muggle born." Sirius replied sitting down again Hermione took a deep breath, "Who most probably got thrown out of school due to under performance right?"

"Err... she was one of the best students and no one figured her 'real interest' till she disappeared." Again Hermione stammered, "Come on I'm sure it was due to sum hot guy who..."

"Nope she was a umm..." Hermione nodded, "Hay not all of them could be bad right?"

"Mia I'm sure it's not something very bad but surely it must have some explanation." Sirius replied trying to make Hermione smile, "Yeah but why does this say that the cobra was also a power of control that makes her different?"

"Umm may be because she did some kind of dark art practice that got her the control of the serpent?" Hermione shrugged, "Nope she was not really into love dear...."

"I really don't understand uncle Siri who could be that person who well... you know?" she asked, "Mia I know how 'pure-blood' the line is and there is no way any mingling happened but this is no coincidence."

"Come on Padfoot don't tell me you really.... you do don't you?" she whispered, "You do don't you?"

He nodded pulling her into a comforting hug, "Don't worry love we'll find out."

"Sure..." she leaned into him trying to fight back her tears both of them not noticing the flames suddenly leaping to life and Alexander stepping out his eyes nearly popping out of his head, "HERMIONE AMELIA RIDDLE?"

The two of them pulled out from the hug and looked at the man, "You found out?"

"THIS IS HOW YOU ARE GETTING YOUR MARKS?" he started but she cut him off with a wave of her hand, "Cool down bro that was just a uncle-kid hug nothing more..."

"All right but since when did you know about me?" he demanded, "Ever since I saw you.... I knew dad had a lover under the name Shelton."

“Even then you kept quit from telling me?” he asked his tears filling with tears of anger and hurt, Hermione looked down quietly, “Yeah... I – I had to protect you.”

“Protect me?” he shot back, “Yeah I did... I umm how much do you know about the dark flame?”

“They destroyed my mother.” he replied venomously, “They are out to kill me now Tony I can't say much about it though...”

“I know why... I know about the legend as well Albus told me about everything.” he added pulling the girl towards him in a strong grip, “Your under my protection now you got that? I won't let you do anything I disapro-”

A slap stopped him from speaking, “One more word out of you and trust me I'll personally kill you. I've lived my way for years and nothing is going to change that, least of all you.”

Snape Manor

Hermione lay back in her bed tears in her eyes when hand slowly stroked her hair, “Uncle Jason I...”

“I know love Sirius just told me... Anthony is getting a earful thanks to your gramps.” he added she smiled, “You want to talk about it?”

“Hmm no too washed out to do any serious talking. I – I think I'll just have some strong whisky and a cigaret in the bath tub.”

“You sure?” he asked to which she nodded, “Winky is already doing it...”

“All right love take care then.” Jason kissed her on the cheeks before going away, Hermione leaned back and took a deep breath, a knock interrupted her, “Yeah come in!”

“Hay 'Moine...” she smiled, “Hi Blase come in, can I offer you a drink and smoke?”

"No I need to take care of you now though, you don't look so good." he sat down stroking her hair, "I feel lost now a days, I just want to escape from everything and relax even if it is just for some time."

"I can help you with that, if your willing..." he added laying her down, "How?"

"Back rub with an oil based rub down." he added, "Lie down...."

"Great." she replied sitting down and closed her eyes, his hands slowly rubbed some oil in his hands slowly rubbing through her shoulders braking them down each physical knot and slowly pressed through each part of her slowly before pressing into those soft point of her bodies that reduced the numbing slowly getting life back into her body. He knew what he was doing was working when she started sighing into his touch and slowly lay back pressing towards his hands. After a point he started moving his hands slowly down her body massaging her back and removing the strains that locked up his body till a point where they began reaching her... he stopped surprisingly fallen into a peaceful sleep with not much of a movement with no more than a peaceful breathing in and out. A smile lit across his face slowly laying down next to her and wrapping his arm around her body closing his own eyes and fell into a deep sleep thanks to her breathing. Winky who cracked in quietly patting the two of them into the blankets before leaving.

Order of Phoenix HQ

Harry and Ginny walked in dressed in jeans and cashmere sweaters their eyes searching for the headmaster. "Albus why are we meeting now?"

"There could be a possible cure for Ms. Riddle and her illness." The voices of happy notes rose but he cut them off with her hand, "There is a problem though, it would not be something she would be willing to take up."

"What is it Albus?" James asked with a worry, "I am afraid she needs a potion with unicorn blood in it, blood of a unicorn floe, she would never agree to such a potion that hurts or kills a baby..."

"It is a matter of her life and death, can't we trick her into?" Lilly was cut off by Severus, "How? She can tell what is in a potion by simply glancing at it."

"He has a point only IF SHE agrees can we give her the potion." Sirius added laying back, "That is the girl who would never say yes to another beings pain if she can help it. What can we do? We need to get that girl alive."

"Only once way to do that – find a way to extract the blood with out the unicorn being killed or mortally wounded." he replied, "That would be something we shall certainly find out don't worry about that."

Snape Manor: Next day morning

Blase woke up to find Hermione still sleeping never seeing her so totally relaxed he slowly pulled his arms from around her only to feel her come closer in sleep. He placed it back there letting her have the sleep closing his own eyes trying to sleep a bit more. The warmth of each others body gave him a sense of comfort, but something he could not enjoy for a long s he had to get up and move. Slowly he pulled him self up and went to the bathroom, a smile lit across his face at what he saw, "Hermione Amelia Riddle your the only one who can make even the simple things like a bathroom like this, picking up a tooth brush and paste he brushed his teeth thinking about the girl he had grown so close to over the school year. "Master Blase?"

"Yeah Winky?" He responded wiping his mouth, "What would you like to drink this morning?"

"What does Mia take?" he asked, "Bed coffee sir..."

"Can't handle coffee first thing in the morning, how about a cup of warm tea." Winky bowed down, "As you wish master Blase."

"Master? Where did that come from?" he muttered going inside the shower, ten minutes latter he walked out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist and another in his hair. The sight in front of

him made him sigh out of frustration, "That girl can sure sleep... Mia come on love get up."

"Five more minutes Blaise..." she replied, "Sorry love but no you need to get up and now... or you will be late for a lot of things."

"Come on mate this is the best sleep I've had in ages." she relied, "No love and again no you must wake up or your daddy will tare the whole building down."

"OMY GOSH! DADDY I totally forgot today there is this major meeting he wanted me to be a part of and I just have got to be there..." she replied in a hushed voice, "Honey..."

"Oh my gosh! What am I going to do today?" his hands went around her waist trying to pull her into a hug, "Honey. HONEY relax I'm right next to you what could go wrong?"

"Nothing except daddy would be so upset and I really don't know what I have to were for that party of his today." she added growing frustrated, "Why don't you get ready and I pull up your stuff today?"

"Sure?" she asked, "Sure now go have a hot shower that you desperately need."

"Alright." she went away and he got down to work first dressing him self in green jeans and a white t-shirt with a green robes on top of them. Once he got dressed he picked up an outfit for Hermione after some time of searching, till suddenly he found the best dress for the situation. A light yellow long skirt with a similar strap top. Along with it he picked up some gold jewelry to match it when she walked out, "Ahh what a great shower... wow Blase whose dress is that?"

"Yours love your aunt gave it to you for remember?" he asked, "Actually you did not even open that gift she sent to you did you?"

"Nope... Winky did... but I never knew she had such a great taste in clothes." she replied taking the dress in her hand, "MIA uuh just go get dressed. I don't think I can just keep looking at you dressed in a towel."

"Umm yeah." she smiled shyly before picking up the the clothes, he sighed and sat down continuing to feel his emotions on that girl, "She seriously does not realize I am a guy... Hello?"

"Who is this?" came the sharp voice on the other side, "Blaise Zabani."

"Blase this is Alex can you get Mia to come to the grounds right now?" he asked, "What happened?"

"What's wrong?" he asked, "Can't say on the phone just bring her down will you?"

Draco's Secret Place

Draco leaned against the wall when Pansy walked in placing a hand on his shoulder, "Hi love..." She leaned in to kiss him but he moved away with a huff. Tears filled her eyes but she forced a smile trying to move closer but tried to go closer again but he did not see her approach till she hugged him from behind placing a kiss on his neck. She felt his body go stiff but continued kissing him only to to feel him pull away, "That mad at me?"

"No that mad at my self your right I seem to go only for your body more than anything..." he whispered, "I hate my self for this, you stood by me through out the time yet there I was not able to do anything even today when you started kissing me I started reacting to your body not you."

"Dr-draco your a teenager your a guy you can't think beyond... well you know and I'm your betrothed since childhood." she added, "I know you did not have a choice in this stuff but can't means we can't work this out right?"

"Yeah because our parents wanted right?" he spat, "Umm you could always leave now if you want."

"Thanks I think but seriously we have come very far in our relationship and there is no way I am going to get out of this now all right."

"Sure dear... but think about what I said..." she kissed him lightly on his lip before moving away only to be grabbed in a tight hug filled with emotion. Pansy let him hug her slowly rubbing his shoulders trying to get him to release the tension running through his body. "Are you going to be all right?"

"If you hold me like this for a few more hours sure." he joked pulling her closer, "Though I would really like a friend at the moment."

"I'll go get Mia shall I?" Pansy pulled out of his arms only to be pulled back in and start getting tickled. Two minutes latter the two of them were rolling around laughing and giggling when Pansy suddenly stopped with an awed look on her face, "O my gosh!"

"W-what?" he asked, "Dr-Draco on your face?"

"What on my face?" he asked, "A – a real smile..."

"You little -" Pansy laughed as Draco chased around the room before tackling her down and tickling her once again making her laugh some more when a phone ring interrupted them. "Hello?"

"Draco it is Alex can you come over the school grounds right now?" Draco hesitated before saying, "Sure Alex I'll be there."

Outside the grounds of Hogwards,

Luna slowly crept outside the gates to meet that man again her face flushed with excitement an egresses. She found her very first true friend... what she faced was something else. Her 'friend' stood with ten other men dressed in red hood robes all of them with wands out. A cold sweat broke at her brow as fear clouded her eyes as a realization dawned upon her; "I was told you were a legend."

"As you can see I am not one." he replied pulling her towards him roughly, "I am reality just like these trees love now today you have to join me in your destiny. Come with me now!"

"D-dady has told me about you." she whispered fear filling her voice and her face pale with fear, "You – you kill young girls..."

"Only after enjoying them love." he replied going towards her as she backed away, "You are one of them you must come to me."

Tears filled her eyes at the thought of her fate but suddenly everything stopped in front of her eyes when something happened that shocked the people there. A strange light thread emitted from inside the woods encircling the girl creating a kind of protection that he could not cut across. "Sorry old man but this is one girl your not getting."

"Who dares say so?" he yelled turning around right in time to see Hermione come out of the woods, his eyes grew wide with fear and shock, "No it can't be I destroyed you Sashaza."

A flicker of wonder and confusion struck through her eyes, she whispered the name once again but he did not register the action. "You may have won this round Sashaza but you won't win the next one. I will have the girl! RETREAT !"

The men suddenly dispersed as fast as they had arrived leaving a Luna in a near faint in the arms of Ron who's eyes were filled with fear and a sense of confession. "Herms she is unconscious what can we do?"

"Take her to the hospital wing for now and get some one to take care of her." she replied, "Ron and one more thing, make it fast."

Ron picked the girl up and dashed away with her towards the hospital wing.

Ron picked the girl up and dashed away with her towards the hospital wing. The girl was still in danger, that much he knew out of the situation. It was something he knew was not normal, some how he could do what was needed and then, then hit it. There was so much to do, so much to deal with in such short time, some how he felt there as much more to do than this work alone. "Mr. Weasley?"

"Headmaster?" he stumbled up, "Sorry sir I did not notice you coming in..."

"Your eyes were set up on something else am I right?" he asked, "Yes sir, actually I – I am not sure what to do..."

"I think what you, some of you really need is some time to relax and enjoy. I think I know just the way..." he smiled with a twinkle in his eyes, "Excuse me Mr. Weasley, I think there is something else I should be doing right now."

Before he could say a word the older man walked out from the place. "How is she now Poppy?"

"Bad head master the girl needs all the sleep she can get but the night mares are scaring her like anything." Ron overheard, "Poor girl needs her rest may be some thing else as well."

"Else?" Dumbledore asked, "Yes I'm afraid she needs a person who can take care of her. A personal care taker who can also be a friend."

"A friend for such a girl is difficult to come across though, where can we find anyone? Aah Ronald can we help you?" he added, "Head master can I help Luna Lovegood? She needs a care taker and I need some one to take care off some one to help the people so why not start with Luna?"

"An excellent idea Mr. Weasley, Poppy you have your self an assistant." The man walked away with a huge smile on his face and humming a tune. On the way out he bumped into a brown haired girl with an i-pod in her ear, "Ms. Riddle, please take care of your step, are you all right?"

“Sure I am gramps but there is something I must know and I must know right now.” He raised his eyebrow, “Tell me something though.”

“What do you need dear?” she took a deep breath, “I kind of need some information.”

“Information?” he replied, “Yeah umm over a cup of coffee?”

“Hermione are you all right?” he asked, “Yeah I umm kind of need some help with something.”

“Something?” he asked, “Yeah the chambers to be more exact.”

“Chambers? Mia you know what your suggesting dear?” he whispered, “I more than know come on there is some stuff you’ve got to see gramps in the chambers.”

Chamber of Secrets

Hermione popped the headmaster into a place in school he had never ever seem before, the dark library of Salazar Slytherine. A whole row filled with scrolls from top to bottom, “All these scrolls?”

“Actually not all of them are important, this particular one is most important.” She handed him a scroll from the set, “What is this?”

“A scroll that holds blue print of the school, with some extra splashes in ink. They are runs that are set about to protect the school, something none of the other founders knew about.” Hermione added, “Some of them are very dark but twisted in way that the school can be protected if any err... attacks takes place.”

“Hermione do you know what this could do for us?” he asked, “Not really... how can it help Albus?”

“Mia if we use this works it is possible that we could win if there is an attack. Combined with these runs, the team you have developed we are sure to win.” He replied, “Can you understand them?”

"No, you?" she asked hopefully, "I am afraid not the only problem with this is that I have never come across such runs."

"What can we do now?" she muttered looking down, Albus pulled her into a hug and kissed her on top of her head, "I'm sure it would be fine you don't have to worry about this I'm sure we can find a way."

"Sure e better leave, your office?" she asked, "I don't get a tour do I?"

"Nope." She smiled taking his hand and popping them out to his office, "I'll make a move now there are some papers I must complete."

"Sure..." Hermione went out of the office only to stop nearly bumping into Remus Lupin who was coming in, "Uncle Remus?"

"Hi love." He hugged her lightly, "Listen I need to speak to Albus about some important things. Shall I come and meet up with you latter?"

"All right uncle." She smiled and went away humming a tune casually, Remus looked at her one last time before going inside.

Draco's Room

"Ahem." Draco looked up and smiled at Pansy, "Hi come inside Pansy."

"I – I felt I should come and talk to you." She added coming in and sitting next to him, "What happened to your shoulder?"

"Nothing I kind of slipped when I was fighting. Nothing big... ouch." She sat down next to him and began removing his shirt buttons, "Let me take a look at it."

"Umm no it's ok..." he muttered but Pansy only tutted, "Relax and show me the wound."

Slowly her fingers removed each button and the fear and insecurity in his eyes increased by the moment. His breathing became uneven and his eyes started slowly bulging out bit by bit as his eyes flickered

between her lips and eyes constantly. She had unbuttoned the shirt slowly but he suddenly placed his hand on her, "Pansy..."

"Hmm?" she looked up, "Don't, please stop doing this to me."

"Draco are you all right?" her eyes reached down to his when suddenly with tear filled eyes he hugged her, "I'm sorry, I am so sorry I hurt you so badly."

"D-draco?" Pansy muttered hugging him back lost as he wrapped his arms around her so tightly that she nearly groaned in pain, "I hurt you so badly."

He kept whispering the words like a mantra as he rocked her in his arms, "I hurt you so badly yet you stayed by me through out my life. Every time I wounded you, every time I pushed you through so many problems I never gave you anything in return."

"I did this only with a hope, a hope that one day I would.." he stopped her half way through, "Ring or name?"

"Both I guess, it was the way I was raised remember under the pureblood..." he continued running his hands through her hair, as tears flowed down her eyes, "I don't know what I feel for you, I don't know what I should feel either."

"I understand how you feel for once." He replied turning her chin up for a kiss that she smiled into enjoying the feeling of his arms tightening around her. Through it seemed for a moment it seemed fictional the emotion in the kiss increased as his tongue pressed into her mouth. She sighed into the kiss as her hands grew a life of their own pressed him closer her own body being pulled into his body happily. This continued till they pulled out for air a smile ringing across his face at the end of it. A smile was there on his face as he looked deeply into her eyes, "So is it still about only sex between us?"

"No, not any more." She whispered looking down, "I'm sorry about what I said..."

She was cut off by another kiss this time he initiated it with a kind of control and a sense of urgency. For once she returned it with equal flavor, pressing her into his body till she shifted her position comfortably enough to wrap her arms around his waist as the kiss continued. His arms went through her tops slowly feeling the skin and creating a sense of comfort for both of them. This was till they stopped once again to hug tightly Draco's erection rubbing through her skin making her feel wet... she wanted him. Her arms started slowly unbuttoning his shirt and slipping it off him, his skin pressing through her as her arms continued exploring his chest. A smile lit on his face and he continued letting her exploration till turning a bit and kissed her enough to feel her respond to him once again. This time he let her go gently placing her down and kissed the top of her head, "I think you've convinced me enough. Coffee?"

"You're the only one who can ask a girl out for coffee after such a strong section. Sure." She began walking in front but felt his hand slip into hers as he fell in step with her. The coffee though was something they could not manage, as their bracelets grew warm, "Come to my old room. H.A.R."

Both of broke into a run, she never called them at the middle of the day. They were always there for her at any time of the day, whenever she needed them just to aid her, at her beck and call. They rushed up right in time to see Severnus, Samuel, Derrick and Albus arrive.

"Mia! Are you all right?" he asked, his eyes widening at the sight of the mess in the room. "What happed here?"

"Do I look bloody all right?" she snapped, "Guys just look at this place! I – I cam in to get some drinks and I find this! I – I really can't understand what is going on in this place."

"Mia..." Pansy walked up to her and placed a hand on her shoulder, "Relax now will you, come on calm down tell me what's wrong?"

"This bloody place is in a mess, that's what and I don't even know who did it." She added sitting down frustrated, "I've never felt so lost or confused, why is it like this?"

“Mia tell you what why don’t we ask Winky to clear the place up and tell us if anything is missing?” Severnus asked looking around, “All right papa but if it is anything serious...”

“Then we shall see to it then Winky! Could you please fix this place and let us know if anything is missing.” She nodded rushing them out so that she could clear the mess, “Mia what was there for you to worry so much?”

“I got several documents from the chamber for war plans, along with information for the school...” She added, “What kind of information exactly?”

“Documents on some kind that explain about certain old spells set around the castle. Plans for the war in case we are attacked written by us, some of my old diaries, my drinks...” she added, “Nothing more?”

“Nope.” She shook her head, “Relax I’m sure it is nothing.”

“I – I’m going to try chill for some time.” She replied walking away Sam and Derrick followed her with out saying much. The two of them only watched as she slammed the door of the secret room in the astronomy tower... picking up a packet of cigarettes poured her self a strong rum from the full bottle there for her. One packet got over going to the second and the drinks kept going down as time passed, half way through the second packet Winky popped in, “Mistress Winky checked the room, thrice the small diary of Mistress is missing.”

“What small diary?” Hermione asked looking up, “The small diary where mistress draws all her fantasies.”

“My fantasies?” she muttered, “Why would anyone mess the whole place to take the book of my fantasies? Hold on which one Winky, umm not the sexual ones right?”

The blush on the house elves face was enough for Hermione, “Dismissed.”

Potter Manor

"LILLY!" Sirius yelled walking in through the fire, "PRONGS WHERE ARE YOU?"

"IN HERE PADFOOT COME ON!" James yelled back, "O hay there Prongs, Lilly, Prongslet."

"Sirius." Lilly and Harry ecoed looking up from the books they were taking notes from, "Family study hour hay?"

"More like mother – son study hour what brings you over?" He asked putting his stuff away, "What is it Pads?"

"Hermione said she found these in the chamber the other day, thought you may want to check it out."

"What is it?" he asked picking the object up, "It is a bracelet that belonged to the Hufflepuff family."

"I'll look it up, Bins can't know that she's been sneaking around that old place." Lilly replied picking it up but stopped dead as she looked at it, "Impossible!"

"What is it mum?" Harry looked at her, "Harry there is only one another such in the whole world, it belong to the Rewanclaw family, their younger daughter to be more exact. That was lost when the girl died... are you sure she got it in the chamber?"

"Mum it's Herms your talking about, why would she lie about some thing like this?"

"I'll talk to her about it then, that could throw some light on that dark flame." Sirius replied, Lilly nodded handing the object back to him.

Outside the Temple of the Dark Forces

"Do you have the book?" the priestess demanded holding out her hand, "There you go where is my gold."

“As promised.” She threw a bag of gold as the man went away muttering something about easy money. “Finally Hermione Amelia Riddle I have your greatest weakness in my hand and I shall use this for your downfall.”

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“Yes madam?” the witch named Aviate came and bowed low, “Study these pictures... prepare a man fitting, we shall attack the girl.”

“As you wish madam.” The witch replied going inside and began preparing a painting out of potions of a man close as possible to the image on the books giving great care to his physical features. The painting would create doom to that girl who was apposing them so greatly, she was so sure about it!

Hogwarts

Cecilia was trying her best to make Hermione pay attention but the girl was too frustrated to listen. “You need a good lay.”

“I need more than a good lay, I need something unique and hot.” She replied getting up and going towards her bike, “I’m going to London, can you tell Albus?”

“Sure I need to talk to him anyway.” She hugged the girl well by before letting her go away on that bike of hers. Moving down to the headmaster’s office she coughed to get his attention, “Milady how can I help you?”

“Albus there is something that is going to happen out there today be prepared.” She replied, “Happen?”

“I can’t say what but what ever it is it is going to be big...”

Konoutally – London

Hermione walked up to a particular building with a locked door, she knocked it twice and a pair of green eyes appeared on the screen. "It's me..."

"Aahn Madame Riddle enter..." she opened the door for her and bowed down low, keeping her face mask on as it was practiced in the business. "I-I need something warm and relaxing do you have anything?"

"I have some excellent goods madam do come this way and change. My boys will join you in a moment." Hermione muttered an agreement, she had been here only once before and these people seemed to know her too well. "Err thanks..."

She lay on her stomach stretching when some one walked in, "Ms. Riddle?"

"Yes?" she called not even getting up, "I am Reggie I shall give you your massage today."

"Great." She muttered closing her eyes feeling the man's hands on her shoulders slowly running his hands up and down her back. She felt her muscles slowly relax and dilute through her body before it happened, he touched her lower than he was suppose to making an awareness awaken through her body. A feeling she had come across so many times within the Athenian temple and the written work through it never physically. This was the first time she 'felt' it knowing the reality of where she was now tried to get up and leave. That 'man' pressed her down again this time with a motive to strangle her. "Don't think you can escape Ms. Riddle you are not going to go out alive."

"W-who are you?" she stammered, "Some one created to destroy you..."

A previous aspect hit her when he said those words, a memory that was founded on a childhood memory when she was with Severus. [Flashback] "Hermione what are you doing?"

"I have read through these books sir can I read something else?" she requested her voice filled with fear, "How about something in history? Come... pick a book."

Quickly taking one that was very colorful one she sat on an armchair and began reading. One particular chapter interested her greatly, it spoke greatly about art and the combination of art and magic. The book was centered around a certain amount of dark aspect of art as well so it spoke about how art created with certain kind of potions could bring a painting to life physically! Awa struck she read the work through the chapter enjoying the whole thing greatly. [End of Flashback] Hermione quickly flipped her self desperately trying to remember how to destroy such creatures... the information was something she knew except she did not know how to do it in that moment... when suddenly she felt a gush of water from a nearby pond falling on her attacker. His painful scream suddenly ripped across the silent night... her life was saved. But consciousness left her body!

Malfoy Manor

"PANSY!" Draco yelled as another wave of frustration came hurling at him, she was next to him in an instant submissively standing there, "Where were you?"

He pressed her body against the wall and pushed her hands up with force, her eyes with fear immediately, "I – I went to make some coffee for you..."

"Why?" he demanded putting the cup away from her hands and pulling her to him roughly, "You need something to... mmh."

Draco pressed her lips to his strongly and began rubbing his hands all over her body, closing her eyes she started enjoying the feeling and relaxed into the kiss before pulling away. "Enough romancing have this coffee and get back to work. Mia said she wanted the data as soon as possible."

"You promised me time together love." He replied trying to kiss her again, "After you finish."

"I am finished love, come on then..." he replied, "Where – your room or mine?"

"Neither out in the moon light, hand in hand a coffee between us." He replied, her eyes grew wide with surprise, "Come on."

"O-Ok." She muttered as he slipped his hand into his. They took a long walk talking about everything, their past, the future they hoped to have, the war and the changes that had taken place in their lives. It was most probability the first conversation they had with out being interrupted by some thing important. The first conversation that led them to sit down near the lake and enjoy some coco brought in by the house elves. Draco wrapped his arms around Pansy to keep her body warm considering her thin clothes, "Pans?"

"Hmm?" she muttered sleepily, "How did you get this burnt mark on your leg?"

"This one I don't remember I got it as a child when playing. At least that is what mother told me." She replied, "Always made me feel bad this one. Makes my legs look very ugly."

"Your legs look more human thanks to his wound, just the way that small dent on your teeth." Draco teased her, she responded by rolling her eyes and impulsively hugged him. "I love you."

She stiffed up this was the first time he ever said those words to her, "W-what?"

"I love you Pansy." He replied burying his face in her hair, "I love you so much."

"Love?" she replied, "Yeah I -"

"DRACO THAT IS THE ANSWER." She suddenly screamed, "Answer for what?"

"Do you remember that day when Hermione was saying about the curse on her father by those people? Well what if love is the counter

curse?” Draco sat up, “You mean that curse that made him Voldemort from being Thomas?”

“Exactly, it is a very ancient magic but very powerful and even Harry was saved from death when his mother was ready to sacrifice his life-“ he was interrupted by his mobile ringing. “Yes mum?”

“I want you and Pansy to come to Mia’s place at Hosmade. Mia got into trouble again.” She replied Draco got up pulling Pansy up along with him, “We’re on the way mum.”

Hermione’s House: Hosmade village

Hermione opened her eyes to be fixed with her mother’s angry ones. “Mummy? Where am I?”

“Your place at hosmade village princess.” Severnus replied, the door opened and Draco walked in followed by Pansy. “Where were you when you fainted?”

“I have no idea I was running actually.” She replied, Narsiccia “HOW MANNY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU IF YOUR GOING TO LOOKING FOR TROUBLE TELL SOMEONE!”

“Mum I did not go looking for it I just ended up flowing into trouble.” She argued back getting off the bed or at least trying to but her feet gave away and two arms wrapped her, “Careful love settle down!”

“Papa I did not go to get into trouble.” She insisted, “I know love now please settle down then tell me what exactly happened. Taking a deep breath she explained everything that happened Severnus listened with out interruption! At the end of the whole thing Severnus wrapped his arms around Hermione and hugger her tightly, “I am surprised you managed to save your self you honey I’ll send in Larry you need to have a treatment again.”

“Dad I’ll be back in the morning.” Draco told him pulling Pansy out with him Narcissia waited till the friendly vampire walked in before following Severnus out of the room and the house. Winky stood there

waiting more orders, "Winky mind making a drink for me and get Larry what ever he wants."

"I don't want anything Winky but Hermoine could use a large brandy to lift her nerves up." He replied walking up to the girl's wardrobe and pulled out a thick navy blue tank top with yellow border and a pair of shorts with yellow checks again with a similar material. "Change into these and clip your hair up in a bun."

"Yeah." She muttered taking it from him and went to the bath room. Larry busied him self with getting the place ready to give her a proper treatment. When she walked out he was placing the oils to be rubbed down her body. His eyes trailed on her for a few moments before patting the bed indicating that she must come there. "I want my drink first..."

"You've run out of brandy Winkey and gone to get some more." He replied, "Along with a few other things it will take her some time."

"Okay not a problem." She replied sitting down and leaned against his chest on the bed letting him wrap his arms around her waist slowly pressing his fingers around her stomach diagnosing what was needed but the effect on her was a bit different. She jerked towards his hand with need, his own body began reacting towards it... he reached her face with a pale hand and kissed her hard. She began responding instantly allowing his hands to roam around her shoulder and neck like a massage making her breathing more calm. At a point he stopped and pulled away – "That's enough Mia... Winky has arrived with the drinks."

She did not say a word the whole time as he made her drink a large brandy he did not say anything about it, he did not say anything. Internally she was thinking about the biggest step she had ever taken in her life... nothing more than a few hours ago.

Dark Side HQ: Voldemont's Bed Room

The dark lord sat reading a book on his bed is mind feeling (strangely) very horny and in need for a soft body. He did not

understand why the sudden need was there within him but decided to simply wait it out.

Two masked death eaters walked in holding between them a 'gift' for their dark lord. A young of thirteen, her sandy blond hair fell down her face. Blood strained on it from the wounds on her face yet it's beauty continued to hold the sight of the man on the bed. He felt his body respond instantly when that happened... "Leave us!"

Once the two of them were alone Voldemort advanced towards the girl his eyes filled with lust and her's with fear. Reaching out he touched her gently but pulled something suddenly changed. He could not go close to the girl, when he tried he was thrown right across the room as a red circle of flame surrounded her. All his life he had never seen something like this happening not giving up he tried to go closer to the girl again but this time he was stopped by a voice, "Don't even think about it Voldemornt she is under my protection."

"M-Miya?" he stammered his daughter stood there dressed in a red dress that reached down to her knees. The cut madder her look like an amazon warrior backed up by the silver shoes and bracelets on each of her wrists. Her hair was blowing even though there was no wind and her hands had a blasé that left her hand and wrapped it self around the girl. When she spoke it was in an unearthly voice, "You've crossed your limits and you can no more be forgiven. I shall face you at the battle field Thomas Riddle."

CHAPTER 65